Circulation Last Week, 163,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THIS PAPER IS PAID FOR.

The BLADE sends no Papers out except to Paid-in-Advance subscribers.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888. NUMBER 39.

Poetry.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart
 On the changing shore of Time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
 And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,
 "And walk with me this way;"
But the good Church hid her snowy hands
 And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
 And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way that leads to death;
 Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
 Said the World, with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
 And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
 But mine is broad and plain;
My way is paved with flowers and dews,
 And yours with tears and pain;
The sky to me is always blue,
 No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
 Your lot is a lot of woe;
 * * * *
There's room enough for you and me
 To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World
 And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old World grasped it and walked along,
 Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
 I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
 And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at the plain white robes,
 And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
 With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
 Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,
 And the World gave, in their place,
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
 Roses and gems and costly pearls;
While over her forehead her bright hair fell,
 Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,
 "I'll build you one like mine;
"Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house;
 Most splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there
 Gleaming in purple and gold;
Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,
 And the world and his children were there;
Laughter and music and feasts were heard
 In the place that was meant for prayer.
There were cushioned pews for the rich and the gay,
 To sit in their pomp and pride;
But the poor, who were clad in shabby array,
 Sat meekly down outside.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
 "Far more than you ought to do;
If they are in need of shelter and food,
 Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
 Buy horses and carriages fine;
Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food;
 Buy the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all these things,
 And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
 That they are walking in."

Then the Church held fast the strings of her purse,
 And modestly lowered her head,
And simpered, "Without doubt you are right, sir;
 Henceforth I will do as you've said."
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
 And she heard not the orphan's cry;
But she drew her beautiful robes aside,
 As the widows went weeping by.
Then the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
 Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
 Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
 "I am rich and my goods increase;
I have need of nothing, or aught to do,
 But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard and he laughed in his sleeve,
 And mocking said, aside—
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
 And her shame is her boast and her pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
 And whispered in sighs her name,
Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed
 And heads were covered with shame.
And a voice was heard at last by the Church,
 From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
 'I am rich;' and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
 And wretched before my face;
Therefore I from my presence cast thee out,
 And blot thy name from its place."

Our Story Teller.

A STRANGE ESCAPE.

The Curious Phenomena of Fate in Life.

BY J. A. BOLLES.

AS a train on the Consolidated road was entering the city of New Haven, Ct., one morning, a young woman attempted to cross the track. The locomotive was still a few rods distant, but she ran, showing the nervous haste frequently evinced by the fair sex in such a situation. She did not heed what was beneath her feet so much as the object of her dread. Unfortunately she was where a side track was connected with the main track by a switch, and she caught her foot in a frog. She struggled desperately, but her foot was held as if it were in a vice. She cried out, then almost swooned. The engineer applied the air-brakes, although it was evident that the train could not be more than considerably slackened before it reached her. She was apparently doomed.

At this moment a man with a jackknife, which he had opened as he ran, dashed to her side, with two slashes cut the shoe from her heel to her toes, pulled her foot from it, and, grasping her in his strong arms, drew her from the track. The next second the locomotive passed over the spot where she had stood.

It was a gallant deed as ever a man did for a woman's sake.

The train was stopped a moment. The passengers learned the particulars of the rescue. The men raised the windows of the cars, swung their hats, and cheered as they saw the hero support his half-fainting companion in his arms.

The train moved forward, and the man and the woman were by themselves. They looked into each other's eyes; the man with solicitude, the maiden with gratitude and admiration.

"I can never thank you enough for your brave and generous act," she said.

"Do not mention it. It was nothing."

His modesty was that of the brave.

"How my heart beats! I was so frightened! Were you not afraid?" she exclaimed.

"I had not time to think whether I was or not; and besides, we railroad men are used to close calls."

She had now sufficiently recovered from her agitation to notice how her new friend was dressed. She saw that he must be a railroad conductor, he being attired in one of the blue uniforms commonly worn by conductors, and having upon his head the wide and square blue cap which these men are required to wear. Moreover, worked in gold braid on the front of the cap was the word "Conductor."

Like the majority of conductors, Joseph Williams (for such was his name) had a broad frame and was square-shouldered. It is said that the motion of the train tends to give conductors their sturdy shape and solid appearance. That he was brave, alert and efficient, had been proved by his recent deed; and, on account of it and his manly bearing, she immediately reposed great confidence in him.

She told him that she was the only daughter of Robert Blakeman, who kept a bakery in New Haven, and that she lived with her parents in the western part of the "Elm City."

Mr. Williams received permission to accompany her home, he telling her that on account of the shock and fright which she had sustained she ought to allow him to go with her, especially as he was not on duty that day and would not inconvenience him by doing the favor. She saw an eager look in his eyes, and she blushingly gave her consent. It was very evident that each welcomed an excuse for their continuing together. As they walked along, the conductor's admiration for his companion rapidly increased; and it was not to be wondered at, for she was one of those winning maidens that no man who is susceptible to female charms can help liking. About 20 years old, she was slender and graceful, with a beautiful, thoughtful face, which indicated innocent enjoyment of life. But her greatest charm was the singular artlessness of demeanor and confiding, yet shy, manner, utterly unconscious of her captivating ways.

She was ready—alas! perhaps too ready—to believe in everything that was fair to look upon and appeared to be good. Already she felt so gratified to Mr. Williams, and so much admired him for the risk he had taken for her sake, that she believed him to be the possessor of every quality that enters into the strength and beauty of true manhood.

As soon as they reached the main thoroughfare of the town, they seated themselves in a horse car, rode through pleasant and shaded streets; by the beautiful green, an oasis and resting place in the very heart of the city's traffic; by the buildings of Yale College, over which, in hours of quietness, the spirit of learning seems to brood; then by fine residences and far beyond the business center, to a quiet neighborhood, where modest but comfortable homes can be found. They were soon at the door of the pretty cottage where our heroine lived. Mr. Williams went in and remained a few moments. He was introduced to Miss Blakeman's mother, a middle-aged lady with a mild and tranquil face, evidence of a kindly disposition, who shed tears as she pressed the conductor's hand and thanked him most fervently for preserving the life of her only child.

As he turned from the door, Miss Blakeman, with a deep blush overspreading her cheeks, and in timid accents, thanked him a second time for saving her life, and expressed the hope that he would call again. He said that he would be happy to do so, and, tipping his hat politely, wandered down the street.

Now that he was no longer under the spell of her winning ways he was affected by a singular depression of spirits. He walked slowly, and closed and unclosed his hands nervously. Meanwhile, these thoughts ran through his mind:

"I must not go there again. It would be imprudent, and might result in breaking up that innocent girl's happiness and covering me with dishonor. I ought merely to have thanked her and not led her to believe that I would come again. But she is very charming; and what would be the charm of cultivating her acquaintance? How I wish—but it is too late! I am only suffering the just penalty of my youthful folly, and I must bear it like a man."

During the few succeeding weeks Williams attended to his duties as usual. The greater part of the day he was on trains running between New Haeen and New York. Four nights of each week he spent in New Haven, where he boarded at a hotel near the railroad station. He went about the city but little, and did not see Miss Blakeman.

But one evening, howevar, at the end of a month, while strolling along the edge of the Green, he met her, and although something warned him to leave her as soon as possible, he found the temptation too great to be resisted. After the customary greetings, she gently reproached him for not having kept his promise, and he at once made a stumbling apology for having failed. He imagined that she looked not so well as when he had first seen her, and that a shade of sadness pervaded her usually joyous spirits. Strangely enough, it flashed through his mind that his failure to seek her society had disquieted her; but his modesty forbade him entertaining the thought. Nevertheless there was a thrill in her voice, a tender light in her eyes, and a confiding touch in the arm which she had placed in his as they walked along, that convinced him that she was far from being indifferent; and his resolution to forego the pleasure of his society was put to flight.

They had ice cream at a restaurant and then went to Miss Blakeman's home, which they reached at 8:30 o'clock. Mr. Williams was so well entertained that it was 10 o'clock before he could bring himself to take leave of the fair girl.

Thereafter he called as often as once, and sometimes twice a week. Occasionally he took Miss Blakeman on a drive through the pleasant environs of the city, or up the picturesque and lofty East Rock, on the summit of which now stands a noble landmark, a massive soldiers' monument. At that time the hill-top was not crowned with any work of art, and was without historic associations; but the splendid view of field and forest, of sea and of city, and the great rock itself were there then to delight as now. Miss Blakeman never tired of gazing on this scene, and the genuine enthusiasm which she expressed whenever she was at this spot, or wherever else the beauties of nature were spread before her delighted eyes, amply repaid him for his kindness in taking her on their little excursions.

Meanwhile, with a curious feeling of commingled dread and satisfaction, the conductor noted that she believed in him. He saw, in fact, that she had become deeply attached, and this was his excuse for continuing in her society. He argued that he could not absent himself without wounding her feelings. As too often is the case under such circumstances, he shrank from making a frank avowal which would cause both of them pain, and allowed himself to drift along. He put off what his sense of duty prompted, and trusting that through some fortunate, but not probable combination of circumstances, all would yet turn out well. The longer he delayed, the more serious the matter became, until it seemed too late for an explanation. He realized at last that the girl loved and trusted him with her whole heart, and he knew that he loved her better than life itself. He pushed the bitter cup with reckless selfishness from his lips, and criminally lived on.

He was moody and wretched, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could attend properly to the responsible duties of a conductor. Frequently he wished that he had never been born; and the strong man would sometimes awake in the middle of the night, and weep as if his heart would break. When in the presence of his Edith, the very fibres of whose being seemed to be entwined with his, he was often sad and strangely absent-minded; only by a great effort could he rally from such moods and appear himself.

At first Edith was not alarmed at the eccentric conduct of her lover. She attributed it to the worry of business or to temporary indisposition. When, however, the depression became habitual, she besought him to tell her what troubled him. He made light of her anxiety, and pleaded ill-health. Nevertheless she was not satisfied. A strange foreboding seemed to warn her of unseen trouble that no thought could banish; and yet Edith's love was to the fullest extent confiding; not a tremor of suspicion, not a shadow of doubt disturbed her. She had believed that his honor was as immovable as the North Star. The wonderful wealth of a pure woman's affection, tenderness, and confidence had been lavished upon this man, until it could almost be said that in him she moved, lived, and had her being. And now this innocent life, this lovely and lovable personality, feeling for the first time the thrill of a great and pure passion, was suddenly overspread by a threatening cloud that robbed it of the sunshine which had warmed and nourished it. Why should one so good, so charming, and so capable of experiencing love's highest joys, be visited by trouble at the very moment when her happiness was greatest, and when it was adorned by such a rainbow of promise?

While our gentle heroine was in this condition of love and foreboding, she received a letter directed in a, to her, strange writing, and evidently that of an illiterate person. Fortunately, she opened the letter when alone in her own room, and she found the contents as follows:

windsor Locks, ct july 10, 1885.

Eduth blakemuns

i writ to tel yu thet joe Williams as yu is keepin compinie withe now is my husband and yu orter not hav nothin mower to do withe him for me sakes and yuern allsoe. a frend i kin relie on haz tolt me abut his doins and i doenot blame you fore i here yu sopus him to bee a singall man if yuer the rite sort yull guv him his waulkin ticcut and if aint up to thet ill cum daune to new havens meself and se abut this ere bizness.

MRSS. JOE WILLIAMS.

Edith, first startled and then stunned, nearly fainted. The reason for the strange conduct of her lover was now apparent, and the poor girl felt overwhelmed with grief and indignation. Then came the sustaining thought in the hope that the letter had been written by some malicious enemy. Nevertheless she was haunted by a feeling that she was about to be terribly disappointed. During the remainder of the day she suffered untold agony, and, as evening approached, at which time she expected her lover, her distraction of mind was so great that, on the plea of a headache, she remained in her room.

At last well known footsteps, heard by her through an open window, caused her to hasten to the door; and scarcely had the bell ceased to ring before she greeted her lover.

Her demeanor was so strange that he was immediately filled with an indefinable dread. She appeared to be calm, but was deathly pale, and her hand was cold as ice and trembled when he touched it.

As soon as he entered she handed him the letter and simply said in cold, far-away tones:

"Do you know what this means?"

He unfolded the letter with hands that shook in spite of all his efforts at self-control. He rapidly caught the drift of its contents, and staggered as if stricken with a blow. His eyes were cast down, great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and the agony and helplessness of the man were absolutely pitiable.

"It is true!" she almost shrieked.

"Great God, yes!" he answered in thick accents, as he smote his brow with the palm of his right hand. "But have mercy; let me explain!"

"Never; you're a monster!"

"Edith, I entreat you."

"It is too late, Joe; how could you be so cruel? My heart is breaking!"

She flew by him with a moan, and, flying up the stairway, sought to hide her agony. With outstretched arms Williams ran into the hall after her. He believed that he would find her fainting, and he expected to catch her falling form.

When she had reached the head of the stairs she turned and cried:

"Go, go; I cannot bear it longer!"

He hurried from the house and wandered like one insane through the streets. He passed a sleepless night and arose in the morning haggard and desperate. He did not care what became of him and almost hoped for death to end his misery. Mechanically, at 11 a. m., he took charge of a train bound for New York. He was now comparatively calm, although it seemed as if there were no future for him except one of misery; but, from long habit, he attended to his duties well. At the edge of evening he started from New York in charge of another train. During the day he had resolved to end his life. His plan was to ascend to the top of one of the cars shortly before the train arrived at a covered bridge about thirty miles out from the metropolis, and allow himself to strike the roof of the structure as the train passed under it. He would be killed at once, and his body would fall to the ground. The verdict would be that his death was caused by an accident, and he would escape the odium which attaches to suicide.

In accordance with this resolve, he climbed to the top of the car next to the rear one when the train was within about four miles of the bridge, and awaited his doom.

It was cloudy, but not intensely dark. A storm was brewing, and over the indistinct landscape, through which the train rushed like an unchained monster that seemed to delight in newly found freedom, there rested a portentious gloom. Puffs of damp air came from the sea and smote the desperate man's cheek; he saw the faint gleam of a lantern rocking from the gaff of some vessel that was plowing in the darkness.

Once he thought he heard the slow, solemn wash of the surf; but he probably imagined it, the cars rattling so loudly as to drown all common noises in the vicinity. Turning his eyes inland, he saw the dim outlines of wooded hills in the distance, and near by, several dwellings and the light of lamps around which he imagined happy families were gathered. And yet nothing seemed real to him, and he could scarcely believe that he was not in a world where all objects were unsubstantial and intangible. Everything appeared to be fleeting and evasive. And he began to think that he himself was but a shadow and his previous life nothing more than a dream, the latter part of which was an appalling nightmare.

There are conditions of extreme peril, when the mind of a sensitive temperament is subject to a phenomenon in which time seems to be annihilated. It often occurs, we are told, to persons drowning, who, being resuscitated, have said that their entire lives were brought before them as if condensed in a panorama, as it were, and in the few moments of strangulation all the good and ill of the past have flashed before them. We all know from experience that, to one overborne by fatigue, in a sleep of one minute a dream has had existence that called for an hour to narrate.

This is what happened to Joe while standing upon the roof of the car; he saw swiftly approaching the dim, huge form of the covered bridge that was to be his death. His life came before his mind as in a flash of lightning; and not only were the events crowded into one horizon of his view, but those events seemed to assume relations to each other that were not only novel, but were instructive to him. Gleaming over all was not the light of sin, but that of weakness and folly; and, as of consequence, a power yet left of retrieving himself tugged at his will, and urged the abandonment of his purposed suicide. He saw how in his early youth he had permitted himself to become entangled in an affair with a vulgar, ignorant, and, as he now believed, a vicious girl; how, in a moment of generous impulse, he had made the wretched creature his wife; and so without lifting her from degredation, had been dragged down to abject misery. Life with her was intolerable to both. They had separated, although he yet supported her in poverty.

This was not sin; it was folly. The sin came in when he caught a glimpse of the heaven on earth that might have been, and was not. It was grievous wrong to win the affections of a poor girl he could never honestly claim as his own. What right had he to leave his work unfinished? What right to throw away all chance of retrieving, in some way, his wretched past? Why not bravely live on, and trust to the good father of all for the opportune redemption? Two parts within himself seemed to contend for mastery—one appealing to his pride, the other to his better nature. Pride won, and folding his arms resolutely he awaited the horrible blow.

The train was on an up-grade, but behind time, and the engineer had called for all the speed of which the locomotive was capable. The long, heavy cars, flying along at 40 miles an hour, vibrated so violently that nothing but long practice enabled the conductor to preserve his balance and remain standing. Every second brought his death nearer and nearer. He had braced himself for the final blow, when suddenly the shrill whistle of "down brakes" rang out, and the reversal of the engine brought such an unexpected shock that the conductor was hurled from the roof of the car to the road beneath. Fortunately he fell in a marshy piece of ground that lined each side of the track near the river. The soft, yielding earth saved him from being knocked insensible; and, as he instinctively struggled up, he was conscious of a flash, a shock, a crash, and then a deep silence, followed immediately by loud cries, escaping steam, and agonizing shrieks that seemed to pierce through and ride above the awful tumult.

Joe knew only too well that a collision had occurred at the mouth of the very bridge he had selected to die upon. Dragging himself from the mire, he hurried to the wrecked train. The telescoped cars were jammed and smashed into each other and the awful fact that they had taken fire was but too evident; and the wounded wretches, held to an awful death within, were screaming in agony for relief. All these had been extricated by the men and passengers left unhurt, save one a woman whose screams pierced the hearts of all. Joe, seizing an axe, cut his way into the burning car and found the poor sufferer cruelly hurt, held by a seat. How in the smoke and heat he worked cannot be told in words. He would have perished in his attempt but for the water poured over him from buckets and even hats which the passengers carried from the river. At last he won; and, gathering the sufferer in his arms, he worked his way from the cars.

Arms were stretched tenderly to take this last living of the wounded, and she was carried to a bank and laid softly upon the cool, green sod. Joe dragged himself after. Why he did so he could scarcely say, for he was so exhausted he could scarcely stand. He threw himself upon the ground near the form he had rescued.

The woman was insensible; but loving hands, feeling, as men feel in such awful calamities, the Savior moving within them, bathed her face and gave her stimulants until consciousness returned, and she feebly moaned out her pain and thankfulness. A few words were uttered that made Joe rise and look upon the face of the woman he had rescued. She was his wife.

"Polly," he said, bending over her, "don't you know me? I am Joe, your husband."

His face blackened by smoke, with his hair burned and eyebrows singed, so disfigured the poor fellow that it was by his voice alone she recognized him. The poor little white face was distorted by pain; but, crowding it down, she said feebly, "Joe—I'm so glad."

He attempted to put his arm about her, but a cry of agony at the move caused him to desist. As it was, he stooped and kissed her trembling lips, and made a pitiable effort to cheer her with loving words. She was dying. He felt that sh was dying; and all the old love came back, ill-assorted as they had been.

For awhile she gasped, as if for breath, and then, by an effort, she gathered words to whisper, "dear Joe," and died.

It was nearly a year after this terrible event that our hero sought the home of one he now felt was his only love. The story of his heroic conduct at the dreadful accident, and his strange effort to rescue the woman who proved to be his wife, had gone into the journals; so that he was free to enter the humble dwelling, an honest and honorable abode. While waiting in the little parlor, he heard a step upon the stair. His heart throbbed so that it seemed to choke him; and when she did appear he could not utter a word. Nor was it necessary. He seized the girl in his arms and said, "Be mine."

"I have been yours, Joe," responded the girl, "since the moment you saved my life."
—*Belford's Magazine.*

THE WILL WAS FOUND.

And More Than Two People Were Made Happy.

Edward Stanhope, after graduating from Harvard and spending five years on a pleasure tour in Europe, was called home by the sudden death of his father, to find that he was left penniless to hammer out his own living.

He had been educated to be a gentleman and therefore no business man wanted him. At last, when all hope was ebbing away, he happened to attract the notice, one day in the street, of a Boston merchant named John James Martyn. After some questioning, Mr. Martyn engaged him to teach French and German to his invalid daughter, who had gone south for her health on a Virginia plantation.

In his bluff way the merchant asked Stanhope to promise on his word that he would not make love to Rena, his daughter. "She is too young to be anything but romantic," he said.

So it was that Edward Stanhope came to be a member of the Martyn family, and though Serena's aunt, Mrs. Conyar, regarded him askance at first, she was compelled to own that he was a young man who knew his place.

The daughter, a wilful little blonde of 16, was a bewitching pupil, but though wonderfully quick in catching the conversational language, was stubborn about rules and routine. "I want to read and talk," she would say, "and I won't learn whole pages of horrid verses and rules."

So they read and talked, and Stanhope, in spite of his resolutions, soon found himself hopelessly in love with his pupil.

It was a year before matters came to a climax. Rena had been ill, and in her delirium her aunt heard words that warned her to send Edward Stanhope away, unless they were prepared to give this one pet idol of the household to his loving care.

It was not in Mr. Martyn's nature to mince matters, and he sent for Edward Stanhope to his private sitting room as soon as he understood the case.

"I find we must part," he said very gently, "and I regret it deeply; but I will send you to Boston as our corresponding clerk, if you will accept the position."

"Part! Go to Boston!" cried the young man.

"Is it not best for you?"

"Yes. You are right! You have guessed, then, the secret I thought I had guarded so well."

"That you love Rena?"

"Yes. Let me tell you my story, Mr. Martyn. You think I am a presumptive fool, but perhaps you will change your mind. I am a gentleman by birth, but my parents were lost at sea when I was a boy. One of the passengers on the steamer saved my life and brought me to his home. His own wife and child were lost, and he became fond of me. He was wealthy, and adopted me, giving me his name and leading me to suppose that I would be his heir. It was wronging no one, as his nearest relation was a nephew, who is immensely rich and has lived for years in California. There was no expense spared in my education, and yet I was taught nothing practical, no trade, no profession by which I could earn my bread. When I left college my benefactor, whom I had called father for many long years, took me abroad, and we traveled together for four years. Then for the first time we separated, as he grew homesick, and I was wild to visit eastern lands. He returned home, almost forcing me to join a party who were bound to oriental countries. After a year or more of travel I went to Paris to find a summons, two months old, to return to America. When I reached my old home my dear adopted father was dead, and I was thrust into the world penniless. The lawyers who attended to all my benefactor's legal affairs told me there was surely a will, leaving me everything, but it could not be found. The nephew claimed the entire estate, and sold the old homestead. I left Norwalk stunned, and came to my old home, to find it in the possession of a stranger."

"Bless my soul! Your adopted father's name didn't happen to be Wainwright, did it? This didn't happen to be the homestead, eh? And your name isn't Edward Wainwright, is it?"

"You knew me, then?"

"Not a bit of it. But why didn't you tell your name, instead of masquerading under another one?"

"My name is Edward Stanhope. When I lost all else Mr. Wainwright intended to give me, I gave up the name I held only by his adoption."

"Oh, that's it. Well, Mr. Stanhope, I had not been here a month when I found the will of Mr. Wainwright in that queer old desk in my bedroom. Rena wanted the desk, and when we emptied it we found this important document behind one of the drawers, very snugly hidden, but quite accidentally, I judge. I sent it to your lawyer, who informed me that young Wainwright had disappeared."

"The property is mine, then?"

"Yes, I suppose there will be some delay about selling the house again, and it is a bother to me, since I really feel at home here."

"But why need you sell it again? You know my love for Rena. If she will listen to me now that I dare speak—"

"Oh, yes, bless me, how forgetful I am! Yes, yes! You won't want that position of corresponding clerk?"

"But I will never forget the kindness that offered it to me."

"Yes—yes—and you won't take my little girl quite away from me. The house is large enough for all of us."

There was a "nine days' wonder" when the missing heir appeared, but Rena "listened when Edward dared to speak," and when the "prince came to his own again," a sweet-faced princess reigned at his side.

Helping an Orphan.

Uncle Jeff—Kin yo' give me a little money, Mistah Smif? I'se makin' a small kerlection fo' er poo' orphun.

Mr. Smith (giving him 25 cents)—Why, yes, I guess so, uncle.

A little later Uncle Jeff passed by with a watermelon under his arm.

Mr. Smith—Where did you get that, Uncle Jeff?

Uncle Jeff—I bo't it, sah, wif de money I kerlected fo' de poo' orphum. I'se de orphun; my poo' ole fadder an' mudder died, sah, years and years ago.—*Texas Sifting.*

The Remedy.

At the club:

Tom (wearily)—Another conquest, Arthur. I do wish the girls wouldn't fall in love with me so much.

Arthur—Why the deuce don't you keep away from them?

Tom—Good gwacious, old fel, the wemedy is worse than the disease, don't you know.—*Washington Critic.*

Slippery Young Men.

Philadelphia aunt (severely)—As I glanced into the parlor last evening I saw you with a young man's arm around you.

Chicago niece (calm)—Yes, aunty. I was waiting for you to pass the door to see us. Young men are very slippery nowadays, and one can't have too many witnesses.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Patriotism.

McShane—Oi doan't know phwat this counthry is comin' to. Indade Oi doan't! Thim furinners is runnin' t'ings all their own way.

Morgahstern—Dot vas yust so. Ein natif Amerigan don'd haf no chance, ain'd it.—*Time.*

Quadrille for Girls.

From all the summer resorts the same wails goes up, "Oh, for men!" The average this summer has been one male to 28 females. At a seaside hop the other evening the bandmaster introduced a new figure into a quadrille, which was danced by girls only. Those who took the part usually danced by men were distinguished by wearing Tam O'Shanter caps with two feathers in fronts. All the dancers at a given signal stood still, and shading their eyes with their hands seemed to gaze anxiously into the distance, while the orchestra shouted, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see a man?" The big trombone answered sadly, "Boom-boom-bah!" and the dance went on.

A New Disease.

"Electric prostration" may be called a new disease. It troubles workers under electric light. Severe cases are reported from Creusot, France, where an electric furnace is used for quickly heating metals. The light exceeds 100,000 candle power, and the men suffer from it, not from the heat. After one or two hours the workers have a painful sensation in the throat, face and temples, the skin becomes copper red, and an eye irritation begins that lasts 48 hours, the discharge of tears being copious. After five days the skin peels off. Dark colored glasses somewhat mitigate the effects of this tremendous light, but not entirely.

Cheap Traveling Bag.

A cheap and most durable traveling bag much in vogue in England now, is made in neat's hide, lined with satin, opening with square mouth, and fitted with bottles and brushes. Those who do not care to be troubled with a bag can have a small, flat leather case, called a suit case, but quite as convenient for women as for men. The dressing table fittings are movable and are fitted into the sides, and leave the space in the center free and large enough to hold a man's suit or the night gear of a woman. They are made in leather.

Practical Christians.

Here are two young men who are practical Christians, and apparently worthy of their high calling. One is Perry S. Grant, rector of an Episcopal church at Fall River. He has many mill people in his parish, and is so much interested in his work among them that he has declined flattering offers from New York and from Boston and Providence. The other is Rector Perkins, of a little Episcopal parish near Salem, N. J. He gives his services without pay, and recently when his people made a nice purse for him he refused it, saying that he had all the money that he needed, and that it should be used for the improvement of the church.

Tipping the Hat.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying: "I am safe in the presence of my friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century, but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence none is more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.

The Boston Rule of Diet.

A little Boston boy was at dinner with his friends, and the lady of the house asked him if he would have a piece of roast beef.

"No, thank you," he said politely.

"Take a piece of chicken, then."

"I beg your pardon, I cannot," replied the kid.

"Nor a slice of cold ham?"

"No. You see mamma insists that I shall confine myself exclusively to farinaceous foods, and I must obey her."

He was fed accordingly to rule.—*Washington Critic.*

His Report.

"Mr. Jones," said the managing editor to one of his reporters, "did you attend the spiritual seance at Library hall this evening?"

"I did," replied the reporter.

"I hope you have treated the medium fairly, Mr. Jones. You know a good many spiritualists read our paper. How have you written it up?"

"Fair to medium," replied the reporter.—*Siftings.*

A Great Relief.

Employee—Sir, I would like to speak to you a moment upon a very serious matter.

Merchant—Don't bother me.

"But——"

"Go away to your work, I say!"

"I want to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter Nellie, and——"

"Oh, is that so? Take her, my boy, and may God bless you both. I thought you were going to ask for an increase of salary."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A Study in Astronomy.

They stood beneath the stars, and, silent as the heart-beats of the night, looked far away into the diamond-studded shirt-front of the sky.

"Is that Mars?" he wispered, as he slipped his arm about her taper waist and gazed upon a glittering orb in the distant blue.

"No, it ain't," she exclaimed, jerking away; "it's mine, and if you think you are hugging mother I can tell you you are mistaken."

The matter was amicably adjusted before anything serious resulted.—*Washington Critic.*

Little Pitchers Have Big Ears.

"Mamma what is her 'jags?'"

"I don't know, dear; why?"

"I heard papa say: 'Wait till her jags goes to the country, and we'll paint the town red.'"

"Who did he say it to, dear?"

"The new maid."

"Hm, 'her jags,' dear, is the new maid, and papa won't have to wait long before she goes."—*Cartoon.*

He was Young Himself Once.

Broad street dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p. m.)—"Mercy me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?"

Husband—"I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave."

"Remember, my dear, that you were young once yourself."

"I remember. That's why I watch him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Crushed Hopes.

"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked, as he knelt at her feet.

"James, I will be frank with you," she murmured.

"Oh, speak," he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense."

"Then let me say it cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."

A Missing Scream.

He—"And suppose while sitting serenely here some one should be wicked enough to steal a kiss?"

She—"I should certainly scream for help."

(The steal follows.)

She—"Carlo, lie down and be still."—*Time.*

Equal to the Occasion.

He (summering in the country)—"Shall I assist you over this wire fence, Maude?"

She—"No, I can do very nicely by myself; and in the meantime, Charley, I wish you would study that bank of clouds in the west and tell me if it looks like rain."—*Texas Siftings.*

Misled as to His Age.

Arthur (who had been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpapa's bible stories): "And were you in the Ark, grandpa, along with Noah and all the rest of 'em?" Grandpa (indignantly): No, sir; certainly not!" Arthur: "Then how is it you wasn't drowned?"—*N. Y. World.*

Couldn't Be Better.

"If I might venture to make a suggestion, madame," said the tombstone agent, in a sombre yet respectful manner, "I should say the motto 'He has gone to a better land,' would be an appropriate one."

"You forget sir," said the lady in black, with cold dignity, "that he lived in Boston."

Some Comfort.

Little Girl—What's the matter, little boy?

Little Boy—I'm crying because my mamma has just gone to heaven.

Little Girl—Oh, but p'r'aps she hasn't.—*Time.*

Our Serial Story.

THE LYON TRACT.

BY GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Well, what are they doing up at the mills?"

"They are nearly frantic at the disappearance of Fanny, and some of them are on their way here now, if they are not already here."

"Who have they sent out?"

"Bassford took three men with him. Who they are I could not find out. I got away by telling them that I wanted to see my sick sister at Frazer's, and I started in that direction, but came here to let you know. You need to look sharp, for Bassford is a dangerous man."

"I had rather meet him than Farrell, but there are some good men there, who can give us a great deal of trouble. Liz you have done well. Get back as soon as you can and keep me posted."

The woman turned away, but stopped.

"John," she said, with a hungry look on her face, "John, is Bessie here? Oh John, let me see her. I won't ask you to let me have her, but let me see her!"

"She isn't here Liz. If she was here, I would let you see her, but she is not here. In a week you shall see her, and possibly sooner. Liz, I give you credit for the way you have acted in this matter, and ye ain't agoin to lose nothin by it. I'll play square with ye this time."

"But John, are you quite sure that she is not here, or near by? If it's ten mile off, or twenty, I will go, for I do so want to see her—I want to just see her—just to see her for a minute."

"Liz, I am telling ye the truth—she ain't here, nor near here—she is where you can't get to her. But I give you my word that inside uv a week you shel her. Now go I promise ye."

Drawing a sigh of disappointment, Lizzie left the spot. She knew that if John had not told her the truth it could not be any different, and that all she could do was to wait and trust him.

"If he does go back on me," she muttered to herself, "I will kill him. I will have that baby or his life."

Mr. Biggs told Southard the news he had received, and resumed his place near the tree under Fanny's window.

The afternoon faded away into the twilight, and the twilight into the darkness. Fanny sat in her room in a state of mute despair. When face to face with her father and mother she was sustained by the sense of injustice they were doing her, and was defiant, but four hours of solitude and in prison, had brought her into another condition of mind. She had wept until she could weep no longer, and sat dry-eyed, in that condition of mind that may either end in a complete surrender or in recklessness that is akin to madness. The hours wore on, and still she sat on the edge of her bed in the darkness in a sort of stupor. Under her window Biggs was pacing backwards and forwards, the physical exertion of walking being some relief to him. Fanny, tired of sitting, in a listless way walked to the window and saw him, and saw that he was there to prevent her escape. A sense of her position was awakened in her, and her very frame quivered with rage.

"I am a prisoner, am I? I will make it a dear thing for my keepers. Sam will be back in the morning—there is no help for me, and I have to die or be false to Will. I may as well die now, and take them with me. They are all asleep at the other end of the hall, and if I set fire to my room and Biggs don't see it, it will cut them off—Southard, mother—no mother of mine—Tom and the rest of them."

She looked out at the window. Biggs had laid down under the tree, and was fast asleep.

"The blaze would awaken him, and he must not see it until it has got under good headway."

She pulled down the thick green paper shade to her window and hung a heavy shade over that, that there might be no light thrown out to betray her purpose. Then piling up combustibles to the door, she lighted a match and applied it to the mass.

The house was built of pine, and burned as readily as the match. In a moment the fire had a fast hold of the door, and creeping through the crevices, was spreading along the hall with frightful rapidity. The girl took her position close to the window, and endured the smoke until it became stifling, when she broke a pane of glass, and put her head outside for air. The fire had not reached her, but the other side of the room next to the hall was burning furiously.

The breaking of the pane of glass had awakened Biggs as a much less noise would have done. He sprang to his feet, but before he could utter a cry of alarm a lithe figure sprang from behind the tree and felled him to the ground. Fanny uttered an exclamation of delight as she saw the man climb the tree with the agility of a squirrel, run out on the strong limb that almost touched her window, and sprang from that through the sash, alighting in her room.

"Joe!"

"Yes! Injun Joe. Not killed—played possum. The old man thought he had killed me, and I let him think so, for he would have done it next shot. Ball glanced. But come!"

It was only twelve feet to the ground, and Joe, taking Fanny by the arms, held her out of the window as far as he could and let her drop. Then springing out upon the limb, he made his escape the same way he entered the house, and with the dazed and bewildered girl made his way into the woods.

Once in the woods they were safe, for a time, but Joe would trust nothing. He plunged farther and farther into the forest, and did not pause for rest till he had put five good miles between him and the burning house. She could walk as fast as he could, and she was quite as anxious to get away as he.

In the meantime Biggs had recovered from the terrible blow that had felled him. It was not necessary that he should give an alarm, for the flame and smoke had done that. All the inmates of the house were thoroughly aroused. They all made their escape. Those on the first floor brought a ladder, and all in the house were out of it before the flames had made sufficient headway to smother them.

But the house was beyond salvation. The fire did its work thoroughly, and in an hour all that was left of it, was the charred and blackened timbers which the fire was eating slowly, and the ashes of the lighter portions.

Southard looked over the inmates who were standing in their night clothes.

"We are all here but Fanny. Has any one seen her?"

No one had seen her.

"Biggs, how did the fire break out?"

"In her room. I was awakened by the breaking of glass, and was about to cry out, when I was struck down like an ox. Who struck me I don't know. I only know that I was hit powerful, and when I come to, her room was in a bright blaze, and the fire was a pourin out uv her winder. It was a heavy blow I got."

"The girl fired her room, and in the confusion made her escape," said Southard to his wife. "And Bassford was probably near to help her. I almost wish we hadn't undertaken this. We have had nothing but trouble since we commenced it. She hasn't perished in the flames, she's off again. Whoever struck Biggs was hanging around to help her away."

The party made such quarters for themselves as they could in the mill, and awaited the coming of the morning.

INDIAN JOE AND FANNY.

Through the woods, by paths known only to himself, Indian Joe conducted the over-joyed girl whom he had rescued from what was worse to her than death. Over ridges, through ravines, across streams on perilous logs, through the darkness, the girl followed him unquestioned and unquestioning. For she had reason to trust him. Five years before Indian Joe came to her father's, or rather her mother's house, wounded and faint, and had been kicked and cuffed by the mill men as Indians always were. The heart of the girl was filled with pity for him, and she interfered in his behalf. For some reason her mother happened to be in a decent humor, and she permitted Fanny to care for the miserable object till his wounds were all healed and his health restored.

It was an excellent investment, that pity for one of God's lowest creatures, for from that time out he was more than a friend—he was her bound servant. He lurked about the mill and endured the kicks and cuffs of the men, with more patience than is common among the aborigines, that he might be near her, and in such ways as were possible, might show his gratitude.

And when her mother came to urge her to the marriage with Sam Southard, it was Indian Joe who conveyed letters to an from the postoffice at Clapville, keeping up her communication with her lover, without which she would have died of despair. And after Farrell came into the country, it was Indian Joe who was there go-between, and faithfully did he serve them.

There was no night so dark, or rain or hail so severe that he would not answer her signal and make his way to Clapville to carry her message, and his return with its answer was as prompt as his going.

Poor Joe! Poor any one who is the medium of communication between young lovers, provided they are very much in love with each other. I fear that the poor man was made many a time to walk the long twenty miles through rain, and back again in sleet, merely to convey to Will. Farrell, the intelligence that Fanny loved him now as ever, and that she was and would be as true to him as the needle to the pole, things that he knew just as well before the letter was received as after. But as he always found Farrell waiting with feverish anxiety, the simple man supposed the letter he carried to be so valuable that the failure to deliver it would be a loss compared with which the failure of a bank would be nothing, and so he would have sooner parted with his life than with the missive. It was no sinecure he held, and he paid exceedingly well for the kindness the girl had shown him.

Having been tried in every possible way, and his fidelity tested so faithfully, Fanny had no reason to doubt him, nor did she. She followed him with as much confidence as though it had been Farrell himself.

They finally came to a little hut, so artfully made that no one could have seen that there was a hut there. It was dug out of the side of a hill thickly covered with underbrush, and the entrance was so artfully covered with brush that he would have been very skillful in such matters to have suspected the existence of a dwelling place, unless he had been informed of it. Yet there was a pleasant room twelve or fifteen feet square, with a place for a fire, and sweet, clean boughs on which to sleep.

Indian Joe displayed the arrangement to the girl with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Live here comfortable," was his remark. "Lots provision, good fire, dry place, everything good. Stay here. Here where I come when Southard shot me."

"But, Joe, why shouldn't we go on to the mills and be safe with Farrell? I can go on to night. I am not tired."

"I'm not tired either. White woman go farther than Injun. But stay here till we know what Southard does with mill. Can't find you here, and can't get you here. I go and tell Farrell you safe, and will keep you safe till he fixes things for you. Mustn't go back to Southard. I have been watchin long time and I know. Get back to old Southard and you'd never get out agin. Better stay here."

"But, Joe, if you go away, and they happen to find this place, what would become of me? They could take me away, and as you say, I never would get away again."

"I got that all fixed. See, They can't come from behind and its fixed so they can't come to the opening but one at a time. See? They can git in one at a time. Here two revolvers. Kill everybody that comes without anybody seein' you. You shoot—I see you shoot, most as good as I do."

"But, Joe, suppose they come in the night? What good would all this do, if they take me when I am sleeping?"

"String across path, tied to kettle close by you. Trip on string, upset kettle—wide awake and ready for 'em. They can't get to you. But no one knows the place, and can,t find um. My place. White woman safe—safer than at mill."

And so it was decided that she should stay in Joe's place, while Joe himself went to the mill and joined the force in protecting the property from any attempt that Southard should make. He was certain that he could satisfy Farrell that Fanny was perfectly safe and that she was more entirely secure from capture where she was than she would be at the mill, and that moreover, he, Joe, would prove a valuable ally in case of further hostilities.

"Give me paper to show Farrell," said Joe, "that he may be sure that his gal is all right."

Fanny wrote a note on the back of an envelope she happened to have in her possession, assuring Farrell of her safety, and commending Joe for his bravery and devotion.

Joe then gave Fanny the weapons she might require, but did not attempt to instruct her in the use of them. She was as familiar with the use of fire arms as any woodman of them all, and was as dangerous with them in her hands. But he did show her the arrangement of the alarm he had devised for her, and charging her on no account to leave the hut, departed.

And Fanny found herself alone in the forest, hidden like a rabbit, with nothing to depend upon but two revolvers; but she had no fear. Her forest experience had made her strong and self-reliant, and besides she was as brave as a lion by nature.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT BASSFORD AND HIS PARTY DID.

The information that Lizzie Biggs gave to her husband concerning the movements of Bassford was true. The next morning after the abduction, Bassford, with five of the best men of the mill, left for the vicinity of Southard's to attempt her recapture. They were not strong enough to storm the fortress or to take her by force, and they were afraid to attempt it, for fear that rather than have her fall into their hands they would kill her, or send her away where finding her would be an impossibility. Farrell wanted him to take the entire force of the mill, and go down and surround the place and take her at all hazards, but Bassford and the others overruled him.

The night the Southard house was burned Bassford and his men were not over a mile from it. They saw the flames in the sky, and they knew what it was that was burning.

"Stay here, close together, men," said Bassford, "I will go and see what is the matter. This is something that may make a difference in our work. It's either the house or the mill. Some one has given the old devil a dose of what he has been so liberal with to his neighbors."

Bassford made his way to the edge of the wood not more than ten rods from the burning building, and saw plainly, all that transpired. He saw the party gather after the burning structure had fallen, and noticed with alarm that Fanny was not among them. He could not hear what they said, but he knew by their anxious movements that something unusual alarmed them, beside the loss of the house.

"Fanny was not among the party that gathered after the fire," he said to the men on his return. "They were all there but her, and her absence worried the old man. I noticed it. He counted them all, but she was not there."

"She was probably burned in the house," suggested one of the men.

"Never!" replied Bassford. "That girl has too much pluck and too much resource to be burned like a rat in a house, more likely that it was she who set fire to the house, and got away by the blaze of it. She never burned it, unless they locked her up and set it on fire on purpose to do it, which I don't believe, for if they wanted to make way with her, they could do it as safely in a thousand other ways, and that would not involve the loss of so much property. It's either an accident, or the girl did it, and in either case, I don't believe she was lost in it. Depend upon it, she will turn up safe and sound. She has luck and what is better, pluck."

"Well, what shall we do now?"

"I want three of you men to go north of the place, and we will stay here. We want to catch some one of their people and find out something that we can go on. Keep just as close to the edge of the woods as you can, without showing yourselves, and cut any one of them out, and ask him questions with your rifles cocked. And when you have got alll out of him that you can, take him with you or kill him, I don't care which, for he must not go back to alarm the rest. They would make it very warm for us. I will stay and do the same thing."

The three men departed by a circuitous route to take their places for the watch, and Bassford and his companions remained where they were within sight of the smoking ruins, and could see very plainly what was going on.

Mr. Biggs had a theory of his own regarding the fire, which he was desirous of verifying. And so early in the morning after the fire, he went very cautiously south of the mill to see if he could find out any indications of any assistance that Fanny might have had in the events of the night. It had been decided that she had not been burned, for the ruins had been searched and there were no traces of her remains, which could not have been in such a fire.

She had esaped, and she could not have done it without help. Where did that help come from, and where had it gone? This problem, Mr. Biggs proposed to solve, and for that purpose he went out into the wood the next morning, examining every trace of a track as minutely as an Indian would. Nothing escaped his scrutiny.

"Here's the track of a moccasin!" said he to himself, closely scrutinizing an impression on the thin sod, which would have escaped the attention of any one less skilled in wood-craft. "What Indian has been around here? There ain't none in these parts since the old man shot Indian Joe, so it can't be him. Injun ghosts don't make such tracks. And, by heavens! there's the track of a woman's shoe just before it! Ah! ha! I've found something."

So he had. But unlucky for Mr. Biggs and his enterprise, something had found him. For while he was going southward, a man had been creeping northward, on a parallel line, and not a rod from his route. As Biggs went one way the man in the brush, watching his every movement, was making his way the other, until they had passed, and the man in the brush was between Biggs and the old Southard place.

With a spring he left the brush, and stood in the path, his rifle at his shoulder, covering Biggs.

It was Bassford.

"Halt!"

Biggs stopped short and turned. Such men in such circumstances, know that that word means something.

"And please don't bring your rifle up, or I shall be obliged to put a ball from mine through you!"

Biggs remained as still as a statue.

Bassford whistled and in a minute the other two came to the place.

Biggs sat down doggedly. He knew he was in the hands of men who would shoot him as quick as they would a dog, and that his life had passed out of his hands.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"A very little thing, Mr. Biggs, a very little thing. Where is Miss Fanny Southard?"

"I don't know any more than you do."

"Was she burned in the fire last night?"

"I don't know."

"You do know, and you shall tell us. I will give you just one minute. Where is she?"

"I tell you I don't know, and if all the rifles in Michigan were pointed at me I couldn't say any thing more."

"What do you think about it?"

"I have no thinkin to do. The gal was not among them as got out uv the house, and whether she was burned or whether she got out afore, is suthin I know jest ez much about ez yoo do. I tell you I don't know nothin about it. Now shoot, ef you want to. You won't find the gal by killin me."

Bassford was not convinced. He still believed that the man knew something of the girl's whereabouts, and he proposed to draw it from him, in some way.

"Biggs, I believe you know something about this more than you have told us. I shall act on that presumption at all events. You have got just two minutes to tell us what you know. At the end of that time I will blow you into eternity."

He held the muzzle of his rifle within an inch of the man's head.

"One minute is gone."

"Biggs sat pale, but motionless.

"Will you speak?"

At the very moment there was a rush, a scream, and a woman threw herself between the two, pushing the rifle away.

"Liz!" exclaimed Biggs, "you here! I thought you had gone back to the mill on the Lyon Tract. I told you to go there. What are you doing here?"

This in an undertone, to the woman alone.

"John I believed that the baby—my baby was here, or about here, and I have been trying to find it. I have been watching you, hoping that you would go to it, and that I might trace it out. I was watching you when these people stopped you, and when I saw that Bassford had his finger on the trigger, I knew that you would be shot dead unless I stopped it."

"Why, Liz, you must like me a little, after all."

"Oh, John, if you were killed, how could I ever find Bessie. John, tell me where she is now. I do so want her! Tell me where she is."

"Then all your care for me was to save me to tell you where your gal was! It isn't flattering, for I wood like to be loved for myself alone, ez some one sed. But never mind. You can't find her till this bizniss is over. Git out uv the way Liz—this man has suthin to say to me."

Bassford was looking on the while in mute surprise. He knew Liz as the cook at the camp, and his wonder was how she came here, or why she was here at all.

"What are you doing here?" he said to her. "What business have you away from your work?"

The poor woman hung her head and said nothing.

"I kin tell ye," said Biggs, "the poor woman, ez you call her—she is a poor woman—hez a baby which I hev the keepin uv. She is tryin to persuade me to giv her the baby, when I am hard hearted enuff not to do. That's all there is about it."

"I have no time to talk about the woman and the babies. Liz will explain her presence here to me afterward. My business now is with you. Stand aside Liz."

The murderous rifle came to his shoulder again.

"You have just a minute to tell me what you know about the disappearance of Fanny. One minute. Speak, or you are a dead man."

Liz again threw herself between the two.

"Oh Mr. Bassford, don't kill him! He knows where my child is, and if he dies I shall never get it—never! Don't shoot him. For the love of heaven! For the love of God, don't shoot! I want my baby—don't rob me of all the chance I have in the world of getting it. Don't."

And she threw herself upon Biggs' neck, in such a position that the ball from Bassford's rifle must have passed through her to have reached him.

Biggs endured the unusual embrace and smiled.

"Is it true, what the woman says?" he asked.

"It is true. I know where her baby is, and no one else does. If I die she will never get it. She has spoken the truth."

Bassford stopped and thought a moment.

"Probably Biggs, you would die sooner than speak, but there are things that such men as you dread more than death. I will get what I want, and the woman's baby, too! Men, bind this fellow, and see that he is bound so that he cannot escape. And while you are about it, put a gag in his mouth, so that he can make no noise, for we shall have to pass very near his friends. Be quick! We have been here too long."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Slow Improvement in Palace Cars.

"It is enough to make one disgusted with the palace car monopoly," said an old traveler, "to see how slow they are in making improvements. Why, the cars are hardly as good as they were ten years ago on most of the roads, and this is the more marked because the regular passenger cars have been wonderfully improved. The sleeping cars on the majority of the lines are lighted with kerosene instead of gas or electricity, the porters have more than they can attend to, especially on those miserable buffet cars, and the accommodations for ladies are worse than ever. Every car should have a female servant as well as the porter, and there should be a division for ladies traveling alone. The seats are not as comfortable as they should be, and the cars do not ride as smoothly as they ought to. The American public is long-suffering or it would compel the Pullmans, Wagners and Woodruffs to serve it better."—*Newark Call.*

Recent Literature.

AUTUMN EVENING READING.

The Argonauts of North Liberty—My Uncle Florimond—Worcester's Academic Dictionary—A Virginia Inheritance—History of the United States and People—A Fortnight of Folly—The Fortunes of the Faradays—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

"The Argonauts of North Liberty," by Bret Harte, does not abound in the beautiful descriptions which render so many of his stories attractive, but it has a charm in another way that makes it extremely fascinating. The characters are all true to themselves throughout, but it is the strong contrasts brought out which almost bewilder with their suddenness, and yet the realism is extreme. No one who takes up the book will lay it down without finishing. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"My Uncle Florimond," by Sidney Luska, is a book which like "As it was Written" and "Mrs. Peixada," have made a special study of Jewish character, has its main figures all Jews. Although written for younger readers it is no less charming reading. The young boy who dreams of the wealth and splendor of his uncle, the French nobleman, whom he has never seen; the uncle himself, in reality poverty stricken and decrepit, though yet a gentleman; the aged Jew in whose dwelling the lad finds a home, are all drawn with separate and distinct individualities, and seem quite like portraits from life. D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have issued an entirely new edition of their Worcester's Academic Dictionary, with several new features. "It presents," the publishers say, "as a distinctive new feature the Etymology of Words. In this respect no other work of its class approaches it in fullness and completeness. In Orthography great attention has been paid to usage, analogy and etymology in deciding all disputable points. In Pronunciation the book not only gives the preference of Dr. Worcester, but exhibits at the same time that of all the leading lexicographers. For example, take the word *neither*. One sees at a glance Dr. Worcester's preference is *ne'ther*, and that he is supported in this by ten other lexicographers, including Smart, Walker and Perry, while for *ni'ther* there are four, including Nuttall and Haldeman. All the more common new words have been included, and hundreds of new illustrations have been added.

"A Virginia Inheritance," is a novel by Edmund Pendleton, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The strength of this book lies in its graceful style and excellent portraiture. The cloud-compelling old general and his lazy wife are well drawn, as are also the housewifely Rosebud and the faithful negro. Chatterton, the heroine, wins our liking from the first, and we feel well satisfied when she and her faithful lover finally adjust all their misunderstandings and final happiness in one another's arms. Of the novels of the season, this strikes one as easily among the best. It will be appreciated by those who like a delicate but vigorous style and keen sense of humor, joined with that rare gift of portraiture which makes the counterfeit presentments of fiction seem as real to us as the people whom we meet in every-day life.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, comes "From 18 to 20," in which Miss Beatrice Hamilton tells the story of these two years in her life, commencing with the first garden party where she meets handsome Mr. Thorpe, who, as she finds out afterward, is reputed to be a great flirt, and rather much in love with Miss Bransford, a charming debutante. Miss Beatrice, or Trix, as her family call her, gives an exact account of all happenings within her circle, and narrates the double courtship of Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Johnson, the rather mysterious ending of which closes the last chapter of the book.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "Seven Conventions," by A. W. Clason. The first chapter contains a well written presentation of the issue between the colonies and Great Britain leading to the declaration of independence. Then follows the history of the Federal Convention and the various ratifying and nonratifying conventions of the different states, ending with the convention at Charleston that formally adjourned to Baltimore. The book is worth reading.

In the International Scientific series, also from the Appleton's, is "The Origin of Floral Structures Through Insect and Other Agencies," by Rev. George Henslow. The work is well illustrated and is full of the greatest interest to those who delight in researches in the plant-world. Many wonderful things concerning the development of different floral structures are given here, which have been discovered by the observation of those who have given the subject attention. This is the 63d volume of the series.

From the same publishers is "A History of the United States and Its People," by Edward Eggleston. The book is designed for the use of schools, and a beautiful volume it is for that purpose. The author has omitted some of the fables which have long appeared in histories, but which have been rejected by scholars some time since, his object being to make it in harmony with the very best authorities of the time. The illustrations are numerous, the print clear and the whole make-up of the volume extremely attractive. It should be very popular.

"A Manuel for Building and Loan associations" is received from Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati. The work is by Henry S. Rosenthal and embraces the origin and history of co-operative societies; objects and benefits of Building associations; plans and methods of organizing them; legislation; constitution and by-laws; forms and description of books; blanks and papers; interest and dividend tables; and a comprehensive variety of practical and useful information and suggestions. The work contains much practical information.

In the series of "The Story of the Nations" issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes the story of "Media, Babylon and Persia" including a study of the Zend-Avesta or Religion of Zarvaster from the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. It is continued from "The Story of Assyria." The author is Lenaide A. Rogozin a member of several different societies which have for their object the studying of the remains of ancient cities, etc., and one well prepared for this work. It will be found full of interest, especially that part relating to the myths in the Aresta. The volume is well illustrated.

From the same house comes a well prepared "Sketch of the Germanic Constitution" from the early times to the dissolution of the empire, by Samuel Epes Turner. The book is divided into eight periods: The Primitive; Merovingian; Carolingian; First Feudal; Second Feudal; Reformation; Disintegration, and Dissolution. An appendix of tables is also added.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," issued by the Putnams, is the beautiful story of "Undine" and also "Sintrim and His Companions." Most welcome additions to the pretty series. Everybody is interested in occasionally reading over these gems of the imagination, and they are here in a most convenient form.

"The Fortunes of the Faradays" is a novel by Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Foes of Her Household," etc. It is a pleasant history of the fortunes of a family in which there are ten happy children who are full of life and ambition. There is any amount of incident running through the book, which prevents the story from becoming tiresome through the somewhat extended development, and then it ends well, a thing which most novel readers desire. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"A Fortnight of Folly" is a story by Maurice Thompson, the author of "Songs of Fair Weather," "Sylvan Secrets," "A Tallahasse Girl," etc. It is a society novel, and a fairly good one, the principal events occurring at a mountain hotel used as a summer resort, and the events mostly comprised in the short period of a fortnight. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

The following pamphlet novels have been received: "G. A. R., or How She Married His Double," by Edward R. Roe, published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; "Tried for Her Life," a novel by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, published by T. B. Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia; "My Aunt's Match-Making," and other stories, all by popular authors, in the "Rainbow Series," of Cassell & Company, New York.

Literary Notes.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse's forthcoming novel is to be called "The Countess Eve."

Mr. Charles Nordhoff has written a book on "Peninsular California," which the Harpers are about to publish.

Walter Scott, the London publisher, has just issued Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," uniform in size and style with the Camelot series.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall declare that within six months they have sold 158,000 copies of their shilling volumes of Carlyle.

Alphonse Daudet repels the charge that he wrote "L'Immortel" in pique at being an unsuccessful candidate for the Academy.

Belford, Clarke & Co. have in press a volume of poems by Carlotta Perry, whose verses have already attracted wide attention.

Gen. A. W. Greely has written for publication in *St. Nicholas*, during the coming year, a serial account of his experiences in the Arctic regions. It will be entitled, "How We Made the Farthest North," and promises to be fascinating to youthful readers.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel is evidently an addition to his list of Italian stories. It is entitled Sant' Ilario," and is to appear in *The English Illustrated Magazine* during the coming year. The lovers of this pleasant periodical will look forward with special interest to a series of drawings by Hugh Thompson, suggested by old Izak Walton's "Complete Angler."

John Habberton has written for *Lippincott's* a serial story called "At Last; or, Six Days in the Life of a Governess." It will run through six numbers. The Lippincott company have in print a cheap edition of the Bronte novels, uniform with the Handy Edition of Thackeray and Dickens.

Uncle Tom's Tenement," a sort of prose parody upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Alice Rollins, shows that there are other unfortunates in this country who need aid and comfort quite as much as the black people. Published by W. E. Smythe & Co., Boston.

"Mr. Grey," the university professor who is one of the most attractive characters in Mrs Ward's famous book, "Robert Elsmere," was in real life the late Professor Green. The portrait is said to be drawn with fidelity. The twelfth English edition of "Robert Elsmere" has just appeared.

Gen. Lew Wallace denies that there has been trouble between the authors of the "Lives of Harrison and Morton," published by Hubbard & Bros. Gen. Wallance is at work on a romance of the East of the 14th century—one of the heroic periods—which he thinks will be quite as long as "Ben-Hur."

Robert Browning used to say how helpful Carlyle was to him as a youth, and he still has so great an admiration for the Scotchman that he was glad to entrust to Mr. Norton for the purpose of publication the letters which he received years ago from Carlyle.

Miss Katherine Wormley, the brilliant translator of Balzac, is mentioned by "The Hartford *Courant*" as the daughter of Rear Admiral Ralph R. Wormley, of the British Navy. Her maternal grandfather was a brother of the American Commodore Preble. Miss Wormley is now translating "Louis Lambert" and "Seraphita."

Mrs. Ward's novel, "Robert Elsmere," has been issued in paper covers as a number of Macmillan's Summer Reading Library. In this cheap and popular form it ought to find its way to many thousands of homes.

"The Last Voyage" of Lady Brassey, profusely illustrated, will be issued sumptuously in England this autumn. The last volume (VII.) of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," is also announced to appear before November.

The author of that successful novel, "Dead Man's Rock," who modestly hides his identity behind the letter "Q," has written another story which Cassell & Company announce. It is called "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," and it is an astonishing history indeed. The story begins as quietly as a pastoral, but is as full of surprises as a summer day with its clouds and storms. It is a capital story and will add largely to "Q's" already extended reputation as a popular writer.

William H. Hills has bought the half interest of Robert Luce in *The Writer*, the bright Boston magazine for literary workers, and is now the sole owner of the magazine. Mr. Luce, who has been the business manager of *The Writer*, retires because other interests demand his attention. Mr. Hills has had almost the whole charge of the editorial conduct of the magazine for the last year, and the change in ownership will not affect its character in any way. *The Writer*, which, we understand, has been a success from the start, is likely either to be enlarged or to be made a semi-monthly at the beginning of its next volume in January.

OUT OF MOURNING.

August Spies' Proxy Wife Drops Her Weeds—Miss Van Zandt Resuming Her Old Time Cheerfulness.

Nina Van Zandt has, at least for every day wear, put off mourning. She was seen tripping down the street the other day in a charming new suit of white, with pretty colored ribbons and a neat summer hat to match. She exhibited no signs of mourning whatever, and her face wore a bright, happy smile. She is once more the bright, sunny, happy girl that a good many remember her to have been before the cloud of anarchy passed over her life. Nina enjoys the blessings of a good home, of kind, indulgent parents, and of every opportunity to gratify her varied tastes. And she has improved these to considerable advantage. She speaks and writes fluently English, French, German and Italian, and is said to be studying other modern languages.

Nina looked younger to-day than she has at any time since the public became familiar with her face. Her bearing, always reserved, but, nevertheless haughty, has become tender and maidenly to the extent that those with whom she has come in contact recently remarked it in complimentary terms. Inspired by her literary tastes and acquirements, as well as by her deep interest in the case, she began, soon after the execution of the anarchists, a "Review of the Tumult," as it was to have been called, in the form of a book. What progress she has made on this work is known only to herself. Nothing has been heard from it these many months, and some of her closest friends believe that she has laid the task aside for good.

She has been, until the issue was suspended, a regular contributor to the columns of the *Labor Enquirer*, but her work in this line lay mostly in the way of translations from the French and German labor papers, to which were added comments of her own. She had not been seen down town more than a dozen times during the past three months, and on these occasions she remained only to make short business calls at the office of the paper named.

Soon after her proxy marriage to Spies it was reported that she had been disinherited by a rich aunt residing in Pittsburg. However this may be, a reconciliation must have been brought about. Whether the barrier has been removed by the conversion of the aunt to Nina's principles, or Nina to the aunt's views is not known, but it is not long ago that Nina was a guest at the home of that same aunt upon the invitation of the latter. The visit is reported to have been a long and pleasant one, and to have marked the beginning of a new turn in Nina's life. Since then she has been more in love with her home and with domestic life.

Nina is a young lady of considerable talent; and it is believed by some of her admirers that she will yet make her mark in literature. One of these now connected with a labor publication expressed the belief that she had been for months past engaged in writing a story of love and disaster, in which Spies is the ideal hero and herself the unrequited angel of mercy. If Nina is engaged on such a work and it ever comes to the light it will no doubt be a vindication of Spies and his companions, as far as her power can go in that direction.—*Chicago Herald*.

A Story of the Maine Election.

New York Tribune.

Once there was a man who got caught out in the Rain. He was hailed by Noah as he sailed by in his Ark. At the time Noah hailed the Man, the Man was standing tiptoe on top of a flag staff which was planted on the roof of the Tallest Building that the Man could find. But even then the Man, at the time Noah hailed him, was up to his chin in the Water. "How does the wet weather suit you?" inquired Noah. "O," replied the Man, "I really hadn't noticed any Humidity to speak of."

MORAL.—This fable teaches what a Democratic paper means when it says that "the Democrats are satisfied with the Maine election."

HE'LL THINK OF IT THEN.

[Chairman Mills, the author of the Mills bill, at the close of a speech at New Haven, Conn., on September 1, was asked a question concerning the tariff, to which he angrily replied in the words quoted below.]

While a Democrat was speaking
Of the blessings of free trade
A question was presented,
And the answer that he made
Was:
"You
Go
Soak
Yo'
Head!"

And when the votes are counted
On the 6th of next November,
Then this Democratic speaker
Will be likely to remember
His
"You
Go
Soak
Yo'
Head!"
—*New York Press.*

SOME STRAW VOTES.

An Indication of the Popular Current Against Free Trade.

COLUMBUS, Kan, Sept. 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—As an indication of the drift of political sentiment in this part of the country, a vote taken of the old Indiana soldiers at the Baxter Springs re-union on the 31st of August, furnishes food for reflection to some of the unterrified. There were 56 veterans of Indiana present and the vote stood—Harrison 53, Cleveland 1, Streeter 2.

A vote was also taken on the Gulf train at night after leaving Baxter, which stood: Harrison 125, Cleveland 25, Streeter 15, Lockwood 4.

Out of 100 Illinois veterans on the grounds, 96 were for Harrison, and the balance divided about equally between Cleveland and Streeter.

Of the 1,500 voters present, it is estimated that 90 per cent. are for Harrison and Morton. The "Sunflower" state will come to the front on the 6th of November with a majority of 100,000 for old Ben, the Sunday afternoon edition to the Democracy (Prohibs) notwithstanding. I have been a reader of the BLADE for one year and am highly pleased with it. L. M. DILLMAN.

OELWEIN, IA., Aug. 30, 1888.—EDITOR BLADE.—As I am a reader of the BLADE and a member of the Iowa National Guard and a Harrison and Morton man in every sense of the word, I took a vote of the Fourth regiment yesterday, with 188 votes for Harrison, 55 votes for Cleveland and 4 scattering. This represents six counties in Northeastern Iowa, and I think fully one third of the Republican votes were for Cleveland in 1884. How is that for putting them over?—F. A. WIGTON, Ord. Sergt., Waukan, Iowa.

STURGEON, MO., Aug. 25, 1888.—EDITOR BLADE:—I see in the columns of your valuable paper that a number of Democrats are coming over to Harrison, Morton and protection. I have been a member of the Republican party ever since its organization in Missouri, never have voted for a Democrat for President or governor, but I have been reading Allen G. Thurman's speech, delivered at Port Huron, Mich., in which he says perhaps two million of Democratic soldiers in the army "had something to do with it"—(that is) the freeing four million of slaves.

I have always thought that Judge Thurman was a wise and truthful man, but I see from the election returns in 1860 that Douglas received 1,375,157 votes, Breckenridge 845,763; total vote 2,220,920. It is certainly fair to suppose that 220,920 were invalids. Now, if Allen G. Thurman is correct, the Republicans must have inaugurated the rebellion and fought for the perpetuation of slavery. If I find Judge Thurman's figures to be true I will vote the Democratic ticket. If not, I will vote for Harrison and Morton. J. B. ALLISON.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, O., Sept. 6, 1888.—EDITOR BLADE:—You can say to your readers that this Home will give Harrison and Morton a majority of 1,800 in November, all brought about by Cleveland's pension vetoes.—S. B. DRESSER.

TOPEKA, KAN., Sept. 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—The railroads in this state employ about 3,000 men, in shops, yards and different offices, and you may mark down that four-fifths of them are for Harrison, Morton and protection. Kansas is good for 80,000 Republican majority.—OLD SUBSCRIBER.

SHELBURNE, N. Y., Sept 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—Weather probabilities: Heavy thunder in New York about November 6, with shifting winds, colder in Democratic localities.—J. C. GRAY.

BUFFALO DEPOT, N. Y., Aug. 29.—EDITOR BLADE:—A vote was taken to-night on the Lake Shore train coming into Buffalo: Harrison 58, Cleveland 17, Fisk 1.—H. L. DUNHAM.

FREE TRADE AND LABOR.

A Correspondent Analyzes Some Claims of the Cobden Club's Friends.

MANHATTAN, KAN., Sept. 4.—EDITOR BLADE:—As free traders pose as the champions of our laboring class, I will analyze the facts and let the wage workers decide whether they have any ground for their claim; and as they claim the duty to be a tax, I will deduct more duty than any laborers pay per year, and then compare results, I will take five persons to represent the family and make that the basis of my calculations. Mills, of Texas, estimates that 600,000,000 pounds of wool are required to supply the wants of our manufacturers annually. That would give about 10 pounds per capita or 50 pounds for a family of five persons. But I will take 25 pounds per capita, and now give a table of duties:

Duty on 125 lbs. of wool at 10 cents per lb.	$ 12 50
Duty on cotton goods required	12 50
Duty on hats, caps, bonnets, etc.	12 50
Duty on boots, shoes and other foot gear	12 50
Duty on silks, laces and jewelry	40 00
Duty on other articles	10 00
Total	$100 00

I have charged duty on more material than the English laborer could afford his family in three years, and will now compare the result. Statistics prove that wages are 75 per cent higher here than in England, and allowing the Englishman $1.00 per day, the Yankee would receive $1.75 per day, and counting 300 days as a year's labor, we would have $525 less $100 duty on $425 for the Yankee and only $300 for the Englishman, or about 42 per cent more wages even after deducting the duty which the free traders howl so much about; but if the laboring class deem their wages too high, let them vote for free trade, but if they deem them low enough, let them vote for protection, and thus maintain good wages; as I am well aware that laborers received from 50 to 100 per cent higher wages now than during the low tariff period before the war.—HIGH TARIFF FARMER.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and, although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

WALL STREET'S CHANGES.

The Great Money Changers' Mart Half a Century Ago.

"The past 50 years have made great changes in Wall street and that vicinity," observes a retired New York financier. "I remember it well in 1840. At that time Broad street was so dull that it looked like another sleepy hollow. The site of the Mills building was occupied by an old brick warehouse containing an old-fashioned commission firm. On the site of the Drexel building was a hat store. A huge brick storage warehouse stood where now stands the stock exchange and next to it was Downing's oyster house. Downing was a colored man whose fame as a caterer was unequaled, and he had become rich. The Wall street church occupied what now is the site of the Astor business building, and on its upper side was a cigar store, while directly opposite, on the New street corner, was a tailor shop. The board of brokers, which then numbered less than a score, met in a room in what is now the custom house, but was then the Merchants' Exchange. Daniel Drew was still keeping the Bull's Head tavern, Cornelius Vanderbilt was merely the Staten Island ferryman, and George Law was a contractor on the croton aqueduct. Wall street then contained only one big man, Jacob Little, who, according to a public estimate, was making $20,000 a year, but he died poor, having failed twice, once as a bull and then as a bear."

—Ladies, why not vote for President? This is your chance. See "Sunset" for particulars.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

A Mountain of Solid Salt on an Island in a Southern Swamp.

Apparently without cause there rises out of the marsh lands bordering the Gulf of Mexico, west of the Mississippi river, a cluster of hills, forming what is known as Petite Anse Isle, says a letter to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. It is the only high land to be found in the southern part of Louisiana, and it will always remain a wonder that such an elevation should appear in so unexpected a place. To realize that it is an island is hard until one tries to approach it, and then, especially if the wind is in the right direction to flood the marshes with gulf water, you will think it the islandest island you ever saw. There is but one way of reaching it, and that is by a dislocated plank road, some parts of which are buried in mud, while in places planks linger patiently about, fluctuating with the tide. It is an exceedingly pleasant sensation which one experiences when the "nigh" horse all but disappears in some unforeseen alligator "wallow," especially as the road is narrow and a deep canal flanking either side waits to receive those unable to keep the straight and narrow way.

Not content with the absurdity of its location, Petite Anse is wonderful in its composition. Dig down anywhere 27 or 30 feet and you will strike white salt 99½ per cent. pure, the purest found on the face of the globe. Dig down 200 feet and you will still find salt, and when you have dug thus far you will know as much about the extent of this big salt rock as any one. Possibly it extends 200 feet deeper, but no one knows. Twenty-five years ago Deacon Keller, as honest an old darky as ever served a master faithfully, was sent down into an old well to clean it out, and in so doing struck his spade against a rock, which proved to be salt. To-day the Avery brothers, owners of the Petite Anse Island, receive a royalty of from $60 to $100 per day from the New Iberia Salt Mining company, and Deacon Keller is "At yo' services, sah. I'se a po' ole man, but I'm trabbling de road ter Zion mighty libely."

The main shaft to the mine is 190 feet deep, radiating from which are several immense caverns varying in height from ten to sixty feet, grottoes with solid salt roof and walls. Do not expect the walls to sparkle; the miners' lamps have smoked until a scurf has formed which shuts in the glittering salt. Only where a blast has been made recently does it look pure. It is a mine that can be visited in a very short time satisfactorily, there being very little variety to the salt, and nothing to watch but the miners working with drill and pick by the light of the little lamps they wear in their caps, or the lights which twinkle in the distance or go flitting by in a spectral manner. Although the guide assures you that the roof is sufficiently thick to prevent its caving, and that, even should it fail you would be well preserved, it seems good to be shot up the shaft in the elevator to the pure air. A conglomeration of buildings of well-assorted sizes and shapes, most of them filled with an endless variety of wheels and chains and belts and pulleys, constitute the mills. The salt is first hoisted to the top of a high tower, whence it goes down through a series of crushers and sifters, finally to be bagged up on the main floor and loaded into the cars. Buildings and workmen are well seasoned, clouds of fine salt filling the air, giving everything a hoary appearance, and even outside the mill clouds of salt fill the air, killing or stunting the vegetation in the immediate neighborhood.

WHEN WE SHALL MEET IN NOVEMBER.

AIR—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Wave the grand old banner, boys, while we are marching on,
Wave it long in token of old Indiana's son,
Wave it with a spirit that will start the boys along,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! We'll bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! We'll make the ballot free!
The battle cry, Protection, we will shout from sea to sea,
When we shall meet in November.

Wave the stars and stripes, boys—yes, wave them overhead,
But Thurman's old bandana under foot we'll deign to tread,
And cast ten million ballots at the British lion's head,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS—

Wave the starry banner, boys—yes, wave it with a cheer
So loud that it will jar upon the Democratic ear,
Prolong it with huzzas until it starts the British tear,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS—

Cleveland and his New York clique would wear free trader's clothes,
While Thurman with his old red rag would wipe the Lion's nose;
But the Eagle will fly on him and his talons he will close,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS—

Harrison was with us in the days of sixty-one,
When Treason reared her horrid head and fired the signal gun;
He'll lead us on to victory and make the Demmys run,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS—

But where, O where was Cleveland, in the long and bloody strife?
O, Grover hired a substitute, he wouldn't risk his life.
He'll need some one to brace him up, besides his little wife,
After we meet in November.

CHORUS—

Then soldiers, farmers, laborers, we'll rall once again,
To cast our votes for Harrison and he will surely win.
We'll snicker Veto Grover out and cheer our Ben-jam-in,
When we shall meet in November.

CHORUS—

Hamden Junction, O. L. E. SMITH.

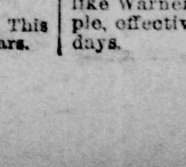
Perils of the Sierras.

Some of our people who have been up in the mountains say "the woods are full" of California girls with cameras. These amateur photographers take a shot at everything they see. No mountain peak, big jagged rock or cosy nook escapes them. A young Comstocker says these artistic young ladies are not content with nature as they find her. They take great pride in arranging adjuncts. He says he was largely utilized as an "adjunct;" that the girls almost wore him out. He came home thinner than when he left here. He says he is always willing to oblige a lady, but had to get out of the mountains, as he was overworked.

One day he had to make up as a bear hunter and climb the face of an almost vertical cliff, there to hang by his eyebrows at the edge of some fissure or cavern (supposed to be a bear's nest) till a dozen young ladies had taken a shot at him with their cameras; another day he was stuck up alongside of a big boulder and posed as that old time robber, "Johnny-behind-the-Rock," who formerly infested the country up about Truckee and beyond around Summit. Early one morning, when he was expected to make up as a Washoe brave and do some devilish deed, our young man says he "lit out" from Soda Springs—he ceased to be an "adjunct."—*Territorial Enterprise.*

Southern Women.

By the way, isn't it a little curious that Southern women—the women who are usually credited with being lazy—are quite in the lead as far as moneymaking in this great city goes? The head of the richest firm of dressmakers here is a Southern woman. The women who are making the most by their pens are nearly all from the South, and the few I know who keep ideal lodging houses are also of Southern birth. I asked a man why this was, and this was his answer: "I think it is because the Southern woman isn't tailor made. She doesn't impress a man at first with her ability to get the better of him, but she stands by his side, lets him realize the difference in their height, impresses him with the belief that she wants protection and he can give it, and behold! nine times out of ten he does exactly what she wants, believing all the time that he suggested it himself! The Southern woman has been trained for centuries to be agreeable to mankind, and just so long as she keeps this power, just so long will she succeed in whatever she undertakes. But what I said at first is the best reason for her success. She is not tailor-made. She is of the world of women, and that is always the one that a man will do anything for. She is the woman who, no matter what misfortune may have required her to do, is still a loving-hearted, sweet-spoken woman."—*New York Letter.*



WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES—"Sarsaparilla," —"Cough and Consumption Remedy,"—"Hops and Buchu,"—"Extract,"—"Hair Tonic,"—"Liver Pills,"—"Plasters," (Porous-Electrical). —"Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," are the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

MILK AS WE GET IT.

Its Advisability as Food in Its Raw State—Some Investigations and What They Revealed.

All who have witnessed, in suburban dairies or on rural farms in general, the filthy condition of cows in their stables, and the filthy habits of the milkers, who seldom care how much the udders they handle are befouled, can bear witness to the unexaggerated truth of the following statements communicated to the *Medical Record* by Dr. George O. Williams, of Greene, Chenango county, N. Y. It seems to us that there might be a bonanza in a milk dairy on behalf of which satisfactory evidence of strict cleanliness and health of animals could be presented to city people who are fastidious about drinking liquid ordure and the more dangerous abominations described by Dr. Williams. There ought certainly to be a state system of inspection of cows, stables, and stable management.

"For the past few years I have pretty thoroughly excluded milk from my list of diets for the sick room, and I seriously doubt its advisability as food, in its raw state under any circumstances. It is not extravagant to say that such a thing as 'pure milk' does not appear in market. Nor is it far from the truth, that a filthier material is not offered as food. The habit of the farmer is to 'milk in' everything that the udder yields, unless the amount of blood from a diseased bag perceptibly tints the milk, or leaves a too highly colored sediment in the bottom. Often it is impossible to detect the presence of garget—mammitis—except by the mechanical separator. In answer to questions which I have asked farmers, as to their custom in disposing of the milk from cows affected with bovine eczema, which during the summer months is always more or less prevalent in every dairy, the uniform answer has been that generally, "We milk it in." The same reply was given to the questions as to their habits when cow-pox exists in the herd. In point of fact, anything is milked as long as it will give milk, whether there is eczema, cow-pox, tubercular disease, or anything else in the way or disease present at the time. Now add to these the insoluble materials which unavoidably fall into the pail during the milking process and the soluble matters which during a rainy milking hour trickle down the cow's sides and into the milk, and the whole presents an unwelcome amount of dirt.

"Let me refer to one establishment. This concern uses the milk from 140 cows. It separates the cream from the milk while still warm, by the centrifugal separator. After the process is completed, there always remains in the cylinder of the machine a mass of material which is more or less discolored with blood and contains other impurities whose specific gravity permits them to remain there. This material accumulates in quantities varying from one-half to one pound per four hundred of milk. It is not my purpose to describe this refuse other than to say that it presents an appearance that is far from inviting.

"For an ordinary experiment, let any one examine the quart or more of milk that is deposited at his dwelling, after it has remained quiet for a few hours and the cream has 'risen.' It will be found that every millimetre of its surface shows the presence of extraneous matter. This varies in size from a scarcely perceptible speck to some disagreeably large and suspiciously colored fragments. Now decant, and the bottom of the dish will show the heavier impurities. If the foreign substances in any quart of milk were separated and then mixed with a glass of water, there would be little temptation to drink it. Under the microscope, the debris will be found to contain fragments of digested vegetable fibre, fragments of insects and hair, blood-corpuscles, pus-corpuscles, bovine epithelium, some of which are decidedly ill-looking 'cow-scabs;' add to these the soluble matter that is unseen, but which the taste often betrays, and we have a truthful picture of what 'pure milk' actually is. Now I submit, on the evidence, which can be readily corroborated, whether this stuff is a proper food or not, at least until its temperature has been previously raised to the thermal death-point of organic matter."—*Sanitary Era.*

JASMINE.

They bloom again, the fair white flowers,
They wreathe the old familiar bowers
Just as they did years ago:
I touch, but do not pluck, a spray,
How fresh it is! How bright and gay
Its tints of green and snow!

I touch, but do not pluck, ah, no!
I gathered, just a year ago,
The last white cluster I shall pull
In all my life from these green boughs
That clothe the dear old rugged house,
And make it beautiful.

I plucked it, I, who used to stand
And watch a well-beloved hand
Pluck the first jasmine flower for me
So many summers—but last year
The jasmine bloomed and faded, dear,
Unseen, untouched by thee.

But I, sore weeping in the day
Of desolation, found a spray
That lingered late, and bloomed alone.
I laid it, for the past's dear sake,
The last sad offering love could make,
In thy cold hand, my own.

Oh! is there knowledge where thou art,
Or doth the dim, dread river part
Thee verily from me and mine?
The glad sun shines, the jasmine blooms,
But sorrow all my soul consumes,
Love hungers for a sign.

For one fond look from thee to me,
One pleading word from me to thee,
One, only one, it would suffice
To feel I kept my olden part
In those new musings of thine heart
At rest in Paradise.

Oh! silence empty of a sigh;
Oh! gulf between my life and thine,
Firm fixed till I myself shall cross
The tideless waves, and find the shore
By angels guarded ever more—
Till death retrieve life's loss.

Oh! shall I know thee, dear, above,
In God's undreamed-of land of love?
Faith's whisper through the silence breathes.
"One waits thee in those blessed bowers,
And from the wealth of Eden flowers
Thy fadeless garlands wreathes!"
—*All the Year Round.*

THE SLAUGHTER SALE SAVED HIM.

Had He Stolen the Suit a Week Later It Would Have Gone Hard With Him.

"I say, Levy," remarked the cop the other morning, "that was a pretty valuable suit you had stolen last week?"

"You bed id vas," answered Levy. "I had gust refused fourdy-fife tollars for id der day before id vas collared."

"Too bad it's gone," said the cop sympathetically.

"Oh, dat's all right; I got it back."

"You did?"

"Yes; one of der dedectives arrested der fellow vat stoled id and recovered der goots, and he was conwicded in der police court and sent up for thirty days to der house of gorreedshun."

"Thirty days!" exclaimed the blue coat. "That's rather a small sentence for grand larceny."

"Vas id grand larceny to steal dose clo'es?" asked Levy.

"Of course it was. Stealing anything over $25 is grand larceny, and you say it was a $45 suit?"

"And vat vas sthealing anydings under twendy-fife dollars?" asked the clothier.

"Oh, that would only be simple larceny."

"Oh, vell, dis vas simble larceny den."

"A $45 suit simple larceny! You must be off, Levy," remarked the peeler, contemptuously.

"No, I ain'd, mine frent; you see, dot feller stole der goots last week wile ve vas slaughdering all our lofely forty-fife tollar suids for four and a haluf. Id vas der gread slaughdder sale vat safed him. But I bed you," added Levy, "der next dime somebody vants to stheal some goots during one of our gread slaugdder sales, he'll haf to do id ad der regular prices."—*Detroit News.*

Not to be Trifled With.

In Columbia county, Ga., a short time ago, a magistrate was engaged to marry a pair of young colored people. The damsel put in an appearance promptly, but the expected groom was not forthcoming. After two hours' delay, when those present had come to the conclusion that no nuptials would be celebrated, the announcement was made that a new groom had been found, and the blushing bride was soon joined in wedlock to one of the young negroes who was present to witness the marriage that had been announced. "Eph can't treat dis gal that way," explained the bride. "I'se come here to get married, an' my mind was made up to hab a husband dis night, so I married Henry, and I reckon he'll understand by dis night's work dat I ain't a gal to be trifled wid."

German Doctrine About the Saloons.

Der Republikaner (New York).

It can only insult respectable and thinking German voters when a political party wants to stamp them as the champions of the saloon trade; in other words, characterizing them as people who think more of the undiminished continuance of numberless beer and whisky saloons than of their homes or the country of the birth of their children.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Imparts New Energy to the Brain, giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

For the CAMP FIRE.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAY.

J. A. FLEMING.

Hand me down a veto, Dan,
One that's good and plain,
For here's another Union man
Comes hobbling down from Maine.

He has a bill; 'twas smuggled through
Our Congress in some way,
Giving him what he says is due,
Just thirty cents a day.

He says way back in sixty-one
He left his wife and home,
And done hard fighting at Bull Run,
And in Georgia, down by Rome;

And that the fragment of a shell
Struck him on the knee,
When down among the rocks he fell
Somewhere in Tennessee.

'Twas maybe, done in a drunken row,
Or by some festive mule,
Perhaps it was a vicious cow
As he sat on his milking stool.

I know he has a limping gait,
His left foot stands awry;
But all these fellows, Dan, I hate
And care not when they die.

For very few will vote for me
Who from the shoulder shot
Amid the battle's awful glee,
When war was burning hot.

Oh! no, they all will vote for Ben
Except a very few,
Who did their fighting mostly,
When there was the least to do.

Why didn't each take my plan,
And save all this dispute
By hunting up their man,
And hiring a substitute.

THE COLORED RACE.

Camp Fire Contributors Have a Word to Say for the Black Man.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you please allow me space in your columns for a few words. I see in your issue of June 14, that a number of my own race have enlisted in the Democratic camp. Oh, what a shame it is for us colored men to turn on the party that gave life, soul and body, left wife, children and home, to be sacrificed for the black man. And this is the way we thank that party, going over to the enemy's camp. We ask our colored brethren, are we friends to ourselves when we vote the Democratic ticket? The young man, as well as the old man, owes his vote to the Republican party, from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean.

There was a time when we could not vote, were no freedmen, but were slaves, and were not allowed a voice in the court room; we were property, instead of owning property; were driven as dogs, were fed as the same beast. We were compelled to go sick or well. Who did this? It was the Democratic party. Who has taken us out? It was the Republican party. I appeal to you to be strong and say to Democrats, "We are men and vote for the party that gave us freedom." Stand by the Republican party that gave you the liberty. How has the Democratic party treated the colored man? Since its reign, have they treated us better or given them authority? No, sir.

My colored brethren, I want to tell you what a Democrat thinks of us. He first wants our vote, and he next wants our labor, and this is all that the Democratic party cares for the black man. It does not look like we are ever friend to ourselves when we turn our backs on our friends and go over to the enemy's camp. Have you a friend that you could lay down your life for? Do you want to build your country up? Do you want to be paid better wages? Do you want better laws? Do you want your race to come up? If so, always vote for the Republican party. We want men in office who will give all Union soldiers a pension; we want men in office who will condemn in friend as well as in foes; we want men who are honest. We are not in favor of class laws. We are in favor of the Republican party and protection. We do not expect any thing from the Democratic party but a Winchester ball or a cord of hemp.—E. W. EARWEN and B. W. TEAS.

LINCOLN AND SHERIDAN.

An Eye-Witness' Description of Their Meeting at City Point.

Opposition now being at an end, it was deemed advisable to bring Sheridan at the head of his cavalry corps around by the White House and City Point to the left flank of the army of the Potomac in time to take part in the closing scenes at Richmond and Petersburg. To that end he left the valley, pushing southward until he struck the railroad and canal, both of which were most effectually destroyed for miles. The former by heating and twisting the rails, and the latter by blowing up locks and waste weirs, accomplishing his work so quickly that he met with little resistance. A full report in writing was promptly made to Gen. Grant, and forwarded by scouts, one of whom passed around to the south of Richmond. The second went north, while the third passed directly through the city of Richmond, and was first to reach City Point. He was a tall, wiry Virginian, with black hair reaching to his shoulders, dressed in Southern uniform. After dropping the tent fly to conceal him Mr. Lincoln was summoned to receive from him the report. The package consisted of some half a dozen closely written sheets of tissue paper wrapped in tinfoil. The President soon discovered it was in cipher and surrendered it, remarking that he didn't believe he would be any the wiser until it had been translated. The scout disappeared as quietly as he had come, and soon after Sheridan's report was laid before the President, who was intensely gratified as he read of the Union success. Two or three days latter Gen. Sheridan left his cavalry at White House and rode across the country to City Point, where he encountered Sherman in the adjutant general's cabin describing and pointing out on the map to Meade his march across Georgia. Robert Lincoln hastened down to the River Queen (Mr. Lincoln's boat) to inform the President that "Little Phil is in." Without exercising his presidential preogative Mr. Lincoln seized his hat and hastened up on the bluff to General Grant's headquarters camp. As soon as he was seen approaching the adjutant's general's quarters conversation ceased, and General Sheridan turned to learn the cause just in time to encounter the President, who at that moment strode in and without further ceremony seized him by the hand, exclaiming as he did so, "General Sheridan"—and then after a marked pause of several seconds, during which he scrutinized Sheridan's slight figure from head to foot, resuming—"when this war broke out I thought a cavalryman must be at least six feet four inches high," Lincoln's own. Another pause ensued, and the handshaking and scanning went vigorously on. Then, resuming, he closed by a hearty, good humored burst: "Gen. Sheridan, I have changed my mind." The President turned on his heel and departed. Sheridan had not spoken a word, but his blushes would have done honor to a maiden, and he was now relieved from further embarrassment by Sherman who resumed his story. Few men have ever received a more sincere compliment, and fewer still, perhaps, could lay just claim to such an honor—an honor indeed, I dare say, which he cherished through life, as this was his last as well as his first meeting with Mr. Lincoln.—*Utica Herald.*

A SOUTHERN SOLDIER

Tells Why His People Vote the Democratic Ticket.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Seeing that the old rebel soldier is sometimes admitted to the CAMP FIRE and allowed to take part in its discussions, if the editor will kindly permit, I will have my say upon some of the subjects which are often discussed by writers for this department of the BLADE.

The writer served three years in the war of the rebellion—from 1862 to 1865—and participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and all of the engagements big and little of the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Georgia, during the spring and summer of '64, and up to and including the battle of Jonesboro, after the capture of the city by the Federals. I was taken prisoner twice during the war and was among those captured at Columbus, Ga., near the close of the war by Gen. Wilson's command. I was marched, as a prisoner of war, with many others from Columbus, 100 miles to Macon where we first learned of the surrender of Lee, and the consequent ending of the war.

The recounting of the incidents of the war by the old veterans around the CAMP FIRE, brings vividly to memory all of these scenes and the stirring times from 1861 to 1865. To the Southern soldier there is one unpleasant feature about it, which is the bitter prejudice still retained by Union soldiers against the Southern section, as evidenced by the letters to the CAMP FIRE. And it is no less astonishing than unpleasant that the passions of the war should be nursed and kept alive so long after that unfortunate conflict has ended; when so many who were engaged in it upon both sides have been laid beneath the sod; when even the youngest participant must now be getting well along in years, and a new generation has come upon the stage of action.

I allude here particularly to those old soldiers who still continue to "vote as they shot," which can but mean, if it means anything, that they at least think that their party (the Republican) is still in some way warring upon the South, which I am sure no Republican who aspires to leadership in his party would admit; and if it be no part of the policy of the Republican party to wage political warfare upon the people of the South, it seems to me that the Republican old soldier who talks about voting as he shot, is doing his party an injustice.

The Southern soldier does not vote as he shot, for when he was doing his shooting 25 years ago, he was expected to hurt somebody, but by his vote to-day he does not wish to do harm to the people of any part of this great country, for the honor and glory of which he has, and feels quite as much concern as does the Northern soldier.

Most of the Southern soldiers are Democratic in politics, not on account of any of the issues of the war, but because they regard the Democratic party as being national in its objects and aims, and believe that if entrusted with power that party will administer the government in a spirit of justice and fairness to all, and in the special interest of a particular section.—W. H. BIZZELL, private Co. D, 34th Miss. Reg't, Walthall's brigade, Stringhorn, Miss.

(We print Mr. Bizzell's letter just as he has written it, simply that the old soldiers may read something written from the other side. Much of what Mr. Bizzell says concerning the motives of the Southerner may be true, but we question his sincerity when he says that Southern people are Democrats because they regard the Democratic party as national in its character. You are right on the eve of wonderful progress. Your mines have been located and are being gradually developed. Your attention has been turned to manufactures, and you have discovered that in this line, too, are great possibilities. In short, you are getting on your feet, and with a new future before you, you are prepared to take advantage of the circumstances that surround you and make of the South a new South, a South, not of political strife and rebellion, not a South of indolence and inactivity, but a South of enterprise and vigor, a South of manufactures and commercial activity, a South of intelligence and patriotism. You say you want help from the general government. In other words you want protection. Will the Democratic party give it to you? Is it not even now pledged to take away what protection you already have? Can you thrive when foreign countries with pauper labor can flood your country with cheap coffee, cheap sugar, cheap cotton, cheap iron, and compel you to pay their pauper wages or else close up shop? If this is what you call a party "national in its objects," then God forbid! You are nursing on your breast the viper that would sting you to death.—ED.

"Show Yourselves Men."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have taken the BLADE for quite a number of years and like it real well. I am especially interested in the CAMP FIRE department. I was a member of Co. B, 2d Wis. Infantry. I had many friends that I respected very highly in that regiment and often wonder how many are living now. In all my travels in the last 25 years, I haven't met one that belonged to that regiment. I think there are but very few living at the present, as only 55 (I think) were discharged at the close of the war. We served under the 2nd Wisconsin until we were reduced to 72 men, in the fall of '64, in a battalion under Captain Morgan. I shall never forget the last battle at Hatchet's Run and Capt. Morgan's words just before going in the battle: "Now, men, show yourselves to be men; retain the name of the old 2nd." Capt. Morgan was esteemed and loved by all his soldiers. He was a true gentleman and a brave soldier. We all had our particular friends in the army. I will speak of a friend I was very intimate with. Just before we were discharged he gave me his photograph and I gave him mine. I keep his as a precious relic of the war. I often look at it and wonder if he is still living and remembers me. His name and address as he wrote them on the back of the photograph were: "Wm. H. Matheuson, Pardeerville, Columbia Co., Wis." If he is living and sees this letter I would like to hear from him. We are all getting old and hastening to the last roll call. We served our country faithfully, and if the government neglects us in our extremity, if we trust in God and serve him to the end, he will reward us in eternity.—JAMES WYLIE, Manhattan, Ks., late company B, 2d Wis.

The Red-Headed Captain.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a reader of the BLADE a number of years but not seeing anything about my company, I thought I would stir the boys up. I enlisted in '62 and served until the war closed. I was in the 23d Illinois, known as Mulligan's Irish Brigade, in company G, and we were known all over West Virginia by our red-headed captain. Boys, we taught Gen. Jones a lesson at Greenland Gap and let us do the same to Grover in November.—H. W. SHREVE, company G, 23d Illinois Veteran Volunteers, Banner, Fulton county, Illinois.

An Apt Comparison.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Once there stood an Irishman near a railroad. A bull was on the track and a train was coming. The engineer blew the whistle and the bull braced himself for fight. The locomotive struck him and knocked him into the ditch, and passed on. The Irishman looked for a moment, and then said: "Mr. Bull, I glory in your spunk, but d—n your judgment;" and so say I of the Union soldier who votes for Cleveland.—B. G. CODY, late captain Co. F, 39th Ind. regt., Carlton, Neosho county, Kas.

Bivouac Talk.

The Fifth Iowa infantry is holding its fourth annual reunion at Bellevue, Jackson county, this week. Iuka day was celebrated on the 19th inst.

Comrade M. V. Wyrick, late sergeant of company M, 10th O. V. I., of Wallview, Tenn., calls the attention of the soldiers to the importance of the coming political campaign, and of the important part every one should play in it. He declares that while it is not a fight against treason, it is a fight against British free trade and the perpetuation of a solid South.

W. Kelley, Co. I, 91st Ill. Vol. Inf., of Kansas City, Mo., says that he gets very tired hearing about the soldier Democrats. He admits that there were some good Democrats fighting for the Union, but it is a fact, also, that every deserter and every rebel was a Democrat, and too many Democrats remained at home as Knights of the Golden Circle.

Charles Fiedler, of Lyons, Dickinson Co., Kansas, wants to hear from some member of Co. H, 82d Ind. Inf.

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

SUBLIME JOKES.

Jokes of humorists all remind us
That the gags the most sublime
Are the ones that limp behind us,
Covered with the moss of time.

Jokelets that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and half-wit brother,
Seeing, may revamp again.

Let us then be up and boozing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still a-seizing, still a-choosing,
Chestnuts that have learned to wait.

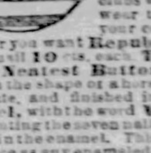
The Wish Prompted the Thought.

They had retired—Mrs. Dusenbury was talking a streak about Mr. D.'s foibles. "Gracious!" she suddenly exclaimed, "my foot's asleep."

"Then keep quiet, my dear," said Mr. D., "and perhaps you'll fall asleep all over."—*Cartoon.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Adjustable Lacing Socket Legs
Best Limb Manufactured on the Face of the Globe.
MADE BY MEN WHO WEAR THEM.
Write for Catalogue to
Artificial Limb M'f'g Co.,
909 PENN. AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.



BEST and FINEST Yet
The Campaign Flag Button made of silk, in Red, White and Blue and Stars and Stripes, with or without candidates name. This button is having the largest sale of any button on the market, all members of clubs wear them, and even the ladies wear them. Now is the time to show your colors. When you order state whether you want Republican or Democrat. Sample by mail 10 cts. each. Three for 25 cts. 1 doz. 75c. The Neatest Button out is the GOOD LUCK, made in the shape of a horse shoe, with picture of either candidate, and finished in Red, White and Blue enamel, with the word VICTORY, the seven letters representing the seven nails in the horse shoe, set in gold plate in the enamel. This sleeve or coat button is finished as nice as any enameled button that sells for $1.00. Sample Good Luck Button by mail 15 cts. 2 for 25 cts. $1.00 per doz. We have over 100 styles of Campaign Buttons, Badges and Pins. Send for our large Catalogue of Campaign Goods and Novelties Free. E. NASON & CO. M'f'r Campaign Goods, 111 Nassau St. N. Y.

WANTED—LADY AGENTS for our "Favorite Protector." Stocking Supporter, Bosom Forms, Dress Shields, Safety Belts, etc. New devices and ready sales. We have 500 agents making $100 a month. Address
G. L. ERWIN & CO.,
Belvidere, Ill.
Mention the Blade.

Birth of an Ostrich.

Wild ostrich eggs are huge affairs, as large around as a quart measure, says a Los Angeles correspondent of the New Orleans *Times Democrat*. They lay out in the open field, and just as I was hanging over a fence, wickedly waving my jacket to make the majestic ostrich perform an undignified pirouette, one of the eggs broke open and out popped a little ostrich.

Immediately there was a great commotion, and everybody rushed breathlessly in our direction. The keeper was told the news and came hurrying with ejaculations of surprise. He vaulted the two fences at the furthest distance from the mother ostrich and made in the direction of the newcomer; but when the mother bird took long strides in his direction and manifested a lively curiosity as to his purpose the keeper vaulted again over the nearest fence and disappeared from the scene. It was quite comical to see the old bird with her new-born offspring. At first she disdained to notice the little thing, which looked about the size of a two-months-old chicken, and sought to follow the parental guidance by running a few steps and then quite unexpectedly toppling over or turning a feeble summersault. I had quite hateful feelings against the mother-bird, who by this time stood prancing before us with her long, beautiful drooping plumes. I think she saw by our expressions that we did not approve of such Spartan motherhood, such unnatural calming of the emotions, for she immediately turned upon her heel and bestowed a motherly kiss upon her solitary scion. There was a thrill of satisfaction along the whole line of spectators when she finally sat herself down upon her nest and drew the ugly duckling under shelter of her rarely plumaged wings.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could not vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

Effect of Free Lumber.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

The only effect of the free lumber clause of the Mills bill would be to give the Canadians a free market for their lumber without affecting the price to the consumer. This view is confirmed by United States Consul Hotchkiss at Ottawa, who has just made a report that conclusively shows that the repeal of the duty on lumber will benefit Canada alone.

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to the MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Revelation.

Bigbee (who is lunching with his friend in a German restaurant)—Whew! What on earth is this cheese made of, Fritz?

Fritz—Milk, of course.

Bigbee—Milk! No wonder you wean your babies over there on beer!—*Peck.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

His Social Duties.

Mistress—What! Going out again, Baptiste? This is the fourth time within a week!

Footman (stiffly)—Madame the Marquise ought to know that I have my calls to make, as well as she.—*La Caricature.*

A Sure Cure
OR
No Pay.

WE WILL FORFEIT $1,000

For any case of Syphilis we treat and do not cure. This disease has heretofore baffled all medical science.

We will contract with patients to cure them or refund all money and pay entire expense of coming here, railroad fare, hotel bills, etc.

WE HAVE NEVER FAILED

To cure the most obstinate cases in less than one short month. Ten days in recent cases does the work. It is the old chronic, deep-seated cases that we solicit. We have cured hundreds who have been abandoned by physicians and pronounced incurable, and we challenge the world to bring us a case that we will not cure in less than a month.

Since the history of medicine a true specific for Syphilis has been sought for but never found until our

MAGIC REMEDY

Was discovered, and we are justified in saying it is the only remedy in the world that will positively cure, because the latest medical works, published by the best known authorities, say there was never a true specific before. Our reputation as business men, the company's financial standing, together with the character, reputation and skill of our physicians will bear the most rigid investigation, and the result will justify anyone afflicted with Syphilis in placing themselves in our hands. All classes of people may consult or correspond with us with the utmost safety as regards exposure in any way.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE
SYPHILIS
In any Stage, Whether Contracted or Hereditary.

Why waste your time and money with patent medicines that never had virtue, or doctor with physicians that cannot cure you! You that have tried everything else should come to us and get permanent relief; you never can get it elsewhere. Mark what we say, in the end you must take our Remedy or never recover, and you that have been afflicted but a short time should by all means come to us now. Those who have been afflicted a long time do not generally believe what we say, but we make written contracts to do just what we say, and our financial standing exceeds $300,000, enough to satisfy the most skeptical.

REFERENCES:

R. G. Dun & Co., or Bradstreet Co., the Omaha Bee, Omaha Herald, or any of the offices of the Western Newspaper Union at Denver, Colo.; Dallas, Tex.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Omaha, Neb., and New York, N. Y.

ADDRESS
THE COOK REMEDY CO.,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Miscellaneous.

224—D. W. O., Grangeville:
You can get the desired information complete by writing to the Land Commissioners of the Territories mentioned.

225—W. C. E., Warren, N. H.:
Please give account of the action taken by the Romanists at the Vatican Council some years ago, regarding the infallibility of the Pope.
After repeated attempts to bring the matter before the Council, which was held at Rome in 1869, the general discussion began on May 14 and was concluded on June 3. On July 18, 536 prelates agreed to announce their adhesion to the Pope. Only two voted *non placet*, and of these two dissenting bishops, one before leaving the council hall, gave in his adhesion to the Pope in person.

226—J. W. M., Creighton, Mo.:
The President's message to Congress was published in the Weekly BLADE of December 8.

227—V. S. M., Sedan, Kas.:
1. What was the average annual price obtained and annual value of corn, wheat and oats from 1866 to 1887? 2. What was the average annual commercial rate of gold and silver bullion from 1866 to 1887?
1. Corn ranged in price from .42.4 to .36.6; average value per acre from $8.05 to $9.63. Wheat, .68.7 to .91; value per acre, $8.51 to $10.52. Oats, .29.8 to .33; average value per acre, $7.87 to $9.87. 2. The annual production of gold has averaged for the last forty years about $50,000,000; total for forty years, $1,683,479,301; silver average, $25,000,000; total for forty years, $2,393,046,471.

228—M. W., Covington, Tenn.:
Please re-publish the Chicago platform for the benefit of new subscribers.
You can find the platform in the campaign literature circulated in your district. We have not space to re-publish. It appeared in the BLADE of June 28.

229—S. A. E., Lewisville, O.:
Desires some reader of the BLADE to send him a copy of the song entitled, "The Drummer Boy." The first verse begins with the words—

"On Shiloh's dark and bloody field,
The dead and wounded lay."

230—T. J. M.: We have already published the answer to your first question. Abraham Lincoln was never an infidel.

231—T. B. Arrowsmith, Ill.:
1. What is the best article to use for cleaning type? 2. Give recipe for petrifying wood. 3. Describe the Hectogram copying pad.
1. Use a wash of concentrated lye. 2. There is no recipe for petrifying wood. The change of animal or vegetable substance into stone is caused by the water in which it is lodged being slightly impregnated with petrecent particles, and years are required to produce the petrifaction. 3. There are several styles of copying pads made from gelatine. The Hectogram, to which you refer, does not differ materially in process from the others. Take ordinary gelatine, and run it into a square tin about half an inch deep and let it get hard. To copy writing, use ordinary copying ink, placing the wet sheet of paper on the gelatine when the writing will be transferred. You can then take any number of copies from the gelatine.

232—C. E. A., Somerset, Ind.:
There is a factory in Indiana manufacturing skewers. Now please state what a skewer is and what it is used for.
A skewer is a pointed rod of wood or iron for fastening meat to a spit or to keep it in form while roasting. The wooden pins used by your butcher in fastening a roast of meat are skewers. They are also used by horse trainers to fasten blankets around horses.

233—W. P. T., Pittsburg, Ogn.:
We do not give addresses in the Question Bureau. The land company may be all right, but Oregon is a better place to invest your money for future profit.

234—A Subscriber, Bloomingburg, O.:
What does S. S. stand for in state or county summons?
Scilicit (namely).

235—Protection, West Point, Va.:
Please give the origin and definition of the word "Nullifier" as used in a political sense such as was applied to John C. Calhoun.
The word "nullifier" originated from the words *nullus*, none, and *facere*, to make, and was applied to Calhoun because he maintained the right claimed in behalf of a state to nullify or make void, by its sovereign act or decree, an enactment of the general government which it deems unconstitutional.

236—Mr. J. H. S., Little Falls, Minn.
How is indelible black ink made?
Grind 24 lbs. of Frankfort black with mucilage obtained by adding 20 lbs. of gum to 60 gallons of water, straining through a coarse flannel, then adding 4 lbs. of oxalic acid, as much decoction of cochineal and sulphate of indigo as will give the required shade.

237—Enquirer, Powhatan Point, Ohio.
Is tin ore found in the United States, and if so, where, and to what extent?
Tin has been detected in the magnetic iron ore of the highlands of New York and New Jersey, and in some of the auriferous ores of Virginia. The recent excitement over tin deposits in Missouri has been proven to be purely speculative.

238—N. P. S., Woodbury, Conn.: Consult any biographical history.

239—R. W. T., Condon, Ill., asks (1) who first used isothermal lines? (2) Where is Monaco? (3) and where are the Sunderbunds?
(1) Alexander von Humboldt—in 1817. (2) Monaco is a small principality of Italy bounded by the Mediterranean on the south and surrounded on all other sides by the French department of Alpes-Maritimes, between Nice and Ventimiglia. It is a fashionable European resort for gambling. (3) A marshy tract of British India in Bengal.

240—Salome, Richardsville, Ky.:
Please answer the following questions: 1. When, where and by whom was telegraphy invented? 2. What day of the week did January 15, 1871, occur? 3. What day of the week did February 14, 1873, occur?
1. Attempts have been made to prove that the electric telegraph was foreshadowed more than two centuries, but Prof. Morse was the first to place it into practical use on May 27, 1844, between Washington and Baltimore. 2. Sunday. 3. Friday.

241—C. F., Toledo, O.:
Please give a short description of the largest telescopes on earth and their magnifying powers.
Read the BLADE of February 16, 1888, describing the Lick Observatory.

242—E. M., Norton, Kna.:
1. Please give a short sketch of the life of Tom Paine. Did he have anything to do with the Declaration of Independence? 2. Can you tell me where I can obtain remnants of wool goods done up in bunches?
1. Thomas Paine was an American political writer, born at Thedford, county of Norfolk, England, January 27, 1737, died in New York June 8, 1809. In October, 1775, he published in the "Pennsylvania Journal" his "Serious Thoughts," in which he declared his hope of the utter abolition of slavery, and his belief in the separation of America from Great Britain. It was strongly denounced, but struck the keynote of popular feeling, and contributed much to the dissemination of republican ideas. He did not sign the Declaration of Independence. 2. At the woolen mills.

243—Constable, Seckamoh, Neb.:
To what country does the Panama Canal belong, and give a history of the canal.
See the BLADE of September 22, 1887.

244—J. C., Russville, Neb.:
Will the Question Bureau please tell who old Grimes is, the words we often hear, "Old Grimes is Dead, that Good Old Man?"
Ephraim Grimes, living in Hubbardston, Mass., in the latter years of the Eighteenth Century, was familiarly known as "Old Grimes." He was notorious for mean tricks and practical jokes, sometimes carried to the point of culpability. He was detected in passing counterfeit coin, exposed in the pillory at Worcester, and cropped, exhibiting reckless bravado. He disappeared for many years. Albert G. Greene's ballad of "Old Grimes is Dead," was widely circulated, and was supposed to refer to him, but it is hardly probable. It is also stated that an English magistrate of the name is the hero of the political production. Grimes afterward reappeard in Hubbardston, a broken down old man, where he died in 1841.

245—Miss M. K. Townley, Ala:
1. Will you please give me the address of a good "teachers agency." 2. Is New Mexico a good opening to teach in?
1. You should apply to the state or territorial superintendent of Education in the locality you desire to teach in, and he will probably refer the matter to local superintendents or boards of Education. 2. New Mexico is not a good place for teachers, and young ladies accustomed to the comforts of life in the East would not be content with the customs of life in the western territories. You had better stay in your native state or seek a position in some thickly populated center of education. A trip to the west in nine cases out of ten results in an ultimate return to the former home with nothing but unpleasant recollections of many disagreeable experiences. Life in the far west is not what it is pictured to be, by the literature of the day.

246—F. O. R., Odessa, Neb.:
1. Can the soldiers in the regular army vote for Presidential electors? 2. Can a person moving into another state just before election vote for electors? 3. Please state how each of the old parties stand on our money system?
1 and 2 no. 3. Republicans and Democrats both favor money on a gold and silver basis. The excellent system now in vogue appears to give universal satisfaction.

Silk Worms.

247.—D. R. W., Oruro, Wis.:
Please give as much information as you can about silk culture.
Silk culture is becoming an important industry in the United States, and aside from the government commission there are several state board's of silk culture, the most important of which is the board located in California. Of all the silk producing larvæ, that of the common silk worm is the most important, as from it is obtained all the European and most of the Chinese silk. The moth is about an inch long and two inches in inalar extent, of whitish or pale yellowish color, with two or three obscure streaks and a lunate spot on the upper wings. The females are inactive and live but a few hours after the eggs are deposited on the mulberry trees. The eggs are about the size of mustard seeds, and the young emerge in a few days if the weather or air of the breeding room is warm and dry. When full growth they are about three inches long, light green with darker spots, with black head. It lives exposed in the wild state, but none of the Chinese or European worms are allowed to incur the risks of life in the open air. The cocoon resembles a pigeon's egg, the moth emerges from it in from 15 to 56 days according to temperature, the former being the time in the Southern United States, 18 to 20 days is the time in Connecticut. The whole secret in raising silk worms consists in securing for it warmth, dryness, plenty of proper food and pure air. One mulberry tree will feed as many silk worms as would produce annually 7 lbs. of silk. The trees should be of mature growth, which requires long continued dry and warm weather. Cocoons may be disposed of to any of the large silk manufacturers in the United States. Probably New England would afford the most ready and renumerative market.

Tobacco—R. W. Emerson.

248—J. W. Monroe, Ky.
1. In what foreign countries is tobacco raised sufficiently to compete with the American tobacco market and for what other purpose is it used besides smoking, chewing, etc.? 2. Who is General Monroe, a character in "The Last of the Mohicans?" 3. Was R. W. Emerson a member of any church?
1. To give statistics upon the tobacco industry of the world would fill several columns of the BLADE, however, you will find reference to the question in a general way of much interest. The botanical specific name, and the common name come from *tobago* or *tobaco*, the native term in Santo Domingo for the tube or pipe through which the smoke of the burning leaves was inhaled. Tobacco is largely produced in China, Japan, Persia, and other parts of the East, in some of which the plant has become so thoroughly naturalized that an eastern origin has been sometimes claimed for it, but Alphonse de Candolle, after a thorough study of the subject, finds no satisfactory evidence that its uses and culture were anywhere known before the discovery of America. The first European cultivation of tobacco took place in Portugal in the early part of the 16th century; it was raised in France in 1572. The culture rapidly extended to other parts of Europe and Asia, in some cases being checked by severe laws or made useful as a source of revenue. Its production in England, by a law of 1660, was restricted to a very small quantity for medicinal purposes, and the prohibition still remains in force. The various kinds of foreign tobaccos are known by the countries producing them or the ports whence they are shipped, such as Havana, Orinoco, Turkey, Latakia, Shirog, etc. The Turkish and other kinds from the east are only used cut fine for pipes, or granulated for cigarettes. Manila tobacco is imported only in form of peculiar conical cigars called cheroots. Very fine tobacco is produced in Paraguay. A large amount of tobacco is used to manufacture snuff. Snuff is much more largely consumed in Great Britain and France than in the United States. Besides smoking, chewing, etc., tobacco is used for various medicinal purposes. Its power of causing relaxation to the nervous system is great. It is recommended in articular gout, rheumatism and neuralgia, and the toothache is often relieved by smoking a cigar. The annual export of tobacco from the United States exceeds $30,000,000. 2. A ficticious name for one of the heroes of the revolution. 3. Ralph Waldo Emerson was the son of Rev. William Emerson of the First church, Boston. In March, 1829, he was ordained as colleague of Henry Ware at the Second Unitarian church, Boston.

West Point Military Academy.

W. C., Industry, Pa.:
Please state how to proceed for admission to West Point military academy. Give description of persons they will admit.
D. E. R., Mercer, O.: You will find your question also answered in the following:
Each congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one cadet at the West Point academy, the cadet to be named by the representative in Congress. There are also ten appointments at large specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 344. Appointments are usually made one year in advance of admission, and may be made either after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The Congressman, should he desire, may nominate a legally qualified alternate, who will be examined with the regular nominee, and admitted in the event of his success and the latter's failure to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States. The course of instruction requires four years and is largely mathematical and professional. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over half the remainder finally graduate. Academic duties commence September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in January and June, and cadets found proficient in their studies are given the standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged. From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. The pay of a cadet is $540 per year. Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. Each cadet must bind himself to serve the United States eight years from the time of admission to the academy.

Anaxagoras.

250—W. E. A., DesMoines, Iowa;
1. Please give a sketch of the life of Anaxagoras and his theory regarding the sun? 2. Also of Burnet and his theory of the earth? 3. Give biography of Wentworth the mathematician?
1. Anaxagoras was a Grecian philosopher born at Clazomenæ, in Ionia, about 500 B. C., and died in 428. He is generally considered the first of the Greeks who conceived of God as a Divine Mind acting upon matter with conscious intelligence and design. He taught that the sun was no deity, but an inanimate fiery mass, and therefore not a proper object of worship; and that the miraculous appearances at sacrifices were explicable by natural laws. He suggested that the moon shone by reflected light, and rightly explained solar and lunar eclipses. For these theories he was banished to Lampsacus, on the Helespont, and died there a few years later in poverty. 2. James Burnet Monboddo, a lord and Scottish jurist, was born at the family seat of Monboddo, in Kincardineshire, in 1714, and died in Edinburgh, May 26, 1799. He graduated at the University of Aberdeen, and was sent to Graningen to study law. In 1738 he returned to Scotland, and practiced at the bar till 1767, when he was made a judge. His principal works are: "A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of Language," and "Ancient Metaphysics." He especially admired the civilization of Greece, but maintained that the savage state was happiest, that men originally possessed no higher faculty than beasts, and that the orang outang is of the human species. It is probable that Darwin had the same idea first suggested to him by reading Burnet's works. 3. There are several mathematicians by the name of Wentworth. You must specify the particular biography desired by sending full name.

A Good Story Re-told.

251—G. B. Nicholson, Fortville, Ind.
To the editor of the Question Bureau.
I noticed an inquiry in the BLADE some time ago, made by Grant Arnold, of Kansas, concerning a story that was published several years ago, about a soldier who was arrested for playing cards in church, which I will send to the BLADE for publication.

RELIGIOUS PACK OF CARDS AND THE MAYOR'S REPULSE.

A soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services. The account of it is as follows:
A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers, he took his text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but Lee had neither Bible nor prayer-book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He looked first at one and then at another. The sergeant discovered him and said: "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the mayor. "Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?" asked the mayor. "For playing cards in church!" "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope." "Very good; if not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished." "I have been," said the soldier, "six weeks on the march. I have no Bible nor common prayer-book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions." Then spreading the cards before the mayor he began with the ace: "When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God. When I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son. When I see the three, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five, it reminds me of the wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made and hallowed it. When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives. When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by the Savior. There were nine out of ten that never returned thanks. When I see the ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the table of stone. When I see the king, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her 50 boys, and 50 girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were the boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists—and so he told by that." "Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one." "What is that?" "The knave," said the mayor. "I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry." "I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I knew of is the constable that brought me here." "I don't know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "Then I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards and find 365—as many as there are days in the year:—and when I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are 52—the number of weeks in a year. I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and on counting the number of tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac and common prayer book."

Will Carlton, the Poet.

252—Minnie M., Oberlin, Kan.:
Please give a biography of Will Carlton, the poet, author of "Betsy and I are out," and other poems?
Will Carlton was born in Hudson, Michigan. As early as 8 years of age he began to develop a great love for writing poetry. His father, a plain practical farmer, was not slow to opine to his son that his poetical fancies were an obstacle to his agricultural usefulness. He was a lover of good literature and even praised one or two of his son's productions, but the thought that the instincts of successful authorship were implanted in the minds of any of his children never occurred to him. He, however, did all he could to give the boy a good education. The mother was of a more romantic turn of mind, and from her the young rhymster would occasionally receive a special word of commendation for his efforts. At the age of sixteen he taught fifty three pupils, receiving therefor $16 per month, and with this limited income together with help from home he passed through Hillsdale College, where he completed a course of study. His earliest poems that gained any circulation at all were "Rifts in the Cloud," "Cover them Over," and "City of Boston." "Betsy and I are Out," first appeared in the BLADE and from this paper it was copied into hundreds of papers. His poems of "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "Out of the Old House," "Gone with a "Handsomer man," and "Uncle Sammy" have become very popular and have made the name of Will Carleton a household souvenir. Mr. Carleton's home is in the upper portion of Brooklyn, generally termed "Bedford." He has a loving wife who is his almost constant companion. The poet is now 41 years of age, though to a stranger he appears much younger. His figure is more that of an athlete than one who performs in-door work, his step is light and quick, and all his actions remind one of the agility of youth.

G. A. R. Members.

253—Subscriber, Dix, Ill.:
1. Please give number of the departments of the G. A. R. 2. The estimated number of soldiers of the late war living at this time.
1. On March 31, 1887, the total membership of the order in good standing was 320,936; on March 31, 1888, it was 354,216, making a net gain of comrades in good standing during the year embraced within those dates, of 33,280, an excess 7,681 over the net gain of the previous year. The reports for the quarter ending June 30, show a gain by muster of 13,622, and a total membership in good standing of 361,362, with a loss from delinquent reports of 6,663, all of whom it may be assumed are in good standing in their respective posts. Omitting the loss from delinquent reports, the net gain during last quarter was 14,109. The reports show that on June 30 there were 395,245 comrades borne on the rolls, to which may be safely added a sufficient number out on transfer cards to swell the grand total to 400,000. During the year 4,433 comrades died, being an increase of 1,027 over the previous year, and a death rate of over twelve a day. During the past year, there was expended in charity the sum of $215,975.19. This, of course, does not include the many thousands of dollars which have been given by members privately in aid of less fortunate comrades. 2. About 500,000.

—Economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only medicine of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true.

EMBROIDERED BOOKS.

Some Beauteous Examples of Mediæval Book-Coverings.

Although the British museum does not probably contain so many magnificent specimens of the art of book-covering as the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, yet perhaps no other collection has such variety of good specimens of every school, or is able to show so complete a gallery of the art in all its many varieties. English, French, German, Venetian, Slavonic, and where not, are all represented, by (if not the most elaborate) some of the best specimens which the various schools have produced.
Possibly the best represented kind of sumptuous book covering is that of embroidered bindings, a species of art it would be well if more practised. That embroidery in colors on silk or velvet is capable of very artistic effects every lady who cares for fancy work knows well, and an outlet for skill at once useful and ornamental might be found in working book-covers instead of slippers antimacassars. And this is emphatically women's work; in olden time the books were written in the scriptorium of the monastery, but embroidered in the nunnery, and in later times when monks and nuns in England had ceased to be, female fingers ofttimes emblazoned the covers of volumes intended for royal or noble libraries.—*Book News.*

A telephone line has been opened between Berlin and Breslau. It is the longest line in Germany.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, **Ayer's Hair Vigor** will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

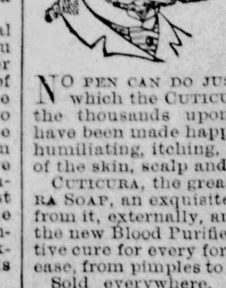
"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

No pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.
Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."
Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.
Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

"TARIFF AND LABOR."

GOVERNOR J. B. FORAKER, OF OHIO,

Talks on This Subject in a Magazine Article—Some Interesting Extracts.

The *American Magazine* for September contains a powerful essay from Governor Foraker, on "Tariff and Labor." The article occupies about three pages and starts out with the statement that the idea of a protective tariff is based upon an inequality of conditions among the nations of the earth, which must be overcome by some other than natural causes:
"If all nations had the same kind of government," says Gov. Foraker, "the same character of population and same sort of labor, and paid to these laborers the same compensation, free trade might be insisted upon with very different force from what it can be with the situation as it is. The trouble is that different nations have different governments, some good and some bad. They have different kinds of people, and they do especially have different standards of compensation for labor. In some countries labor is much better rewarded than in others, and the consequence is that those countries which most poorly pay their labor can prepare a product for market, other things being equal, more cheaply than others.
"It is with nations precisely as with individuals. If two rival manufacturers are situated opposite each other on the same street in the same city, and one can command labor at 50 cents per day and the other at not less than $1 per day it will be an easy matter, if they must sell in the same market, for the man who commands the cheaper labor to drive the other to the wall. It is the same when nations are situated on opposite sides of the ocean. It is the same to be more specific, with the United States and England. Modern facilities for transportation are such that the markets of the world are practically as accessible to the one as to the other. England was a great manufacturing center when our government organized."

* * * * * *

After referring to the fact that the founders of this country appreciated this inequality of conditions, the governor says that they sought to overcome it, and did so in great part, by the enactment of a protective tariff law, which was the second statute signed by George Washington, and which required the payment of such duties upon all products imported into this country as came into competition with products of our own country in a way to build up our own enterprises, and make it impossible for the imports to destroy factories built up here. Continuing from this point, he says: "In considering this question it should be remembered that the primary idea of a protective tariff is to-day just what it was when the government commenced.
"It is to overcome an inequality of conditions. The inequality that now chiefly occasions its necessity is in the matter of wages paid for labor. Much might be said to show the disparity between the wages paid here and in other countries. But it is sufficient to call attention in a general way to the conceded fact that, while labor is better paid in England than in any of the other countries with which we must compete, yet it is there paid less by 25 to 50 per cent than here. The consequence is that we must either reduce wages to correspond, must make good the difference by protection, or—as in the case of the individual mentioned—go to the wall. We are not willing to reduce wages, neither are we willing to go to the wall. Hence it is that the Republican party believes in a protective tariff policy.
"We are not responsible for the bad governments, surplus population and consequent cheap labor of Europe, and we are not willing to inflict upon our people the hardships of the conditions that obtain there, in order that we may compete with them on their footing; nor are we willing that resources of our country shall remain undeveloped because we are unwilling to enter upon such competition. But we seek to overcome this unnatural advantage only as a necessary means to the accomplishment of important but otherwise impossible ends. The great purpose of protective tariff lie beyond this first step to which I have referred. That but prepares the conditions. The further purposes are the development of our resources, the diversity of our employment, the development of the skill and the ingenuity of our citizens and the making of ourselves independent, as a people, among the nations of the earth."
The governor says the time has gone by, if it ever existed, when it was necessary to deal in arguments to show the advantages of such results as he names. He says that he believes that it is better for the whole people, "And especially better for our farming interests to have all kinds of trades and occupations; therefore, we want furnaces, forges, foundries, factories and workshops on every hand, and we want them full of busy, well-paid mechanics and artisans. In this way competition of the farmers with each other is lessened and they are given a greater market and a better one, because our own, for all their products. The consequence is not simply a better price for their lands and their crops, but also less cost to them, as experience has demonstrated, for practically all they may have occasion to buy. And as it is with the farmers so is it with everybody else. As individuals, all derive benefit and prosperity is universal."

* * * * * * *

One point which Governor Foraker names is somewhat novel. It is that protection enables this country to undersell the markets of the world. On this topic he says: "By means of protection we are rapidly reaching a point, not otherwise attainable, where as to many of our products, we can undersell the whole world, in spite of pauper labor, and ultimately have free trade without detriment to our labor, our country or its interests. Take any industry you may, and you will find that it has such home competition that there is a continual struggle to cheapen production. The consequence is that we have so far cheapened the production of many of our leading manufactures that we not only can buy them at less cost than we could before the tariff duty was imposed, but we can also export them and sell them in successful competition with other countries. This is true of hardware, cutlery, clocks, watches, farm implements, glassware, crockery ware, axes, saws, machinery, fire-arms, nails, stoves, lamps, cotton goods and clothes, and various other things that might as appropriately be mentioned."

* * * * * * * *

In his concluding sentence the Governor says: "Give the Americans a chance and they will outstrip the world in manufactures, as in everything else."

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some stuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin.' What d'ye tax for thim?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad shtomach, and the divil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

NOT FREE-TRADERS, O, NO.

A Collection of Statements of Provincial Democrats on the Subject.

Speaker Carlisle—All trade should be as free as possible.
Roger Q. Mills—I desire free trade, and I will not help to perfect any law that stands in the way of free trade.
Henry Watterson—The Democratic party is a free trade party or it is nothing. The Democrat who is not a free-trader should go elsewhere.
Secretaay Fairchild—Add to the free list as many articles as possible. Reduce duties upon every dutiable article to the lowest point possible.
Congressman Hare—If we did not require money to defray the expenses of government I would be an absolute and uncompromising free trader.
Henry George—Mr. Cleveland stands before the country a champion of free trade. Mr. Mills's speech is a manly, vigorous and most effective free trade speech.
S. S. Cox—It would be a glorious consummation of this debate could we only have gentlemen on the other side join in this invocation to paper and type and to the hearts of honest men to clear the way for British Cobden free trade.

—A faded or grizzly beard is unbecoming to any man, and may be colored a natural brown or black by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The Democratic Congressional convention for the Fifth Minnesota district nominated Charles Canning, a farmer and member of the Farmers' Alliance.

FALL MILLINERY.

Some Samples to Show the General Drift of Styles in Head-Gear.

Among the coming styles seen was a low crowned, light olive turban with broad rolling, close rim of woven felt. It was trimmed with a cluster of humming birds and shaded feathers of serpent green and olive. A small knot of olive velvet made a setting for the ornament, and the trimming was pinned on with little brass pins. Serpent green seems to be a favorite color this season, and is fashionable either plain or in Persian ribbons, forming a background for other colors.
Feather bands on hats will be worn this fall, being used in place of the usual coil of velvet around the crown and also the same as velvet is used in facing the rims of the hats. The feather bands come in all widths and lengths, and some are very pretty and can be bought as low as $1.58. They are fashionable in fancy colors as well as plain, and with ribbons to match are very effective.
The "Duke" shape is a fashionable style at present and is simply trimmed with a twist of velvet and a cut steel dagger. The quill in feathers, either ostrich or plain, is gone forever in fancy colors, and the stilted, plain, stalky-looking articles will only be remembered occasionally by their successors—of dull jet beads for mourning bonnets.
A low English turban of terra cotta French felt, trimmed with Persian ribbon, showing lights of golden brown, gobelin blue and terra cotta, is very stylish and costs only $11.75.
Cut steel ornaments, fancy gilt and silver pins will be worn on hats this season. The trimming is made to look less stilted and gives a better effect, (besides saving trouble for the milliner) when pins are used.

GLOVES.

Kid gloves for autumn and winter are shown in neutral tan shades, old mode colors, bright tan, pale silver-grays, iron-grays, and clear medium grays. Dealers anticipate that tan shades will lose none of their popularity. Gloves for street wear are shown with plain and with embroidered backs, but the embroidery is now reduced to the medium width and is wrought either in black or the color of the glove. Dressed kid gloves are used only for the promenade, and are imported almost exclusively in button style, with four or six buttons. Suede gloves for street or carriage wear are imported also in four and six buttons. Mousquetaire gloves in Suede color for evening wear range from six button length to a glove long enough to reach to the shoulder. The principal colors are pale tans, pearl-grays and cream-white. Light tan will again be the reigning color for evening wear during the season.

AUTUMN WRAPS.

Pretty Jackets and Graceful Long Cloaks for Ladies.

The first wraps imported for early fall wear are coats and mantles of cloth and camel's hair, which do not differ essentially in shape from those worn on cool days during the summer. Coats are a trifle longer than they have been. The effort of certain manufacturers to revive the three-quarter length garment has met with no success, but has merely resulted in the adoption of a medium short coat, decidedly longer than the extremely short garments in vogue last winter. Fashionable tailors are making these coats for fall wear of fancy trouserings, in a variety of fine satin stripes sunk in a wool background; of plain diagonal cloth with a fine or a narrow wail; and of the dull-finished Clay diagonals. Fall coats are usually finished with stitched edges, and may be fastened with a fly-front, under which the buttons are concealed, or with twist buttons woven in basket pattern and a trifle larger than those used on coats last season.
Plain, closely fitted, straight around coats are always popular with well-dressed women. These coats, which are moulded to the figure by the expert tailor, are frequently braided with heavy black Russian braids wound with tinsel. The front is usually lapped over to one side, a wide pattern of braiding extending down the front in vest like pattern. Loose-front coats are among the new shapes. They are rather longer at the front than at the back, and are buttoned high at the top, showing a little of the vest. Stylish coats of golden brown, striped with hair lines in Suede color sunk in the wool, are made with Suede-colored vests. Indistinct cashmere effects are seen in some of the new striped wooliens used for jackets. A loose-front jacket, the reverse collar turned back to display the vest at top and cut away to show the vest at the bottom, is a shape of tailor coats. Tailors' ulsters are usually made with double-breasted loose fronts, of Scotch cheviots or homespuns for the intermediate season. Later in the winter they will be made of plain cloths, handsomely trimmed with fur. The Norfolk ulster, pleted to the front of the garment, is a favorite shape.
For winter wear and late autumn, Russian cloaks with double circular fronts and fitted backs, and Irish peasant cloaks, shirred around the shoulder in yoke shape, or pleated on to a high yoke of velvet or braiding, will be fashionable. These cloaks are now imported of rough homespun and soft camel's hair goods, with facings and hoods lined with moire or silk, and with velvet trimmings. The new long cloaks are lined throughout with silk in changeable effects, fine fancy stripes or solid colors. The long cloaks for fall are frequently prepared of light cloths, such as camel's hair cloths and smoothly finished, figured vigognes, which require a lining of silk to give them proper weight. Such long wraps of light wool are trimmed with passementaries or velvet in dark, contrasting colors. A stylish wrap of gray vigogne, figured in darker shade with an arabesque pattern in all-over design, is long enough to reach to the footh of the dress. It is lined throughout with gray taffeta, shot with coral color. The back is the cloak fits smoothly to the figure. The front is loose and falls straight to the foot, but is confined at the waist by a two-inch girdle of dark velvet. Long pointed angel sleeves trimmed with velvet, and a velvet collar, complete the garment. Some exceedingly stylish circular cloaks for slender figures are fitted at the back and finished with a second cape, barely covering the arms, and formed of a succession of pleats.
There are many little mantles of arabesque wool, of colored camel's hair cloth and of cashmere imported for autumn. There are also many shapes which are neither coats nor mantles, but a combination of both. Of this class are coats with mantle fronts and mantles which fit the figure smoothly and are coats in everything except in the sleeve, which may be of the sling or the dolman order. Later in the season it is probable that many plain mantles will be worn in colors to harmonize with the dress, or in black. The short mantles for autumn are usually trimmed with black braidings or black passementerie, or with velvet like the long cloaks. Mantles of black mattalasse in the heavy velvet and satin brocaded patterns and hose figures in India colors imported his season will be trimmed with fine jets and fur.
A dark cardinal raglan was an object of curiosity to a number of customers. It was made with a full front and plaited back, trimmed with black astrachan and braided heavily. The cloth was beaver and was a very handsome article for cold fall and winter days. A long corkscrew raglan with revered front and trimmed with large crochet buttons was very nicely made and suitable for mourning.
There was also a garment of striped cheviot, with close cap and hood which was reversible. The hood was made with surah and lined with cloth, so that the sides may be turned back and only the cloth seen, or the hood may be turned the other way, and a cloth hood lined with the surah is made.
The Gretchen style of children's cloaks are the latest, and the hoods are to be worn by the little ones altogether. Misses won't wear the "vests," but their cloaks will be plain tailor made, both with and without hoods. Ladies will wear the "vest," which is made of fancy Maltese of different colors, some of the vests will also be made of astrachan.

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The following story is told in the newly published "Random Recollections of Courts and Society" of Baron de Bourgoing:
"I am extremely distrait," he said, "and my marriage was the result of my absence of mind. When I was a young man I fell in love with a charming young girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained her permission to speak to her father. The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The old gentleman seemed surprised at first, but when I assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affection he offered no further objections, and, accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter.
"As the door opened I ran to greet my *fiancee*—it was another young lady"—"your lover, my child," he continued, "suavely smiling at Mlle. de Bourgoing. "I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, pressed my suit with the wrong father, and been given to the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her. She did not live long," he added, with great serenity. "Pray take some more wine."—*London Life.*

Direct From the Front.

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An English reporter, interviewing Mme. Bernhardt, asked:
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"Ah, the dear things," she said; "I had to leave them in Paris. The poor little tiger, you know, is dead. I grieved for him much—more than my friends did, I am afraid."
"And the famous coffin with the satin linings. Have you that still?"
"Oh, yes; that is in Paris, too."
"Is it true, madame, that you used to sleep in it?"
"Well, yes; I did sleep in it, but not always. It was this way: My sister was very ill. I wanted to be with her at night, and, not being able to share her bed, I had the coffin carried into her room and slept there. I keep the coffin still, but I have come to the conclusion that I will not be buried in it. I will be cremated."

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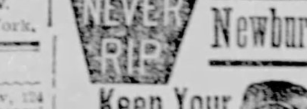

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A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.
WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept
A CURE
and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888.

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For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

Circulation Last Week, 163,000.

A HINT TO THE WISE.

It does not need more than the statement embodied in the above figures to convince the wide-awake advertiser that the BLADE is the very best medium in the United States through which to reach the greatest number of readers. With a weekly circulation of 163,000 copies, it is easy to see that it has more than a half-million readers, for four readers to the paper is a low average. The BLADE's circulation extends to every state and territory of the Union, and it is the only weekly *news*paper published in the United States of which this can be said.

TO REPUBLICAN WORKERS.

THE CHEAPEST OFFER EVER MADE

BY ANY NEWSPAPER, AT ANY TIME.

THE BLADE 3 MONTHS FOR 20 CENTS.

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We have determined to come as near giving away the BLADE from this time till after the Presidential election as possible, this being our contribution to the success of Republicanism and the election of HARRISON and MORTON.

From this date on, terms for the BLADE will be as follows:

THREE MONTHS, single subscription..............20c.

THREE MONTHS, single subscription, with Harrison Portrait..............30c.

For club rates (enormously low,) write to us for campaign terms.

The rates above given are much less than the cost of paper and printing, but we are willing to do it.

☞ We are willing to do it, because the country can not afford to have the government made the ally of England.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have its industries prostrated and its finances deranged.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have tens of thousands of honest, virtuous workingmen made idle, that English industries may thrive.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to become a mere producer of raw materials for foreign manufacturers.

☞ We do it because we believe most sincerely that the triumph of free trade in this campaign means the ruin of our industries and hard times for the farmers and everybody else.

☞ We do it, because we have the interests of the veterans who wore the blue at heart, and want them to have proper pensions.

☞ While the BLADE will be red-hot in its support of Republicanism and Protection, and will furnish everything in the way of political information and argument that will advance the cause,

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

That have made the paper so highly prized in families for the past quarter of a century, will be carefully maintained. Its political features will be additional.

RAISE CLUBS AT ONCE.

Campaign committees, men and women who have the cause at heart, can do nothing better to aid in the work than by raising clubs for the BLADE. Send for campaign club terms.

We would give the BLADE away if we could. As it is, we come as near to it as possible.

☞ Roll in the clubs, and get at the good work at once.

WILDCAT FINANCIERING.

There is an active propaganda in the West by the Union Labor party in favor of the wild scheme of having the government issue unlimited greenbacks, which are to be loaned to farmers on mortgages at a low rate of interest on long time. The scheme, to us, has the appearance of a shrewd attempt on the part of the free traders to divide Republican sentiment in the farming communities and divert a part of the Republican strength to the Union Labor party.

The scheme has no possibility of ever being enacted into law. The "fiat money" question was made an issue by a political party in the latter half of the '70's, and was taken up by the Democrats in Ohio and other states. The verdict of the people was crushingly against it, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the most vigorous pushing of it as an issue would ever cause a majority of Congressmen to be elected who would favor it. The same can be said as to the scheme of loaning money on farm mortgages. It can be accepted as a foregone conclusion that if this plan were ever pushed in earnest, the demand would go up from men engaged in other lines of business to have the same privilege in obtaining government loans; and there would be no justice in granting such a privilege to one class of the community and not to all. The result would be, the entire national debt, if funded in greenbacks, would not supply one-tenth of the people wanting money on such easy terms. A wild era of speculation and irredeemable paper money would set in with the inevitable result of a financial crash and universal bankruptcy.

The great trouble with farmers who borrow money is that they invariably assume too many chances. The banker lends money to the farmer at reasonable rates of interest, but takes a mortgage upon values twice the amount of the loan. He gets pay for accumulated capital, but takes no risk. He has a sure thing. The farmer takes the money and invests it in cattle, for instance, and voluntarially assumes three risks. He assumes that his cattle will all live; he assumes that he will raise a good crop, and he assumes that the price of beef will not go down. If one of these risks fail, his calculations are confused; if two of them fail, he loses money, it is safe to say, and if all risks fail he is a financial wreck, while the banker comes in and forecloses the mortgage and gets his principal and interest. One thing is certain, to begin with; the plan of loaning public money on mortgages will never be legalized by Congress, and the gabble about it is the veriest bosh.

☞ *Our Tariff Primer, now running in our columns, is the best handbook on the tariff yet written. Help to circulate it by getting new subscribers for the* BLADE.

CLEVELAND feels that he is already beaten, and is hunting around with frantic haste for some issue that can divert public attention from the tariff. Poor GROVER!

THE ADMISSION OF DAKOTA, AND THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

The following significant admission is made in the Washington special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic daily of Ohio:

> The result of the election in Maine makes notable one indication, which is that the Prohibition vote is largely returning to its Republican alliance. Maine was the propagating garden for the movement which made the cold-water adherents a party organization. For these pioneers to again return to the Republican fold is notice served to all who have the temperance cause really at heart that results cannot be reached by standing alone, but rather through the instrumentality of one or the other great political organizations. If like results attain in New York, it will mean the accretion of 15,000 votes to the Republican ticket which otherwise would have been thrown away on the Fisk electors. Such a contingency would make it quite up-hill work for the Democrats to carry the Empire state.

The result in Oregon, in Vermont and in Maine was the same. There was a decrease in the third party vote in all. Vermont showed a falling off of over 15 per cent. from the vote two years ago; the vote in Maine lost over 23 per cent. The organs of the party assign the same reason in each case, viz., that the lines were sharply drawn on the tariff question, and that no other issue entered into the canvass to any extent. That issue is as sharply drawn all over the country as it was in Oregon, or Vermont, or in Maine. As the presidential campaign progresses, it will be still more prominent, for questions of politics pertaining to the state alone have no place in the national campaign. It is therefore to be expected that there will be a falling off in the third party vote everywhere, as there was in the three states named. The "million votes for FISK and BROOKS" are already seen to be an impossibility, with every indication pointing to a decrease of the total of 294,000 that party received in 1886.

It is not to be inferred that the cause of Prohibition will be injured in any wise, however. The cause of Prohibition and the cause of the third party are two entirely distinct and separate things. Though all third party men are Prohibitionists, not all Prohibitionists, not even a majority of them, are third party men. In point of fact, the BLADE showed, using the figures furnished by a third-party organ, that, out of every fifteen Prohibitionists, only one supports the third party, while the other fourteen believe in working for Prohibition without rousing partisan rancor and political prejudice. That is, a little over 6 per cent of the Prohibitionists believe in a separate political party as a means of reaching that result.

Is a separate political party really necessary to conserve the interests of this giant reform? Let us examine the facts. There is no need of a party, if the work can be done without; for the party divisions are sharply drawn in this country, and the difficulties in the way of bringing a third party up to the *working* point—the numerical strength that will make it effective—are simply tremendous. No new party has ever arisen in this country save at those times that one or the other of the two great parties has fallen to pieces, and thus an opportunity was given. The Whig party disintegrated after its defeat in the presidential campaign of 1852, and the American, or Know-Nothing party, sprang into existence. Its one issue was not strong enough to meet with popular favor long, as before the next presidential year rolled around, it was in a dying condition, and the issue of "no extension of slavery into the territories" gave birth to the Republican party. There is no such disintegrated condition in either of the two great parties to-day, and the difficulties in the way of building up a third one are, we think, insuperable.

To return from this digression. We repeat, there is no need of a separate Prohibitionist party if Prohibition is being reached without it. What are the facts? There are to-day six states which have Prohibition—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Iowa and Kansas. There is partial Prohibition, in the form of local option, in over half the remaining states of the Union, and the area thus being rescued from the grasp of Rum is increasing steadily. The sentiment in favor of Prohibition is growing. The restrictive laws on the liquor traffic are increasing yearly in number and severity, showing the steady growth of sentiment antagonistic to the Rum traffic; and when men's eyes begin to be opened to the evils resulting from drink, and they realize the selfish, soulless nature of the Rum Power through its defiant efforts to evade and set at naught all restrictive legislation, they gradually become convinced that there is but one way to deal effectually with this monster curse, and that is, to kill it by Prohibition. No restrictive or legislative measure can ever become a final solution of the problem. All such methods are but steps to one end—and that is Prohibition.

The outlook is, therefore, hopeful. There has been a vast area rescued from the domination of the Rum Power. But of all this work, the third party cannot point to one case in which it was, of itself, effective in accomplishing Prohibition. Not one state has it ever carried for the cause, while the local option plan is condemned by the third party leaders. In point of fact, it has on more than one occasion imitated the conduct of the dog in the manger —unable to do anything itself, it has bitterly opposed the doing of the work by anybody else. The third party leaders argue that others shall sacrifice party to principle, and call on Prohibitionists to leave the Republican ranks (or the Democratic) and vote with them, because of Prohibition. Of course, as they press the sacrifice of party to principle upon others, they must be willing to do the same thing themselves when a proper occasion offers. That occasion offers itself *now*, in the election of members of the next House of Representatives. They can help, by their votes, to add another state to the Prohibition column, by abandoning their party and voting in a certain way.

We will explain. South Dakota put Prohibition into her constitution, with which she stands knocking at the door of the Union, demanding the admission to which she is clearly entitled. The Democrats in Congress, who are keeping her out because her people are Republican, assert that a territory has no right to frame a state constitution until after Congress has passed an enabling act. This is a mere pretense, a figment behind which to hide their real objection to her admission. If a Democratic majority is elected to the next House of Representatives, the members of which are, in a majority of the states, to be chosen at the November election, South Dakota will be still excluded—at least until that party has a safe majority in the Senate, which her two new Senators will not endanger; and she will be required to frame a new constitution as a preliminary. But the Republicans are committed to her admission at once, and with her present constitution, Prohibition and all; and she will be admitted as soon as the next Congress meets, if the Republicans win a majority in the House.

Therefore, Republican success this fall means the addition of another state to the Union, and that state with Prohibition in her constitution. Democratic success means postponement, and another bitter contest in the territory over the Prohibition question. Now, it is a fact that every third party man who is honest will admit, that not a candidate of that party this fall for Congress, for President or Vice President, or for legislators who will elect United States Senators, anywhere in the United States, has the slightest chance of election. Consequently, they are imperiling nothing by giving up party for principle. What adequate reason can any honest voter of that party give why he should not cast his vote for the candidates whose election is possible, and whose triumph will result in giving not only a new state to the Union, but a Prohibition state? Is there any possible way in the present campaign that the principle of Prohibition can receive more aid than by that very line of conduct? We challenge an answer from any third party paper or advocate.

Every conscientious Prohibitionist knows that his vote will tell directly for Prohibition if cast in this way. He knows that South Dakota is entitled to admission, under the Prohibitory constitution she has adopted, and that all patriotic citizens owe it to her and her people, as a matter of justice, to vote so that she may be at once admitted. He knows that he must either vote or refuse to vote for the only candidates (whose election is possible) who are committed in favor of her admission. Every state which erects a barrier against Rum strengthens the cause everywhere. Fellow-Prohibitionists, will you sacrifice the principle you profess to hold dear, for a theory? Will you continue to ask your fellow-citizens to abandon party for principle, and refuse to do it yourselves? Is there any quicker, any better, any surer way to add another state to the Prohibition phalanx, than to vote for the candidates whose triumph will result in the admission, at once, of Prohibition Dakota, and thus increase the strength of the hosts who are battling in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power?

CLEVELAND'S RECORD AS THE FRIEND OF LABOR.

GROVER CLEVELAND, in his letter of acceptance, endeavors to defend his free trade policy on the ground that it will make "the necessaries of life" cheaper to the people. Even if free trade should do this, it would reduce the wages of the laboring men, and give them less with which to buy; and as there are many of these "necessaries" which would be not one whit cheaper, the people who work for a living would be worse off than they are now. Now that he wants votes, CLEVELAND seeks to appear as the friend of labor; but his record on labor questions while governor of the state of New York shows that he consistently opposed all measures for the improvement of their conditions. Here is his record as governor:

> He vetoed the bill prohibiting the employment of children under 14 years of age in factories, holding the idea that a parent is master of his children from birth to legal age, and can hire them out to any service the parent is willing they should engage in. The bill he vetoed has since become a law, as demanded by the people.
>
> He vetoed the bill to make ten hours a legal day's work for all street car employes, but the people of this state have established that as the law.
>
> He vetoed the bill to compel the New York city elevated railroads to reduce their fare from ten cents to five, but the people, who were not in sympathy with monopolists, nor yet opposed to progression, have made the bill a law.
>
> He signed the bill to tax engineers of New York $2 a year, or be denied the right to follow their vocation. As well tax every working man or woman for working to support a family, and if a tax of $2 could be laid one of $200 would follow. That bill has since been knocked to smithereens and is no more a law.
>
> He signed the bill to reduce the fees of New York harbor pilots.
>
> He vetoed the mechanics' lien law making the laborer's claim a first mortgage. This veto was to protect capital, regardless of the rights of a laboring man to have what he had earned. The people vetoed Governor Cleveland's veto, and have established a law that the laborer is entitled to and can collect his hire.

THE Senate would not permit the President to abandon, as he wished, the rights of our fishermen on the Atlantic, but, judging from the reports that come from Behring sea, he seems to have been successful in abandoning them in the Pacific. The Alaska seal fisheries belong to us, and no one else has any right to fish there. The company that takes the seals has paid to the government already over $8,000,000 —a million more than we paid for the whole of Alaska. The British have looked with longing eyes on those seals, and have occasionally tried to take some, but under Republican administrations they did not venture on any extensive depredations. This year, however, British sealing schooners have infested the Behring sea and have captured large numbers of seals. Yet not a single one has been interfered with by United States revenue vessels. The result will be, so the agent of the Alaska Commercial company says, that next year a swarm of schooners will raid the sealing grounds, and pretty nearly destroy the whole value of our fisheries in Alaska. Whether they shall be allowed to do it depends upon the November election.

THE view taken by many eminent churchmen that the temperance question is not strictly a political one, was followed by the New Jersey legislature; for the local option law under which several counties have already decided to grant no license for the sale of liquor provides that no election to settle the question shall be held anywhere in the state within sixty days of any political election. Consequently no more local option elections will be held in New Jersey till after January 5 next.

THE New York *Sun* speaks plainly to the Democratic office-holders. It tells them their duty in this campaign, irrespective of civil service reform pretenses:

> Let every Democrat holding office under the Federal government and desiring to continue in office for the next four years or longer fill out at once and sign a check for such an amount as his enthusiasm may suggest and his pecuniary resources warrant. Then let him forward the contribution by the first mail to Democratic headquarters. Send in your checks, following the lovely example of the chief of Democratic officeholders and Democratic candidates, Grover Cleveland himself. The size of his check was $10,000, one-fifth of a year's salary. Money talks.

JAY GOULD is again a grandfather, and the new-born second son of GEORGE GOULD is to be christened JAY, jr. It is safe to say that by the time he is old enough to go into business, the people will have wrested the control of the railway and telegraph from the hands of the monopolist grandfather.

THE gold excitement at Ishpeming, Michigan, is running high, and Eastern capitalists are arriving and are enthusiastic. Quartz of a sugary nature, carrying a large amount of gold, which can be seen in large flakes and nuggets, has been found. Over 1,000 pounds of this rock, worth from $10,000 to $50,000 a ton, has already been taken out, the reports say.

THE KEYSERS are solid for HARRISON. "One of the Keysers" writes to the Philadelphia *Press* to say that the Keyser family will hold a reunion at Germantown, October 10, when there will be 2,500 of the clan present, and probably not 25 will be found who intend to vote the Democratic ticket. He thinks the Keysers make up the champion Republican family of the United States.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THERE are evidences that a desperate effort is to be made by the Democrats to carry Nevada. The reason for this is as follows: Indiana and Connecticut are practically conceded to the Republicans; this means CLEVELAND's defeat. But if New York, New Jersey and Nevada can be carried, the Democrats will have 201 electoral votes—just enough to win. There is but one weak spot in the programme: New York is going Republican. But all the same let us look out for Nevada. It is a Republican state, and should be kept so.

GENERAL HARRISON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

General HARRISON's letter, accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency, gains immensely by comparison with Mr. CLEVELAND's recent effort in a similar line. The turgid rhetoric and stilted phrases of the latter appear ridiculous when compared with the clear, brief and striking sentences of his Republican competitor. The one struggles with the English language in a weary effort to hide his paucity of ideas under a burden of ponderous polysyllables; the other uses terse and vigorous Anglo-Saxon, and each short sentence is pregnant with meaning. In General HARRISON's hands the pen is an arm of precision, and his crisp, sparkling phrases reach at once the understanding, and command the instant assent, of the reader.

After a short introduction, in which he signifies, in well-chosen phrase, his acceptance of the nomination, General HARRISON proceeds to give his views upon the issues presented to the people in the present canvass. First, of course, comes the vital one of the tariff. We make bold to say that, in all the volumes that have been spoken and written upon the question, the position of the Republican party has never had clearer statement or stronger presentation. He sweeps away the false logic and countless misrepresentations that have been the burden of the Democratic speakers and writers, and states the matter so plainly that no voter can err in accepting it. The contest over the tariff, he declares, "is not a contest between schedules, but between wide-apart principles." In that brief sentence, the plea that the Mills bill cannot hurt our industries, because it only reduces the tariff something like 5 per cent, and all Democratic arguments based on it, are shown to be specious. It is not the amount of reduction, but the principle upon which it is made, which is the point of conflict.

He shows that the principle of protection is attacked by the Democratic party, and that the arguments used in favor of the Mills bill, if carried out logically, would result in absolute free trade. The Mills bill he declares to be only a step, but it is a step toward free trade, instead of in line with the protective policy. Then comes another of those concise statements that contain a world of argument in the compass of a nutshell:

> The important question is not so much the *length* of the step, as the *direction* of it.

And he shows that, if we accept CLEVELAND's message of December last, the Mills bill, the Democratic utterances in Congress during the debates on that measure, and the St. Louis platform, as an index of the ultimate purposes of the Democratic party, it intends, if continued in power, to put the tariff on a purely revenue basis, such as is England's policy—so-called "free trade." That is, the burden of customs duties will be laid upon articles not produced in this country, while all competing foreign products are placed on the free list.

Regarding the theory (which is repeated in CLEVELAND's letter of acceptance, though General HARRISON does not refer to that fact) that the duty on foreign goods is not only paid by the consumer, but that domestic articles of the same kind have their prices increased by the amount of the duty—he characterizes its supporters as follows:

> Those who advance it are students of maxims, not of markets.

This is trenchant and truthful. Those who hold this theory may call it "tariff reform," but it is none the less bound, if allowed by the people to be carried out, to end in the free trade policy. Turning to the Republican position on the tariff, General HARRISON states it in a few emphatic sentences that must command the assent of every Republican in the nation:

> The Republican party holds that a protective tariff is constitutional, wholesome, necessary. *We do not offer a fixed schedule, but principles.* We will revise the schedule and modify the rates, but always with an intelligent provision as to the effect upon domestic production and the wages of our working people.
>
> We believe it to be one of the worthy objects of tariff legislation to preserve the American scale of wages, by an adequate discrimination of duties upon foreign products. The effect of lower rates and larger importations upon the public revenue is contingent and doubtful, but not so the effect upon American production, and American wages. *Less work and lower wages* must be accepted as the inevitable result of the increased offering of foreign goods in our market.

The workingmen of the nation will not be slow to note that General HARRISON recognizes the fact that the tariff question hinges upon the question of wages, and unhesitatingly arrays himself on the side of the American standard of wages. Less work and lower wages he declares to be the inevitable result of increased importations of goods from tariff reduction to a revenue basis. They will, in November, he says, make choice between the substantial advantages in hand, and the deceptive promises of impractical theorists.

The demagogic argument based on the treasury surplus, and the exaggeration of the latter in order to make it a more effective bugaboo to frighten voters, are shown up; and General HARRISON sweeps them away, placing the matter in the right light, when he declares the undoubted truth—that the reduction of the revenue does not render necessary any abandonment or impairment of the protective system. In discussing the list of methods suggested by the Chicago platform whereby the revenues can be reduced, General HARRISON truly says they will not all need to be brought into practice to properly reduce the revenue. A proper tariff revision will effect it, without, as the candidate says, our being called upon to make choice between the surrender of the protective system and the repeal of internal revenue taxation.

With regard to the surplus now in the treasury, after its further increase shall have been prevented through proper legislation, General HARRISON favors its use in the purchase or retirement of bonds. There is a law authorizing this to be done, and the BLADE has shown, at different times, that it effects a saving to the people to purchase bonds at present market rates and retire them, through the cutting off of the interest that would have to be paid if they ran on until maturity.

The utterances upon other topics of public interest are as strong, as timely, as acceptable, as those upon the tariff and kindred subjects. General HARRISON favors the exclusion of foreign paupers and criminals, the vigorous enforcement of the laws against the importation of contract labor, and the exclusion of alien races which will not assimilate with our own. Upon this latter subject, the letter is important, because of the atrocious calumnies that have been spread broadcast over the country by scoundrelly Democratic demogogues in connection with General HARRISON's vote, years ago, in the Senate, on the Chinese bill.

On this branch of the general subject of foreign immigration, General HARRISON's utterance is absolutely conclusive. It is that the objections to the immigration of Chinese are so potent that they are accepted by all citizens, irrespective of party, and the question has passed beyond the stage of argument. That is, the matter is settled that our policy is to be hereafter one of absolute exclusion, and he declares that, if he is charged with their enforcement, the laws on this subject shall be faithfully executed, and that further legislation to stop further immigration will meet his approval. Furthermore, he expresses his entire endorsement of the plank in the Chicago platform on this topic.

The paragraphs of his letter on the conservation of the purity of elections, and on the admission of new states, will meet the approval of every patriotic citizen. He declares that no question as to the politics of the citizens of a territory should bar its admission as a state, though no territory should be admitted "whose people cherish institutions repugnant to our civilization or inconsistent with a republican form of government"—to which all opponents of that hideous survival of barbarism, polygamy, will say amen!

Upon the matter of trusts, to which so much attention is given in the canvass, General HARRISON's views will be endorsed by every citizen not interested in these modern developments of monopoly. He shows briefly but clearly their evils, and declares that the power of the law shall and will find a method of dealing with these abuses. His statements will meet approval where Mr. BLAINE's flippant sentences on the same subject were greeted with anger and opposition. General HARRISON is in full accord with the national platform of his party, and despite the demagogic efforts of the Democratic speakers and the free trade press, the authoritative enunciation of the national convention and its endorsement by the candidate, will be implicitly accepted by the people, rather than the position in which the Democrats seek to place the Republican party, based upon Mr. BLAINE's ill-considered words. The party is greater than any member of it, no matter how highly the latter individual may be regarded personally.

General HARRISON wore the blue in the struggle for the preservation of the Union, and he has the proper feeling of every patriot for the disabled veterans of that mighty conflict. His remarks upon pension measures must be read to be appreciated. Upon the subject of civil service reform his attitude is no less deserving of praise and support. He indorses the law most heartily, approves the plank of the platform relating to it, and advocates its vigorous enforcement, in letter and in spirit:

> Fitness, not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removal.

In that brief paragraph from his letter is embodied all that the friends of this great reform ask for, and we are certain that under HARRISON's administration they will be faithfully and honestly carried out.

The letter closes with a paragraph discussing our foreign relations. Read in connection with CLEVELAND's famous "flop" on the fisheries matter, they are the utterances of a statesman, whose convictions are based upon justice and right between nations, as compared with the acts of a demagogue, spreading his sails to catch any breath of popular feeling, and sacrificing consistency in order to retain official position. In fact, the same comparison could be made, with the same conclusion, between the two letters of acceptance that have been made public this week. If the people of the United States are swayed by reason, a critical examination of the two documents would alone result in a triumph for HARRISON. There has been no such powerful factor yet brought into the Presidential canvass as General HARRISON's letter will be. It sweeps aside the deductions of demagogues, the tricks of party, and places the issues of the campaign before the people in a clear, compact form. It will give new impetus to the Republican party, already flushed with the certain promise of coming victory by the late state elections, and it will, of itself, elect HARRISON President.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR FREE TRADERS.

Cleveland, in his letter of acceptance, parades again the old free trade assertion that the amount of the duty on any imported article is added by the American manufacturers to the price of the domestic article. Its falsity has been proved time and again by examples in these columns. The fact is, that when our manufactures were in an infant condition, or not yet born, the English goods sold for far more than we now pay for the American-made, even "with the duty added." If this be not true, will some free trader answer the following questions:

> Why is it that under a free trade trade tariff steel rails sold for $137 a ton, and are now selling for $32, the duty being $17 a ton?
>
> Why it was that under a free trade tariff pig-iron costs $38.45 and has sold recently for $18, after paying, as the President says, a "duty tax" of $6.70?
>
> Why a ream of paper that sold under free trade for $16 can now be bought for $2.50, the duty being 25 per cent?
>
> Why under free trade an English China tea-set cost $5; while now just as good an American set, which, according to the President, is taxed the rate of duty—60 per cent—can now be had for $2.60?
>
> Why a dozen files under free trade cost $7 and are now selling for $2.30, after paying a duty of 35 cents a dozen?
>
> Why carpets that sold for $1.40 a yard before a protective tax of 12 cents a square yard and 30 per cent called the industry into existence, are now selling for 95 cents a yard?

And yet the people are told that the protective tariff is an "onerous burden" upon them!

THE "DOLLAR A DAY" LIE.

The editor of the Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, *Gazette* wrote to General HARRISON asking whether he ever used any language that conveyed the idea that he believed "a dollar a day is enough for any working-man." The General replied as follows:

> INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., September 8, 1888.
>
> MY DEAR SIR:—I can not but express surprise that you should ask me such a question as that contained in your letter of September 6th, namely, whether I have ever said in effect that $1 a day was enough wages for a working man. There may be campaign lies so plausible as to require a denial, but this is certainly not of that sort. Very truly yours,
>
> BENJAMIN HARRISON.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE London *Times*, in speaking of CLEVELAND's message last December, made an editorial comment on it which is quite applicable to his recent letter of acceptance:

> It would be hardly possible to put the free trade case more clearly or more strongly, and yet, such is the force of words, President Cleveland shrinks from the use of the term "free trade," and in fact declares that those who taunt him with being a free trader are deceiving the country. It is certain that the arguments which President Cleveland urges are those which Corden used to employ forty-five years ago, and which any free trader would employ now. That import duties stifle production and limit the area of a country's market is purely a free trade argument. As such we are very glad to see President Cleveland using them, though we are sorry for the popular infatuation which makes it dangerous to give them their right name.

THE Democrats say it does not signify anything that this year's Republican majority in Maine exceeds that of two years ago by seven or eight thousand votes. Very well. Does it not signify anything either that the Democratic majority in Arkansas is 20,000 votes less than two years ago?

THE difference between the Republican and Democratic parties on the tariff is not one of the difference between a 47 per cent and a 42 per cent schedule, but between adequate protection and no protection at all.

☞ *Send us the names of all Republicans in your vicinity who do not take the* BLADE, *and we will mail them sample copies.*

"IT is one of the best evidences of the prosperity of our cities that so large a proportion of the men who work are covered by their own roof trees. If we would perpetuate this condition we must maintain the American scale of wages."—*General Harrison.*

THE MAINE STATE ELECTION.

The Maine state election was the point of interest to every one because of the many conflicting elements that entered into the campaign. The Republican estimates were moderate. They recognized that the Democrats had never made so active, so aggressive, a campaign in Maine. They had at their command an enormous corruption fund from national headquarters, out of the abundance of boodle contributed by the ring and trust monopoly millionaires, and were making a desperate attempt to carry the cities by this means.

Then the fact was clear that there has been in recent years a large accession to the population of Maine from Canada, and that the tendencies of the French Canadians are toward the Democratic party, and in this campaign more inclined in that direction than usual on account of the pending controversies between the United States and Canada. The third-party Prohibitionists made an energetic campaign, and the Union Labor party was in the field for the first time with a state ticket. All these factors in the canvass, with the desperate efforts to obtain converts to free trade by the Democrats, made the Republicans conservative in their estimates. On the eve of election, they claimed only 8,000 to 10,000 majority.

The vote of Maine has been subject to heavy fluctuations in the past. In 1872, at the state election, the Republican plurality was 17,216. In 1876, at the state election, it was 15,444. In 1880, the fusion of the Democratic and Greenback parties carried the state election by 189 majority, while at the Presidential election of the same year GARFIELD had 8,868 majority. The elections since that have stood:

STATE ELECTION, 1882.

Republican	72,724
Democratic (fusion)	63,852
Prohibitionist	395
Greenback	1,302
Scattering	294
Republican majority over all	6,881

STATE ELECTION, 1884.

Robie (Rep.)	77,779
Redman (Dem.)	58,070
Eaton (Gb.)	3,147
Eustis (Pro.)	1,157
Republican plurality	19,709

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE, 1884.

Blaine (Rep.)	71,716
Cleveland (Dem.)	51,656
Butler (Gb.)	3,994
St. John (Pro.)	2,143
Republican plurality	20,000

STATE ELECTION, 1886.

Bodwell (Rep.)	68,837
Edwards (Dem.)	55,987
Clark (Pro.)	3,872
Republican plurality	12,850

At the election this year the Republicans elected BURLEIGH, their candidate for governor, and all four Congressmen. The total vote exceeds that which has been polled for years. The Republicans gained in all parts of the state. They carried every county and secured a greatly increased majority in the state legislature. Of the fifteen cities in the state they carried all except Biddeford. Messrs. BOUTELLE and MILLIKEN made large gains in their Congressional districts. Mr. DINGLEY, in the second, received 1,000 more majority than in 1886, and 500 more than in 1884. Mr. REED returns to Congress by the handsome majority of 2,500. The figures of the vote were:

Republican (Burleigh)	79,603
Democrat (Putnam)	61,108
Prohibitionist (Cushing)	2,971
Greenback-Labor (Simmons)	797
Burleigh's plurality	18,495

This shows a heavy gain over the state election two years ago. The Democrats are endeavoring to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers by comparing the Republican majority this year with that received by Mr. BLAINE in November, 1884. They are welcome to all the comfort they can get out of it, for it was to be expected that BLAINE's own state would give her most distinguished citizen a rousing majority. The total vote was the largest ever polled, except at the state election of 1880. The Republican vote was then 51.47 per cent of the total vote; this year it is 55.27 per cent. The Democratic vote of 1880 was 45.3 per cent of the total, while this year it has fallen to 42.24 per cent. This shows that the young men, the new voters, believe in American industries and American prosperity.

The lesson of the campaign is that the free trade policy of the President will be repudiated by the people. Rhode Island, Oregon, Vermont and Maine are the four states of the North which have recorded their verdict since the President brought the issue before the nation, and what is their verdict?

Rhode Island had gone Democratic at the state election of the previous year. She gave a sweeping Republican majority.

Oregon, at her state election in June, gave a Republican majority nearly twice as great as she ever gave before.

Vermont voted on September 4, and gave a Republican majority of 27,659—the largest Republican majority she ever gave.

Maine gives as large a Republican plurality as she has shown for years, and an increase of at least 7,000 over that of two years ago.

There is no reason why the vote in the other states which have a fair ballot and an honest count shall not show the same results. Like causes produce like effects. And if this holds true—and there is no reason why it should not—the entire North will be solidly Republican.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of HARRISON is the best one yet published. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

THE CONDITION WHICH CONFRONTS US.

The New York *Sun*, Democratic, analyzes the Presidential situation as regards the Democrats as follows:

Necessary for a choice	201
Southern Democratic states	153
Needed for Cleveland and Thurman	48
New York	36
New Jersey	9
Connecticut	6
	51
New York	36
Indiana	15
	51

Which the BLADE supplements with a similar analysis from the Republican standpoint:

Necessary for a choice	201
Sure Republican states	182
Needed for Harrison and Morton	19

The Republicans will obtain the necessary electoral votes, and elect their ticket, by carrying either of the following:

New York	36
Indiana	15
New Jersey	9
	24
Indiana	15
Connecticut	6
	21

Which party stands the nearest to making the necessary gains? Reflect on the result in Oregon, Vermont and Maine, and then answer.

☞ *Send for campaign club terms, and aid the tremendous boom the* BLADE *is having. Do it* NOW.

VERMONT's Republican majority was greater than any that state has given since the Presidential election of 1872, and it was not due to a gain in population, but to a change from free trade to protection.

BUYING BONDS.

The New York *World* attacks General HARRISON for declaring in his letter of acceptance that "the surplus now in the treasury should be used in the purchase of bonds." It says:

> * * It is nevertheless a monstrous injustice to tax the people to pay premiums to bondholders. Every dollar of the funded debt would be met at maturity by the provisions of the sinking fund.

There are over $220,000,000 of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents which come due on September 1, 1891. The sinking fund, which is forty millions a year, will not provide enough to pay them by that date. Nor is there any "injustice" in going on the market and buying bonds, cancelling and retiring them, thus stopping the interest, because the government saves money by it.

On September 13 the secretary of the treasury bought the following $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds: $400,000 at 106.9; $1,500,000 at $106\frac{7}{8}$. Let us make a little calculation:

Face of bonds	$1,900,000
Premium paid	130,725
Total cost	$2,030,725

These bonds have three years to run, less thirteen days. They bear interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This interest is stopped now by their purchased retirement. If they had been allowed to run till they were due, they would have cost the government:

Face of bonds	$1,900,000
Interest for 3 years at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent	256,500
Total	$2,156,500

Hence the government saved, on this one lot of bonds, the difference between the two totals above:

Cost at maturity	$2,156,500
Cost now	2,030,725
Saved	$ 125,775

It is to be remembered that the money in the treasury does not draw interest. Hence the system of buying bonds with the surplus is thus shown clearly to be a saving in money, besides keeping the money in circulation instead of hoarding it in the treasury. General HARRISON's statements, in his letter of acceptance, were that the tariff shall be revised, conserving the protective principle, so as to avoid the further accumulation of a surplus, and to use that now in the treasury in the purchase and retirement of bonds; and it is a plain, business like proposition.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

The complete returns of the Vermont state election are all in, and the figures are as follows:

Dillingham (Rep)	48,380
Shurtleff (Dem)	19,426
Seeley (Pro)	1,299
Scattering	6
Dillingham's plurality	28,954
majority over all	27,659

It is interesting to compare this vote with that of former elections, in order to estimate the value of the Republican triumph. The previous "high-water mark" of Republicanism in Vermont was reached at the Presidential election of 1880, when the result stood:

Garfield	45,567
Hancock	18,316
Republican plurality	27,251
Greenback-Labor vote	1,215

In 1884 the Vermont vote was:

Pingree, (Rep.) for governor	42,522
Reddington, (Dem.) for governor	19,820
Republican majority	22,702
Prohibition vote	1,752
The majority for Blaine was	22,185

The Republican majority this year exceeds by 1,703 votes the immense one for GARFIELD in 1880, and 6,252 over that of four years ago. The third-party Prohibitionists had no ticket in 1880. In 1884 they cast 1,754 votes; in 1886, 1,541 votes; this year, 1,299 votes. The decline in their strength is significant, and the result in Maine shows a similar falling off. The people are convinced of the overwhelming importance of the tariff issue this year, and not disposed to waste their votes.

"GO AND SOAK YOUR HEAD."

The New Haven *Palladium* says that after MILLS, the Texan free trader, finished his speech in that city on the evening of September 1, a prominent citizen arose and asked if he might propound a question. MILLS stepped forward, and the gentleman asked:

> If free raw material is going to be such a blessing to the country, and cotton goods, as you have stated, are manufactured cheaper in Rhode Island than they can be in England, how is it that we cannot flood the markets of the world with those manufactured goods?

The Texas statesman replied: "You go home and soak yo' head!" That was his insulting answer to a proper question, but he could make no other. The question presented a fact which is an unanswerable reply to MILLS's theoretical free trade position.

AT a meeting of "single tax" men, at Cooper Union, New York, on Tuesday evening, HENRY GEORGE began his speech as follows:

> I congratulate you on the firm stand that Cleveland has taken, despite the immense pressure brought upon him by small politicians. He has not receded one inch, not one hair's breadth, from the free trade position of his message. The fight is fully made. To the Democratic party it is a small practical thing, but that small practical thing involves the greatest of questions. It is the beginning of the end. Let us elect Grover Cleveland and we will soon see tariff reform pass on to free trade, and free trade pass on to the fuller freedom which is involved in the single tax.

The following brief account of the meeting will be of interest to the farmers who are not certain whether the Mills bill means free trade or not:

> Among those on the platform was an ex-member of Parliament, William Saunders, of East Hull, England. Before the meeting opened he observed that he had not come to speak but to lend moral support to the free trade discussion. Louis F. Post eulogized free trade England and Robert Cobden. Washington, he said, was a protectionist because he didn't know any better. Before introducing the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, Mr. George took up a collection. Mr. Pentecost, like Mr. Post, bitterly denounced American protection as the climax of all villanies. "The Democratic party," he said, "will sooner or later be forced to accept the issue of absolute free trade." He spoke sneeringly of "protectionist Powderly," and declared that the motto of the Cleveland and Thurman single tax party was "free trade in goods, free travel for men and free access to land."

THE Democratic free trade organs in the East are endeavoring to dispute the authenticity of the following extract:

> Grover Cleveland has done more to advance the cause of free trade than any prime minister of England has ever done.—*London Spectator.*

But the Hartford *Courant* sits down on the effort in the following solid fashion:

> Why, bless your ignorant eyes, the *Courant* copied that from the *Spectator* itself as soon as it appeared and set it going, but we've got the copy of the *Spectator* still in the office. There's no conceivable doubt of its genuineness—or its truth either.

THE Philadelphia *Times* is one of the most decent and honest of the leading Democratic dailies of the country. It has the fairness to say:

> It is reported from day to day in the campaign that Gen. Harrison publicly declared during the turbulent railway strikes of 1877 that $1 a day was enough for workingmen. As Gen. Harrison is never drunk, and has never been idiotic, of course he never said so. * * *
>
> It is reported from day to day that Gen. Harrison voted and spoke in favor of the free admission of Chinese labor to this country to destroy our home labor. It is not true, and every man of ordinary intelligence knows it to be false.

THE cry at the St. Louis convention was, "We want THURMAN for campaign purposes." But the old man is so feeble that he cannot stand the wear and tear of campaigning, and there is a suspicion among the Democratic managers that they made fools of themselves at the convention.

NONE of the American members of the Cobden club, nor the sympathizers with its purpose, will vote the Republican ticket. They are all for CLEVELAND; and we all know what that means.

THE national Greenback convention at Cincinnati had only seven delegates, and did not put a ticket in nomination. The party is dead.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The marriage of the Emperor of China will cost 6,000,000 taels, or over $6,000,000.

A valuable ledge of blue slate has been found near Donald, British Columbia.

One watermelon doctor with half an ounce of strychnine killed 2,000 rabbits on a ranch at Travers, Cal.

At a Newport festivity, a brilliant feature was a hunting quadrille danced by a dozen men in red, hunting coats with a dozen ladies each wearing red sashes.

A bouquet without flowers is a novelty. Carried by the wife of the Italian Ambassador, in London, it was composed of gold and silver ferns, green leaves and grasses.

A Connecticut couple couldn't agree on a physician to attend one of their children, and a squabble which followed now has its outcome in a suit for divorce instituted by the wife.

The editor of *Die Bevolkerung* (German) estimates the population of the world to be 1,434,000,000. M. Levasseur (French) puts it at 1,483,000,000, a difference of 49,000,000.

A Philadelphia barber makes the statement that there are fewer bald heads among the people of wealth and fashion in Philadelphia than among the same class of any other American city.

Hartford has a cow which satisfies its appetite for apples by fastening its horns in the limb of a tree and shaking the fruit to the ground. When an insufficient quantity falls, the sagacious animal repeats the operation.

The cranberry harvest in the Wisconsin districts was begun this week. The crops in dry and unimproved marshes suffered about 25 per cent from the recent frosts, but those in improved swamps, with flooding facilities, were little, if any, damaged.

There are in North America about 200,000 persons keeping bees. The amount of honey product is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value nearly $15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds and its value more than $100,000.

There is a granite house in Rowan county, Virginia, built in 1766, and is still owned and occupied by the descendants of the man who built it. The fireplace is 8 feet wide, 5 feet high and 5 feet deep; the house is in a good state of preservation.

The age at which most suicides take place in this country is 35. It would seem that in early middle life the disappointed hopes are most keen and the effects of an ill-spent youth most disastrous. At 35 many Americans feel the wearisomeness of old age.

Fishermen seeking sea bass off the coast of Monterey, Cal., came upon a gigantic sunfish and succeeded in capturing it after enveloping it in about 100 fathoms of net. It weighed 4,000 pounds, and efforts were made to preserve and send it to San Francisco, but they failed.

One Banks, a young man from New York city, recently fell headlong over one of the Kaaterskill falls, in the Catskill mountains, a distance of 80 feet. He landed in a pool of water and was thus saved from instant death. He was badly injured, though, and it is thought will die.

A London preacher placarded the city with notices that he would preach in Spurgeon's Tabernacle on the subject: ",—;—;—!—!" There was a large congregation, to whom he announced the text: "Stand thou still awhile," and then said that his subject was "The Pauses of Life."

At the council of electricians, an essayist stated that an alternating current is more likely to destroy life than a direct current of double or triple the strength. The number of volts by which the alternating current is usually measured is no criterion in regard to its dangerousness.

Friday last was the anniversary of the destructive Southern earthquakes of 1886, and, as though to remind one of the fact, a slight shock was given Athens, Ga., according to the local papers. Bethel, in Maine, felt a shock on Tuesday. Vegetation trembled, and a distant rumbling was heard.

One of the most striking costumes worn at the Goodwood races was that of a young woman who, perhaps, wished to personate the nut-brown maid. Her hat was trimmed with nuts and grapes and nut-colored illusion fastened with amethyst buttons, and she wore heliotrope ribbons on her nut-colored lace frock.

There is one man in Cornwall who thinks an animal may know too much. While he was admiring the beauty of his favorite cow, imagine his surprise to see her fasten her horns into the limbs of an apple tree, shake it, and then pick up the apple. These proceedings were continued until she had satisfied her appetite.

Martin Wiles, bathing master of the Mohican House, Lake George, while digging the other day under the roots of a big cedar not far from the beach, found a quantity of Indian weapons, evidently of great antiquity, and portions of a human skeleton, which crumbled into dust as soon as exposed to the air. The weapons were arrowheads and stone hatchets of curious design.

It is suggested that American women who ride should no longer follow the English fashion of sitting on the left side of the horse. There the custom of turning to the left on the road places the lady away from the wheels of any vehicle she may meet. But her common sense dictates that the women sit on the right. They have good precedent. The Princess of Wales, for special reasons, always does, and the Empress of Austria sits either way.

Mrs. Jennie Robinson, wife of William Robinson, a wagonmaker of Gosport, N. Y., lost the sight of an eye recently, and the sight of the other was affected. She had the best medical aid, but without success. Her blindness dates from October, 1887, and came on suddenly. In the same manner she awoke Thursday morning and found that everything was bright and plain before her. The sight of both eyes was thus restored as it were by a miracle.

According to statistics furnished the War department at Washington, the following is the latest horse census: Russia, 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000 and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000 and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and 50,000 mules.

"Brethren," said a Tennessee preacher, "don't put Pontius Pilate down as a bad man. He wasn't a bad man; he was only a weak one. He himself would much rather have released our Savior, but he couldn't resist the pressure of the Scribes and Pharisees and the howlings of the rabble. He didn't have any backbone. He wasn't bad, but he was a poor creature—in fact, there was nothing to him. Brethren, if Gen. Andrew Jackson had been in Pontius Pilate's place that trial would have had a different ending."

"WIDE-APART PRINCIPLES."

Under the above title, the New York *World* has an editorial which begins as follows:

> Gen. Harrison is right on one point. The contest between the two parties "is not between schedules, but between wide-apart principles."
>
> The difference between the schedules of the tariff enacted by the Republicans and revised by the Democrats is only a difference of $7.75 on $100. On all the schedules the difference is but $4.61. This difference affords no basis for the charge of "free trade" against the Democrats.

The *World* knows, if it knows anything, that the percentage trick by which a difference of only $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. is shown between the average per cent. of tariff by the present law, and the average proposed by the Mills bill, is a fallacious device, intended to mislead voters; and it should be ashamed to use it. Here is the truth of the matter:

The Mills bill took the revenues of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, as a basis. We imported in that year, in round numbers, $398,000,000 of dutiable merchandise. The duties received were $179,741,330. The Mills bill is claimed to reduce this amount by $50,000,000. The duties collected were about 45 per cent. of the total dutiable imports (not counting the importation of articles on the free list). Take the $50,000,000 estimated reduction from the total duties collected, and there is left $129,741,330. This is 32 per cent. of the dutiable imports. Hence the Mills bill, on MILLS's own figures, reduces the average duty the difference between 43 per cent. and 32 per cent., which is 13 per cent.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to us at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

CHAPLAIN LOZIER, one of the best known advocates of temperance in the country, in an open letter addressed to the Prohibition candidate for Vice President, says:

> I have probably fought as long and as effectually for prohibition as yourself or some other blatant members of your party. I am liable to keep it up as long as any of you, if I live; but I never yet went out of the Republican party to fight for prohibition. I never belonged to a third party, such as you now advocate, nor anything that bore the name, save within the Republican camp. I always did my balking and "kicking" while in Republican "harness." It was the saloon fellow who went out; I stayed.

"THE Democrats have magnified and nursed the surplus which they affect to deprecate, seemingly for the purpose of exaggerating the evil in order to reconcile the people to the extreme remedy they propose."—*Gen. Harrison's Letter of Acceptance.*

SUGAR is to go up. The Trust wants to even up on its big campaign subscription to CLEVELAND's boodle.

SEND THEM IN—A WORD TO THE WOMEN WHO READ THE BLADE!

So many inquiries come from time to time to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD regarding the noted women of America—those whose work has made them prominent—that to answer them she will write a series of articles giving some account of the lives and characters of these persons. This series will run over a period of three months, beginning the middle of November, or the first of December, the exact period depending upon the time consumed in their preparation.

In order that this series may include those most interesting to the largest number, Miss Bouton would like to receive from each member of the HOUSEHOLD, or woman reader of the BLADE, a postal card upon which is the name of the American woman of prominence now living, whom the sender most desires to know about. These postals will be received until November 1, at which time they will be assorted, and the twelve names which have received the largest number of votes will be those selected for the series. Send in your postal without delay. Address your postals, thus:

The Blade,
Toledo,
Ohio.
Household Dept.

SLANDERING ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

A Campaign Lie that is on Its Rounds in Western Democratic Papers.

There are a good many prominent Republican business men in Chicago who can not accept their party's tariff pronunciamento and who intend to vote for Cleveland's re-election. The ideas and the practical methods of the American Tariff Reform league of that city satisfy them, but a majority of the officers of that organization are Democrats and they prefer to work independently. Consequently this curious arrangement has been made: The Democrats have resigned and Republicans have chosen instead. Postmaster S. Corning Judd is succeeded as president by Charles W. Deering, of the Deering Harvester works. Franklin McVeagh is made first vice president in place of a Democrat and so on down the list. Robert T. Lincoln is already a member of one of the working committees of the club. The Democrats naturally yielded gracefully. The club will now bind itself to carry Illinois for Cleveland.—*Winfield (Kan.) Daily Telegram.*

Several readers of the BLADE have sent us the above, which has been generally printed in Democratic papers all over the West. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has taken the pains to investigate it, with the following result, which we quote from that paper of the 13th:

The strait to which Democrats have been driven is evidenced by the publication of such stuff as the above. Mr. Charles W. Deering has always favored free trade, and Mr. MacVeagh supported Cleveland in 1884. Mugwumps and free traders are not Republicans. The reference to Mr. Lincoln is so absurd as hardly to be worth branding as a lie. However, in order to find out what Mr. Robert T. Lincoln had to say about his being thus branded as a Democrat and free trader, a reporter of the *Inter-Ocean* called yesterday at the office of that gentleman, in the Honore Building, on Dearborn street. When Mr. Lincoln had glanced over the extract given above, he laughed and said:

"What is this? I never heard of such a thing. It is very funny. I remember some years ago—it may have been a year or two ago—of subscribing some small sum—I think it was $2—to some fellow as the easiest way of getting rid of him, which subscription made me a member of some association, which, as I understood, was engaged in the work of simplifying our state taxation laws; nothing, as I was led to believe, that had anything to do with national taxation, or imports, or matters of protection. If that organization was, unknown to me, a free trade organization, I, of course, became a member of it through a misrepresentation of its objects. It is not an organization to which I have ever given the slightest attention, and, in fact, I do not even know whether it is such an organization as the one which I supposed I had joined.

"If this extract is intended to intimate that I have gone over to the Democratic party, or have any sympathy with free trade notions as opposed to a proper protection of American industry, then there is no foundation for it, and it is utterly untrue. The newspaper paragraph shown me charges me with being a member of a tariff reform league, of which Postmaster S. Corning Judd was recently the president. I should be very much surprised to know that I had not differed in sentiment from any views held by Mr. Judd, from the beginning of the war of the rebellion up to the present moment, and nothing that I have ever said, or thought, would make me a proper member of any political organization of which he could consistently be President; and I do not believe that I was ever a member of any such organization. The intimation in this article that I have turned Democrat and am not in favor of protection to American industries is the merest nonsense."

Mr. Lincoln added that he had promised the national Republican committee to make a number of speeches throughout the country during the progress of the campaign, and would commence doing so as soon as he could dispose of the large amount of business which had accumulated during his absence in Europe.

MARK THE CONTRAST.

There was a certain solemn and awful day in her history in 1862, when President Lincoln had called for "300,000 more," and her loving husband, who has just returned from a three months service at the front, was called into the office of the great war governor, Oliver P. Morton, who saw him passing by, and said to him: "Ben, these are discouraging days. I don't know what we are going to do with so many treasonable elements to contend with in our state." Slowly and tentatively he continued: "Could you raise a company and go out at its head to stimulate others by your example?" The young man did not hastily promise, but walked thoughtfully homeward into the presence of his wife, hugged his little boy and girl with more than usual tenderness, and said: "Carrie, the governor wants me to go back to the front. Can you and the babies get along without me for a little while again?" Mrs. Harrison, like the patriotic woman she was, said, with a blanched face and choking voice: "Yes, Ben, we will try to get along somehow, if the country needs you."

SCENE, BUFFALO. TIME, 1862.—Grover Cleveland, a strong, lusty young man of 25, unmarried, with no family depending upon him for support, also hears the appeal of Lincoln, but gives no response, not even a work of sympathy. The draft follows. He locks his office door, walks down the docks and hires a poor sailor, who goes as his substitute, and afterward is allowed to die in the poor house.

Mr. Cleveland on the Fisheries.

From His Letter of Acceptance.

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Mr. Cleveland on the "Most Serious Danger" of a Second Term.

From His Letter of Acceptance.

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The Slot Idea.

New York Tribune.

It is suggested that the Democrats display this placard at the polls on election day: "Drop a ballot in the slot, and see the British free trader smile."

Our Big Offer.

We would like the name and address of a man or woman in each county in the U. S. who would be willing to invest $1 per month for twelve months, if they thought by so doing they could secure something that would be worth at least $100 cash. No peddling. Send us your name and address and 2-cent stamp and we will write you full particulars. Address Domestic Co., P. O. Box 164, Chicago, Ill.

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

WAGES AND LIVING IN ENGLAND.

A Truthful Account of a Personal Visit to the Workingmen of England—Photographs Taken on the Spot By the Author.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Mr. Nathaniel McKay, of this city, has just returned from a two months' tour through England, where he spent nearly all his time in investigating the wages and the living of the British working people. Mr. McKay went among the mechanics and artisans of that country to see and hear for himself and to ascertain the effect of England's free trade policy on her toilers. He has returned here with what he calls a "log" of his journeyings, and has put into the form of an open letter to his countrymen the results of his observations. His account of his trip is couched in plain, simple language, but it presents a striking contrast between the condition of the average workingman in this country and his brethren in free trade England. The letter is as follows:

To the Workingmen of America:

Two months ago I sailed for England, bent on learning the real condition of the working classes of that country by going among them and asking them to speak for themselves. Many years' experience has taught me what it is to earn a living by the "sweat of my brow," for I have toiled as a mechanic and spent the greater part of my life among the working people, but never before have I seen the bone and sinew of a great land so shackled with the slave chains of

POVERTY AND DEGRADATION

as during my short stay among the toiling masses of free trade England. I have no wish to paint the picture in dark colors or exaggerated language—God knows the best is distressing enough—nor have I any motive save to lay the plain, unquestioned facts before you of America, so that you can judge for yourselves whether you prefer that this government shall continue to afford you the protection which your labor now enjoys, or that it shall open its ports to the free importation of the products of the land I have just been in. The decision is in your hands, and will be made by your votes.

WORKING AT THE FORGE.

It is without doubt the inherent right of the consumer to buy where he can buy cheapest, but I am confident that no American workingman wants to bring himself and his brethren

DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF MISERY, POVERTY

and the hopelessness to be found in every industrial center in England. Facts are stubborn things, but the facts that I have gathered among the British working classes show that free trade is the blight and the curse that rests upon that land and its wage earners. Human beings can be forced to no lower depths of destitution and despair than I witnessed in the land we call "Merrie England" as a consequence of its economic policy, and it is with the earnest hope that our great and prosperous country shall not be turned into a land of paupers, starving workingmen and ruined industries that I address you. If free trade is to be our policy it will not be long before the misery and suffering at present among the English toilers will be stalking through this land, too.

The gross amount of revenue collected in the British Empire in the year 1887 was £205,912,725. It costs nearly £22,000,000 per year to support the army. The constabulary of Ireland numbers 14,000 men and there are 25,000 soldiers quartered there. The spies and policemen in Ireland number 1,000. The total population of the British Empire is estimated at 323,438,178. That of the United Kingdom is 37,000,000, 22,000,000 of which are of the working classes. Hence the need of a large market for British products, and the strenuous efforts that their manufacturers are making to establish the free trade system in this country.

My tour among

THE WORKING PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

began at Liverpool, where I landed July 26. The first fact that confronted me was that there were 817,289 people supported as paupers in England and Wales alone, during the past year, and 442,289 were in an actual state of destitution in Ireland. Leaving poor Ireland out of the reckoning,

THE PERCENTAGE OF PAUPERS

among the population of England and Wales is 3,171. Perhaps something of this is due to the fact that 10,207 persons own two thirds of England and Wales and 1,942 own the same proportion of the land of Ireland.

Leaving Liverpool for a time, I went to Manchester. The girl having charge of the telegraph and postoffice there, and running both, told me she was paid 16s. ($4) per week. She works 11 hours a day. In the restaurant in which I breakfasted the waitress stated that she earned 13s. ($3.25) a week, worked from 8 till 8, and found her own food, or paid for whatever she ate. My first day was spent in ascertaining

THE WAGES FOR MEN

in different industries, and the result will be found below. In every case I state the highest figures that were given me:

	English Wages.		American Wages.
Locomotive engineers	35s.	00d.	$21 00
Locomotive firemen	26s.	00d.	12 00
Boiler fitters	20s.	00d.	15 00
Boiler makers	34s.	00d.	16 50
Platers	38s.	00d.	18 00
Riveters	20s.	00d.	13 00
Helpers	20s.	00d.	......
Laborers	18s.	00d.	8 10
Joiners	32s.	00d.	15 00
Carpenters	32s.	00d.	18 00
Shoemakers	22s.	00d.	12 00
Angle iron workers	40s.	00d.	12 00
Holders on	32s.	00d.	......
First-class machinists	34s.	00d.	18 00
Printers	32s.	00d.	18 00
Apprentices after 7 years' service	10s. to 18s.		
Painters, per hour	00s.	7d.	15 00
Plumbers, per hour	00s.	8d.	18 00
Stone masons, per hour	00s.	8d.	......
Plasterers, per hour	00s.	8d.	21 00
Bookbinders (girls) after 4 years' service	12s. to 14s.		
Bookbinders while learning	6s. to 8s.		
Salesgirls in stores	12s. to 14s.		

Having learned their income I determined to find out, meager as it was, how they spent it. It was not a difficult task. Every penny went to keep life in their bodies, and it barely served its purpose. I visited a boilermaker, who earned in a week of sixty hours what is equal in our money to $8. He lived in a brick house that has two rooms on the first floor and two above. For this he pays 3s. (75 cents) per week rent, and his four rooms housed his six children and wife, besides himself. The "parlor" is where they cook, eat and live through the day. It has a stone floor with no carpet.

THEY HAVE THREE CHAIRS

to place around the table at meal time, and a wooden bench serves for the children. What a deception to a hungry stomach must be such meals as this mechanic gets from his table. For breakfast he has a penny's worth of cheese, bread, with butter, if he can afford it; if not, lard; some tea in a pot. Meat of any kind for breakfast

IS AN UNKNOWN LUXURY TO HIM,

and if he were to go to his day's toil with even a smell of a juicy steak he would think himself a prince. It is only at his midday meal, if at all, that he gets meat, and then it is a penny's worth (2 cents), with a slice of bread. At his home at night he has set before him a herring, perhaps an egg, butter, bread and tea. This man considers himself as well off as any mechanic in Manchester, and he told me that it costs him 30s. ($7.50) per week to keep his family. That would leave him 2s. (50c.) outside of his bare living expenses, supposing that he worked the full sixty hours every week. What hope does life hold out for him?

The saleswomen in Manchester get from 12s to 14s ($3 to $3.50) per week in the largest retail places, working twelve hours per day, and they are "docked" for holidays. In the smaller places they get from 2s to 4s less.

Wigan is one of the oldest boroughs in the kingdom. It is in the county of Lancaster on the line of the Northwestern railway. It has about 60,000 people and as

A MANUFACTURING PLACE

is about as productive as any other town of its size in Great Britain. I asked the engineer with whom I traveled on the Northwestern road what he earned. He said he had been at work forty years, running from Liverpool to London, and received 7s ($1.75) per day of ten hours' work. His fireman got 4s ($1). Engineers on freight trains, he said, got 6s ($1 50) per day.

AN OLD ROMAN TOWN.

Arriving at Wigan I found myself in the midst of such destitution, squalor and wretchedness as I never before witnessed. And these were the homes of the mechanics and working people in this "prosperous" district of "Merrie England." No one who has not gazed in pity on the scene can have any conception of the misery and poverty that exist in the homes of these mechanics. Some of them are a hard working and industrious a lot as can be found anywhere. The district of Wigan contains iron mills, furnaces, manufactories of tools and agricultural instruments, besides large cotton and woolen factories. Coal is found in large quantities throughout the district, and the town itself is honeycombed underneath with mines and tunnels. Wigan was originally built and inhabited by the Romans, and many of its houses have an ancient appearance, the court house in particular looking as if it had been constructed about 1,000 years ago. A venerable old church, in which services are still held, stands in the center of the town. Its steeple was knocked off in the time of Cromwell. It has never been replaced, and the lack of it gives the antique old pile a very distressed look. It is not much out of keeping, however, with its surroundings.

THE MISERABLE HOMES OF THE MECHANICS

are mostly built in rows extending an entire block. They are of brick, two stories high, and face on stone paved courts or streets. One block that I visited contained 32 tenements, each having four rooms. A yard extends the entire length of the block in the rear of these houses. So valuable is the property, however, or so greedy is the landlord, that this yard is only 3 feet and 9 inches wide. You enter the ground floor immediately from the street and find yourself in the living room. It is the largest room in the tenement. It is 11 feet square and measures 7 feet 8 inches from floor to ceiling. It has only one window, which is 4 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches high. The sun has a hard time, I suppose, in finding this aperture, but to obstruct still further its cheerful, health-giving rays—so rare at best in this foggy climate of England—the window is subdivided into 30 panes of glass. With its

UNCARPETED STONE FLOOR,

its wooden table that never sees a cloth, the room presents a picture to the eye about as cheerful as a dungeon in the Tombs prison in New York city. How the entire family manages to live and eat there is more than I can tell. All the cooking is also done in this room, for the apartment back of it is scarcely half its size and is used only as a storeroom and washroom. From the back of this "parlor" a stairway leads up to the two sleeping apartments, which are in size the same as those below. Each is lighted by one of those "thirty-two pane windows." The rent for a tenement like this is 3s. 3d. per week. A family of ten occupied one that I inspected, and they have lived there for twenty years. The husband was a well-to-do mechanic, as that term goes in Great Britain, earning what he thought was fairly good wages and having a fairly good table. He told me that

BREAKFAST FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

consisted of about one-half a pound of pork—called by them bacon—some bread and butter, and tea without sugar. For dinner they had two eggs, with only a quarter of a pound of bacon, bread and butter, with some milk and water. When butter happened to be scarce a cheap kind of lard was substituted. It was seldom that they had pork or other meat for supper. On Saturdays they usually purchased four pounds of beef, 8d. (16 cents) per pound for a Sunday dinner. Should any be left over it is served for Monday's breakfast. No other purchases of meat, however, are made by the average mechanic of Wigan during the remainder of the week, and many, my informant said, could not afford the quantity he did once a week. "Sometimes," he added, "I may have extra a pint of milk or a head of cabbage that costs a penny. We don't have that regularly, though. I live as well as any man of my class, for I pay no more rent than others, and I can earn 28s. ($7) per week. That is above the average. Clothing does not cost much. I have no coat, for I can't afford it. The clothes I stand in now are all that I have to wear, and they cost me as follows:

Trousers and vest	15s.	8d.
Shirt, flannel	2s.	6d.
Stockings	1s.	8d.
Brogans	4s.	6d.
Suspenders	0s.	9d.
Cap	2s.	0d.
Scarf, worn instead of a collar, which no English mechanic ever wears	0s.	8d.

Total cost of clothes, 27s. 7d., or $7 in our money. This man had a suit of underclothing, but did not remember the price of it. No American workingman would wear these clothes, even to his shop.

I visited

THE DEBTORS' COURT,

which is a tribunal where the claims of a workingman's creditors, landlords, shop keepers, and the owners of gin palaces, are enforced. Non-payment of any claims adjudicated by this court means imprisonment. Every man or woman summoned has to answer these questions: Are you married? Is your husband at work? How much does he get? How many children have you, and how many are at work? The judge, arrayed in a flowing white wig and long gown, gives his decision on the replies that are made. The poor unfortunate, sometimes a woman with her babe in her arms, is informed solemnly that she must pay so many shillings a week until the debt is cleared off or serve forty days in jail.

I was informed that many of the claims brought before this tribunal were those of owners of rum shops

Wigan is built upon ground that is a superstructure, so to speak, of extensive coal mines. Down deep in the earth, and in tortuous subterranean tunnels that are 2,500 feet below the surface, the coal miner toils for a living. I visited

THE ROSEBRIDGE COLLIERY,

which is the deepest mine in England. It has 500 men employed in it. The iron cage shot me down 816 yards below the surface in exactly 50 seconds. I crawled about the bottom of the mine on my hands and knees and brought out with me a piece of coal that I got in a vein which was 12 feet wide and was only 2 feet 7 inches high. Here, as in several other veins, I found the miners working while lying all the time on their stomachs, and in a temperature of 96 degrees. The atmosphere is simply stifling.

As the coal is dug out by the miners in the various tunnels it is wheeled away in hand barrows by men. Women of all ages, married and single, are employed in this work on top of the mines. It is a sorry sight indeed, especially to an American, to see these

POOR CREATURES COMPELLED TO UNSEX THEMSELVES

in their struggle for bread in this land of free trade. You search in vain for one glint of femininity in their appearance, for they are begrimed from head to foot and look as coarse as the coal itself.

Both the men and the women work 52 hours a week. The miners work by the piece and average, so Superintendent Morris told me, 16 to 18 shillings a week ($4 to $4 50) a week. The laborers get 3 shillings (75 cents) a day, the women from 1 shilling to 1 shilling and 9 pence (25 to 35 cents) per day. These colliers

LIVE IN MISERABLE SHANTIES

and their staple food is bread and butter or lard and tea. Sometimes they can earn only half wages and then the bread and butter portion of their food is scanty. "I have been lucky sometimes to get it twice a week," one of them said to me.

THE MIDDAY MEAL OF THE BRITISH COAL MINER

consists of buttermilk or tea and a piece of bread, which he carries to his work every morning. It is possible that on Sunday he feels able to buy a small piece of meat, but not one day in the month does he get it except on the Sabbath. The foreman of the gang proudly asserted to me that he had a penny's worth of meat four times a week with perhaps some cheese or salt fish.

Some of the largest cotton and woolen factories in Great Britain are operated in Wigan.

THE SHINING GIRLS

in these factories work from 6 o'clock to 5:30, and the first class operators—those, at least, who are 23 years—can earn 11s. ($2.75 a week. Many of them, however, have to be content with 8s. The youngest child allowed to work in these factories must be 13 years of age. They are paid 3s. 10d. (95 cents) per week, and they work the same hours as adults. The laboring men about the mill get 15s. ($3.75) a week. I was told that the pay of a schoolmaster in Wigan, having charge of 75 to 100 children, ranged from £50 to £80 ($250 to $400) per year.

The Northwestern railroad pays as good wages as any road in Great Britain. Station masters on that railway get 17s. 6d. per week. Conductors get from 25s. to 32s., according to time of service. These men live with their families in

HOUSES HAVING THREE ROOMS,

for which they pay from 4s. to 6s. per week. The barmaids in the stations work from 7 a. m. until 11 p. m., get their board and lodging and £15 a year. They have to work on Sundays from noon until 2:30, and again from 6 to 8 o'clock. They are given half a day off during the week.

UNSEXED MINERS.

On August 7 I began my journey through what is known here as the "Black Country," of which the writer in a recent issue of the Manchester *Sunday Chronicle* says: "The more I see of existence in this Christian land of ours, the more convinced I am becoming that

OUR POORER BRETHREN HERE

are living in about the most unhappy time the world has known. Talk about the Dark Ages! What comparison could the retail wretchedness of those times bear to the wholesale misery that man's inhumanity to man is producing in the Black Country to-day."

It would be impossible for any man to count the chimneys and the furnaces seen on the way

FROM WIGAN TO BIRMINGHAM.

There is no district in the world like it. They run their furnaces night and day. I reached Darlaston late at night. The train driver who ran the engine on my train said he worked sixteen hours a day and earned 32s. a week. The conductor receives 18s. for the same length of time. I attempted to

VISIT THE BOLT AND NUT WORKS OF A FIRM,

father and son, rated among the millions. They employ about 500 hands, half of them being

WOMEN, WHO STAND AT THE FORGE

just the same as men. They get from 3s. to 8s. per week; good workmen get 14s. After waiting in the entry I was told that I could not be admitted. I waited around the building until 1 o'clock, when the men and women came out for their midday meal. The women had shawls over their heads instead of hats. I asked some of them what they had for dinner, and they said bread and tea.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

TWO PICTURES TO LOOK ON.

In Philadelphia, Pa., a protection city, 170,000 homes are owned by working people.—*Hon. Charles O'Neill.*

The laboring men and women of the United States have on deposit in these savings banks a sufficient amount to have paid on March 1, 1888, the whole of our national debt of $1,202,454,714, and still have $33,000,000 surplus.—*Senator Morrill.*

In Leeds, England, a free trade city, population 320,000, not one laboring man or mechanic owns his home. —*Evidence Chief of Police.*

I heard Mr. Bradlaugh declare in a speech in Parliament that agriculture was ruined; that half of the farm laborers could get no work; that those employed received the pittance of a shilling or a shilling and sixpence a day. If I should describe the condition of English laborers in his words I should be charged with gross exageration.—*Senator Frye.*

BURDETTE VS. MILLS.

It Takes Some Labor to Grow the Calf, The Jester Thinks.

Robert J. Burdette.

"Leather," says Mr. Roger Q. Mills, "is not a product of labor; it grows as the calf grows." Ho! 'Tain't no work to raise a calf, then? Tain't no work, hay? Come out to the farm next summer, Mr. Mills; come out to the farm and teach an orphan calf how to drink milk from a wooden pail; if you are alive after the third lesson and won't admit that the culture and training of a plain red calf isn't attended with travail of patience and suffering of martyrdom you can pick out the best two-year old colt on the ranch—broncho bred—and ride it home.

A Hint to Puny People.

From their arrival on this planet to their usually early departure from it, people of weak constitutions and angular physiques pass a sort of half-existence. Like dormice they burrow in their home retreats, afraid of heat, afraid of cold, constantly afraid that the shadow of the dread reaper will materialize and exact the forfeit which he demands from all, sooner or later. No finer medicinal assurance of comparative vigor for the feeble exist than that afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Used with persistence—not with spurts and spasms—this genial and professionally commended tonic will do much toward infusing strength into a puny system, and rounding off scrawny angles in the human figure. Appetitite, nerve tranquility and nightly repose are encouraged by it, and a malarial, rheumatic, bilious tendency overcome. It establishes digestion and prevents kidney troubles.

For Baby's Skin.

THE LOVELIEST, WHITEST, CLEAREST, SOFTEST, purest skin, free from pimple, spot, or blemish, is produced by

CUTICURA SOAP.

It is absolutely pure delicately medicated exquisitely perfumed and simply incomparable as an Infantile Skin Soap. If used from moment of birth, is sure to prevent every species of skin and scalp diseases. Sale greater than that of all other infantile skin soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

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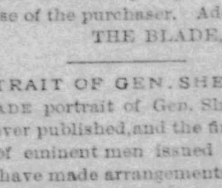

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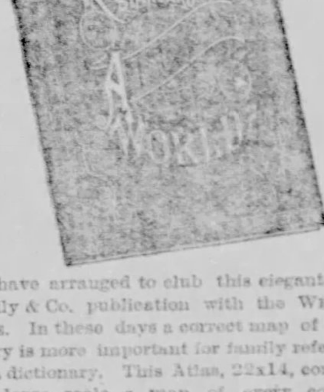

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1	PRIZE OF 100,000	is	100,000
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2	PRIZES OF 10,000	are	20,000
5	PRIZES OF 5,000	are	25,000
25	PRIZES OF 1,000	are	25,000
100	PRIZES OF 500	are	50,000
200	PRIZES OF 300	are	60,000
500	PRIZES OF 200	are	100,000
	APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100	Prizes of $500	are	50,000
100	Prizes of $300	are	30,000
100	Prizes of $200	are	20,000
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999	do. 100	are	99,900
999	do. 100	are	99,900
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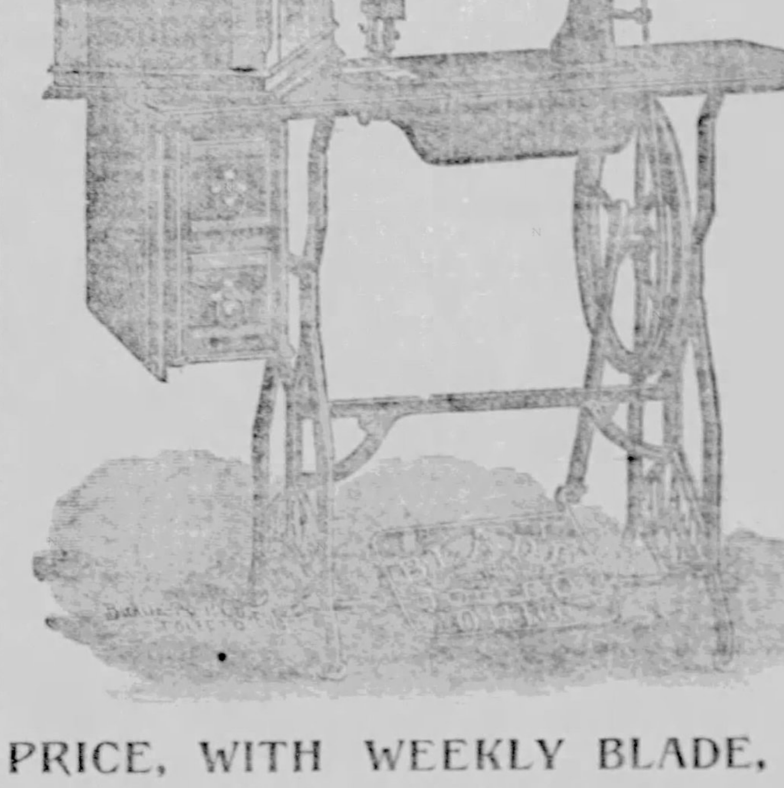

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR BOYS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Might as well let them have their way, sow their wild oats and be done with it. If they are going permantly to the bad no amount of home government is going to prevent it, of that you may be sure. They have got to meet temptations, and the sooner they do it, the quicker they will be ready to settle down and behave themselves, if they ever will."

It was about boys that this intelligent man of the world was talking—about your boys, mothers who read these words, the boys you love, the bright, manly little fellows whose innocent prattlings have many times taken you so near to that One who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." This man's words meant that you should send them forth with no restraining hand to guard and guide, into temptations that have the charm of novelty, temptations strong enough to sweep those who have attained the strength of manhood off of their feet, and if, perchance, these boys escape, if they prove able to rise above and beyond them into a wise maturity, well—if not, it is because their downward tendencies were so strong that nothing could hold them back.

This is a fatalism very comforting for those who would avoid the responsibility of leading their boys into the right way and holding them there by wholesome restraint, by constant watchfulness, and by personal example. That is all such reasoning amounts to, exactly what it means. If your boys come into the world gifted with strong natural tendencies to clean living, so much the better, but if not, there is no use in struggling to teach them how to overcome the evil or weakness in their nature.

Never believe a word of it. That is a sort of talk which has become very common in these later days, and is the foundation of the freedom, or license rather, which is given to the young. Let them "gang their ain gait," "sow their wild oats," "see life," all common expressions made about boys, which means to let them go unchecked where they will see all sorts of vice, imbibe into their young minds the worst thoughts, and then, if they voluntarily choose to turn their backs and walk towards the higher life, they will be likely to make respectable men.

I was passing along one of the principal streets in our own city one evening, when just outside of a gaily lighted saloon I saw two boys, yet in their teens, leaning up against the doorway, cigars in their mouths, and talking in that unmistakable tone that denotes half inebriety. These boys were well dressed and belonged to good families. Their parents were nice people who meant to do their duty by their children, and yet here were those whose welfare was undoubtedly one of the greatest objects of their lives, in a place which is the quickest way to ruin and with no one to speak one warning word, or make one single effort to show them their danger. They were absent from the home circle, but neither fathers nor mothers knew where they were or what they were doing. It was more than likely that they would not go home until an hour which would make them safe from discovery. They were having "a good time seeing life," and what a terrible life to see!

You may be sure of one thing, for there is nothing more evident. An evil thought once given a foothold in the mind grows with a swift luxuriance that soon lets it overtop and overshadow the good, and is harder to uproot than the Canadian thistle in our streets, which multiplies and thrives so as to defy any but the most strenuous effort to bring it to destruction. Familiarity with evil does not breed the contempt which leads to loathing only in exceptional instances, but it blackens and defaces God's likeness, bringing a world of misery.

Keep your boys at home evenings. There seems to be something in the secrecy which darkness brings, in the veil that is spread over the actions, which develops evil. Then is the time when tempters ply their vocation most vigorously. What appears impossible and unattractive by day, becomes fascinating by night. The air is full of whisperings prompting to vice. Keep your boys out of it unless you are by their side to hold them away from temptation. The longer you can preserve them from the actual knowledge of what stimulates to evil, the more strength the good is acquiring in their natures, and the more likely are they to resist when later on, you cannot guard them. Do not believe that this watchful care upon your part will weaken and make them less manly, for it is not true. You know that the body must learn to stand before it can walk, and the same rule holds good in all training.

The license given to the young in these days, is, perhaps, a reaction from the old rigid discipline, that kept children always in the background, and which, it has been claimed, made them self conscious, awkward, and lacking in indehendence. "My children shall have a better time than I did," says the father, and forthwith he withdraws all watchfulness of his boys' doings, and lets them go out at their own sweet will. In many cases this liberty of action is really given through arrant selfishness upon the father's part. It is too much trouble to take constant note of their sons' proceedings, and "they will bring up all right" is the spoken or unspoken thought.

It is often said that the wildest boys are those whose home restraints are most rigid. That is true, nor is it strange. A wise discipline does not involve a needless tyranny. To be unreasonably arbitrary is as great a mistake as to give undue license, for it incites to constant rebellion. Authority exercised without discretion will stimulate a desire to defy it in every way. A boy has his rights which are to be respected as carefully as those of his elders, and he is quick to see the injustice when it is not done.

The true way, the only way is to make home so pleasant that the requirement of his presence there will not be irksome. It may involve effort and self-denial upon the part of the parents but the results are so good that they will cease to regard them as irksome.

Many a young man has been saved from wrong-doing by the sudden thought of the happy home of his boyhood where the evening hours were made such a delight that the outside world, unknown as it was, had no charm for his imagination.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

CORNER WHATNOT OF SPOOLS.—I used 104 spools; colored them with green walnut shucks, in an iron vessel. Use enough water to cover the spools and shucks or hulls from one-half peck walnuts. Put in the spools and boil till dark enough, then empty the contents of your kettle on the grass and rinse the spools by throwing over them clear cold water. When dry, varnish with carriage varnish. Now for the Whatnot: I used three strands of copper wire to string the spools on, and had three triangular shelves; the lower one is 25 inches across the front, middle 22, and top one 18 inches. With a gimlet bore a hole in each of the three corners of shelves for the wire. Have the wires five or six feet long; tie a knot in the end of each and string on a shelf, the largest one. Sort your spools and build three towers of nine spools each and be sure to have each tower the same height; then put on the three wires. Now put on another shelf and nine more spools, then the last shelf and 17 spools on three front wires and 16 on back wire. Now tighten the wires and fasten securely together in a bunch and make a loop of the twisted ends to hang by. Cover shelf with cretonne and tack worsted fringe across the front with brass-headed tacks. I hope this will be plain enough.—MRS. A. V. KOLLER, Olpe, Kansas.

TO COVER A PARASOL.—Parasols are almost out of season, but, as no one has answered the inquiry, "how to cover one," I will tell you how I managed it. Remove the old cover and rip out one section, from which cut an exact pattern. Cut, by the pattern, as many pieces as are in the old cover, hem each piece, then sew them all together; leave one seam open one inch at top, so you can slip the cover over the little cap at the top of stick. You must manage some way to loosen the cap, so as to get the cloth under it, sew up the seam, replace the cap, and fasten the cover to frame. In sewing the seams, have them just the depth of those in the old cover, or your new one will not fit. It must be just so, neither too tight, or too loose.—ALWAYS BUSY.

SCRAP BOOK.—Get three sheets of cardboard from a printing office, one of light blue, one of light pink and the other white. Have ready a bottle of mucilage to paste the pictures on. Cut the cardboard in two in the center; you will have enough for two books. Make one with the pink on the outside, the other with the blue for the covers. Fold them together in book form. Do not press them so as to break the cardboard. Fasten in the back with white ribbon bows, then begin by putting largest pictures in the center of page and fill around the sides with small ones. Put the dark pictures on the white pages, and vice versa. Will any of the readers send me something to go in my memorial scrap book?—Box 27, Berry, Sangamon Co., Ill.

WINTER DECORATION.—A handsome ornament for the corner of a room is a bracket cut from brown pasteboard and varnished, with a light vase filled with grasses, pressed autumn leaves or paper flowers. A bouquet for the center table of pressed ferns, dried grasses and everlastings is pretty to take the place of the fresh flowers which are gone. Make a wreath of evergreens or Princess pine and bittersweet berries to hang over the mirror or engravings. Ferns and bright autumn leaves in a hanging basket in the window have a cheerful effect, or pinned in graceful sprays on white curtains. I find many ways to use them, and always press a great many in the fall. Will some one tell of the pretty ornaments made from them? I will send a pretty pattern for paper rack to Popcorn if she will send her address and postage.—MABEL WIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence county, Mo.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BROAD LACE.—Cast on 21 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o three times—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 2nd row—make 1 (by putting right hand needle under the thread, and wind around it once)—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 3rd row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 4th row—Make 1—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 4—o—n—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 6th row—make 1—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 8th row—make 1—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 9th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 10th row—make 1—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 11th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 4—o—n—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 6—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog; 12th row—bind off three—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o twice—p 2 tog; repeat from 1st row.—MRS. B., Tekamah, Burt county, Neb.

CROCHETED CLOVER LEAF.—Make a chain the required length of edging. Turn, miss 1—3 treble in 3 successive stitches of the foundation; 7 ch—turn—1 t in 3d ch; this forms a loop; turn this over and work 4 ch—1 t in the l—3 ch—1 t in the same l—4 ch—1 d c in the same l in the last ch—stitch next the base or where it was joined to make the l—this makes 4 ls—turn over—begin in the last l and make 1 d c—½ t—3 t—join this—(s c) to the first long t of foundation—then 3 long t t—1 d c in the same l. This competes the first leaf or lobe. In the next make 1 d c ½ t—6 t—1 t—1 d c. Make in the 3d same as 2d—in the 4th 5 d c on the next 3 ch—6 d c. This completes the leaf and stem. Then work 6 t on the foundation ch. Now commence again with 7 ch, etc. The 2d leaf is made same as 1st, and is joined as follows: The middle of 1st leaf or lobe (s c) to 3d t last made on foundation ch. as given in the preceding. The centre of 2d lobe is joined between the 3d and 4th of the preceding leaf. The "½" t is made by putting thread around hook, drawing it through the st, catching it again and pulling it through all the three loops on the needle at once, instead of at twice as in a full treble.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD TO MOTHERS—PARTIALITY.—Who ever saw a mother or father who would acknowledge being partial? How unconsciously it steals upon humanity, broadening and deepening as the channel of the mighty river on its course oceanward, which at its source was only a tiny brook. How often and with what pain do we see instances of this kind in the family, though of one flesh and blood, and claimed by the parents one child to be as dear as the other, which is natural throughout the animal kingdom. How shall we account for this freak of nature in man, whose superiority is acknowledged by all? Because one child is perhaps not so bright as her sister, because she has not the interest in her books, or cannot so readily grasp an idea, is she encouraged by her mother? Is she encouraged by her father? Unfortunately, the answer is no. On the other hand, the reverse is too often the case. She is accused of being a dunce, told that she will never know anything and that it is useless to send her to school. If one of the girls must stay from school to work a day now and then, who is it? Is it she who is well up in her studies, ahead of her classmates? Never. While she could afford to lose an occasional day it is not required of her. It is the one who should go every day who is called upon to stay at home and wash, iron, etc.

She may be doing well at school until interrupted in this way, which is often fatal to success in acquiring an education, as she prefers work at home to being counted inferior to the classmates, and taunted by those who are more fortunate than herself.

While the parents thus discourage the one, they go to the other extreme with her sister. They teach her to put entirely too high an estimate upon herself, which results in a hopeless case of egotism and conceit, by which process the fond parent unconsciously interferes with the natures of her children, that God has given them, an injustice which time, with all its changes, cannot correct.

I have known families of several girls, one of whom is alone depended upon to do what should be shared equally. Her sisters are told they are not able to do hard work, made to believe they are delicate, when some active exercise over the washtub or at the churn is what their dormant systems are longing for, but their good-natured sister is called and responds without a murmur, while her ungrateful betters (?) sit down to a feast of romance, love story, or something equally interesting. Taught to think they are above kitchen work, and out of their sphere anywhere except in the drawing room, they are without a thought for the pleasure or comfort of their less fortunate sister, who left school young, discouraged, disgusted with books, disgusted with herself, who knows nothing but to do housework, is entirely ignorant of the rudiments of grammar, arithmetic, physiology and hygiene, can't converse intelligently on any subject. She, perhaps, has remarkable musical talent, but is denied the opportunity of cultivating or improving it, however anxious she may be to acquire a knowledge of the art.

She is made to believe, if possible, that the kitchen is her proper sphere, and that it is not necessary for her to have any accomplishment except that of cooking and housework generally, that she must not have any higher aspirations than to marry a poor ignorant farmer, to be a slave to work, as she has been from childhood, that she knows enough for a farmer's wife, that education is a dangerous thing. Parents, what kind of a future do you predict or can you expect for your daughter, under such conditions? What are her prospects for matrimony compared with those of her sisters? What intelligent man would even think of marrying a woman without an accomplishment?

If she should marry an educated man, it would likely be unfortunate for both parties.

If she should marry one in her own station, their offspring would pay the penalty, which is manifested in the terrible abuse of the English language, breaches of etiquette, etc., in the humbler stations of life. It will be evident to the sensible, reasonable person, on reflection, that exactly the opposite course should have been pursued; that the one who was in need of encouragement was discouraged, and vice versa; that instead of making the sisters more unequal, the course should have been pursued that would equalize them. Fond parent, you have done your favorite an injury that will cling to her till death, while her unfortunate sister will hold you responsible for her imperfections and her failures in the battle of life, and on her death bed will ask God to be merciful with you in accounting for the injustice done her.—ELLA.

SOME GOOD WORDS.—Will you kindly say to Misses E. R., Eva B., Hulda A., Theresa C., and a number of others, that their questions have been answered to the extent of my ability in previous numbers of the BLADE, especially in the issue of March 15, 1888. I thank them sincerely for kind words and good wishes, but beg they will forgive me if I do not answer them personally, as my address was given again by mistake. I hope they will not take it unkindly if I add that the name of our post-office has recently been changed to something else, which I do not give for obvious reasons.

But I wish to add a little advice for the benefit of those ladies who are engaged in teaching school, and who complain, with oft good reason, of low wages, hard work, poor board, and ill-bred children. I know all about it. Teaching is not the only honest, respectable "genteel" way of making a living. Unless you have the best of health, you are not fit to learn the downright drudgery that underlies all successful school-room labor. If you have good health you can soon ruin it by dwelling on the ills of your position. Better make the best of it, or give it up and try something else. The worst of our American school-rooms is vastly better than some missionary stations. Be a missionary in the best sense of the word. Try to look bright and pretty yourself, and don't wear the same dress or ribbon all the time. I've charmed away more than one "fracas" in school by giving the youngsters something new to look at. Children like change as well as grown persons. Invest a few dimes in papers which have good pictures. Put up one or two for a few days. Take them down and put up more. Take an occasional five minutes to talk to the children about them. Let them find the places on their maps. Question them and tell them as to place, people, color, name, language, dress, diet, productions, etc., etc. Read or tell them stories of the place described. Let them try to draw copies of the picture or parts of it, or take the "sand box" and make a map of it. Don't tell me you "can't do that." In that case learn how, or leave the place for one who can. But you are an American girl, and you will do all this, and improve on my hint, and all be so bright and wide awake that you will be astonished how many lessons have been learned in books and out of them. I'll tell you a secret: Always praise a child for what you want him to be and do. And teach the children the merriest songs you know. It will cheer you and tame them. More anon if wanted. I cannot give the information asked for, but refer you to the school superintendent of Spokane county, Washington Territory.

Why don't a few of you girls come out here and take up land, as hundreds have done already? To own 160 acres of good land in one's own right does not detract from one's self respect or independence, I assure you. Of course it would be no inducement whatever to add the item that there are quite a number of fine young men who have taken claims in our neighborhood. There is always room and a place for one who really wants it. Cash and brains can command muscle and the trio command success.—MRS. JEANIE JACOCS.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—I come with the wish to emphasize, if possible, some late articles upon the training of children. The papers not being just now within reach, I cannot refer to them as I would wish, but think the first and strongest piece was from "Inez," the one at least who would have the teacher on the playground with the children. Surely no language can too strongly urge teachers and parents to guard the morals and the purity of the children. I, too, am a teacher, and have taught in schools where I would not send an innocent little child, even if the only alternative were that it should grow up with no other knowledge save that gained at home.

A sentence in the last BLADE attracted my notice: "A mother's responsibility is great, I know, but a teacher's is just as great." Perhaps so, in her line, but whose comes first? I quote a sentence from a recent educational paper: "By the time the child is seven years old, it (the brain) has received five-sixths of its growth in adult life." It is further stated that this fact explains why this period of life is so impressionable. Is not, then, the mother's responsibility during the first five or six years of the child's life infinitely higher and more important than the teacher's can be?

Oh! the wrong done to the children at this age and later. Why will parents, just when most needed, so drive their little ones from them? Mothers, reread the part of the letter referred to about winning the confidence of your children, and let the thought take deep root in your own minds. Win and keep their confidence in all things. Let no life but yours unfold the life mysteries that must comfort them. So completely share their thoughts that you can shield them from the otherwise contaminating influence that will follow their necessary association with other children. If mothers and fathers could but realize the sweetness and purity they keep from their children's lives by their own carelessness and exclusiveness! Show your affection, even after laughing babyhood is passed. It is far more needed then. I feel so strongly on this subject. Would that a Beecher in eloquence, or a Dickens in literature, might find it worthy of his powers to rouse parents to a knowledge of their duty in behalf of the children. I speak from sad experience. There is no riches of which I might be possessed that I would not gladly give for the rightful heritage of every child, to go freely to its parents in everything, sure of their loving sympathy and help. Yet, knowing well that the love and sympathy exist, I cannot ask for it, for my early training has so encrusted me with a wall of reserve that my confidence, if given at all, must be given to others than those to whom it rightfully belongs.

Such results follow a sad error in judgment far oftener than any other cause. My own parents have always been very conscientious, earnest Christians, but alas! the unconscious sins of the fathers are visited upon the children just as surely as is deliberate wickedness. Why are ministers and moral teachers and writers so silent upon the home training of the little ones? Mothers, make your children's lives so bright that the memory will lighten the shadows that must come in later life. Let their Sabbaths be to them the best and happiest day of the week. I can never forget my great surprise at my mother's answer to the childish question, "Why is Sunday longer than any other day?" Only my faith in her kept me from doubting the statement that it was not.

Fathers and mothers, don't scold your little ones so. You can and ought to train them to be obedient, but so much more is lost than gained by harsh, cruel words. Too often the father is only one whom "mother will tell," if the child does not obey.

Above all things, as you value the welfare and happiness—the soul prosperity—of your child, win its confidence and guard its purity, and you will find that doing so will be as bread cast upon the waters, which shall return to you a thousand fold in the added sweetness it will bring into your own lives and the beauty and usefulness to others through the God-given souls placed in your charge. MAY.

INQUIRIES.

I wish to ask through the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE if the person that signs her name Montana May would please send her full address to ROWENA E. HOVENDEN, Etna Mills, Siskiyou county, California.

Will Montana May please give hints for landscape painting? We have so many directions for flower painting, but hardly ever see anything on landscape painting? Would particularly like directions for painting the foliage on trees in the foreground. Will some one give directions for diamond insertion in crochet? Would like a recipe for candying citron, one that will keep it good the year round.—MRS. L. E. ESMAY, Parkston, D. T.

Will Mrs. W. H. Pepper, the lady who sent the pie melon seed, tell us when they are fit for use?—MRS. W. H. ALEXANDER.

Will a young lady 18 years old, who would like to correspond with an Eastern girl, please send her address (one living in Kansas) to Miss Anna M. Brandt, Argyle, Wash. county, N. Y.

Will some one tell us how to get rid of fleas? We have tried pennyroyal, insect powder, turpentine and kerosene, but the fleas seem to get worse all the time.—J. R. H.

Has any one copies of the old song books "Golden Chain and Golden Shower," either bound together or separately. I have tried at different publishing houses to obtain them, but as they are out of print failed to do so. I will gladly pay what the books may be worth, as I am very anxious to possess them.—MRS. A. S. KNOWLTON, Seney, Iowa.

Mrs. M. L. B.—To keep dandruff off your baby's head, grease with chicken oil or fresh unsalted butter, when you can remove by combing (gently, of course, so as not to injure the head).—MRS. W. M. G., Greeley, Colo.

Will May L. Atherton, Lewiston, Mifflin county, Pa., please send full directions for making wax flowers to the BLADE, that we may all have the benefit of it?—MRS. E. T.

Will some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD please send recipe for curling feathers?—MISS MARY WELLS.

Can some member of the HOUSEHOLD give a cure for the tobacco habit?—MANY INTERESTED.

Our house is infested with cockroaches. How can we get rid of them without burning up the house?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one who has had experience please give a recipe for plating with silver, and as near as possible the cost, say for one-half dozen table spoons. Also, can German silver or nickel spoons be plated so as to last as long as the triple plated ware that we buy?—MINNIE.

1. Can some one tell me how to renovate old feathers so to have them nearly as possible like new ones? 2. What cemetery were the soldiers buried in that died at Vicksborg, Miss. Those that were in the 27th Wisconsin?—C. E. S., Marinette, Wis.

Will some one give a recipe for making stove polish or blacking?—A SUBSCRIBER.

I would like to ask the BLADE, or through the BLADE, what is the best remedy I can take to clear my complexion of liver blotches that have come the last year on my face. I am a healthy young lady and will feel grateful to any one that can tell me what to do to clear my complexion, as it is naturally fair, or have these blotches come to stay, after once on your face, caused from liver? I take plenty of fresh air and exercise.—L. M. NEWSOM, Scott City, Kansas.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Please tell "Old Subscriber" to set out her bushes and vines as soon as possible. They should get started before winter sets in. Cuttings will grow but I think they have to be taken off in the spring and set immediately. At least I have tried grapes and currants with success. Tell Minnie to take 1 teaspoonful of gum arabic and dissolve by heat in 3 tablespoonfuls of soft water and it will make her pictures stay stuck through all time.—NELLIE E.

Would like to tell "Kansas Subscriber" how my mother bleaches white straw hats: She washes them good, soaks them over night in fresh buttermilk, takes them out in the morning, lets them drip awhile, then hangs them in the top of a barrel in the bottom of which she has a pan of live coals, sprinkles over every little while with brimstone. She throws a blanket or quilt over the top of the barrel to keep all the smoke of the brimstone in. Let hang till white as desired.—MRS. E. T.

Seeing an inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD for a training school for nursing, I want to say if "H. L. B." will address Miss Warr, 1510 Lafayette avenue, St. Louis, Mo., she will will learn about one, as she is superintendent of the training school for nurses. My daughter graduated there last year.—M. B.

Tell E. J. Thorp, of Ellensburg, W. T., to put ripe tomatoes in a jar with a small quantity of salt, some whole pepper and horseradish to suit. Let some of the tomatoes be very ripe, to start the juice. Put in some water and a little home-made vinegar. I do not think acid vinegar will do. Put on a light weight, or not heavy enough to break the skin of the tomatoes. See that in two or three days, at the farthest, the juice comes up to the top. They will "work" just like kraut, and when the working is done, will be fit for use.—MRS. F. L. NEWCOMB.

I seize this opportunity to thank all the good Christian people who so liberally responded to my request of August 2, for Sabbath school literature: May the Lord bless and reward you individually and collectively.—MRS. J. W. CARROLL, Hamlin, Lincoln Co., W. Va.

If "Middle-Aged Woman" and "Reader of the BLADE," in the BLADE'S HOUSEHOLD department for August 16, will send me her address I will try to answer her question. —J. CLORE, Pendleton, Oregon.

I notice one of your subscribers, "T. J. Youngs," wishes to know what kind of food is good for the brown mocking bird. The food they like best is to cook an egg until perfectly done; then take the yolk and mash it and a boiled Irish potato together, and roll it into a ball. They like nothing better. Give them plenty of water to drink and wash in and a few pebbles to eat. I kept one for years this way.—W. B. MOORE.

"James G. Meeling:" I make potato ball yeast this way: Boil four or five large potatos until thoroughly soft; mash well, and when cool add half a cake of dissolved yeast, also, 1 teaspoonful each of salt and sugar. Keep in a cool place, and when you wish to make bread cook some more potatoes and mix with the ball; make into two balls; save one and use the other. Always add salt and sugar. The yeast does not need to be added again until the potato ball does not seem as light as usual, which will not happen for some time.—SADIE E., Logan, Iowa.

RECIPES.

LEMON JELLY.—Soak 1 oz. of gelatine in ½ pint of cold water; dissolve it in 1½ pints of boiling water; add 1 pint of sugar, the grated rinds of 2 lemons and the juice of 4. Let it come to the boil. Take it off the fire and cover closely so that the steam cannot escape; in 10 minutes strain it into moulds previously dipped into cold water, and place them on ice. In warm weather take a little less hot water.—X.

TO MAKE GOOD VINEGAR.—Boil a qt. of shelled corn about half done for 3 gals. Put into jars or keg and fill with hot water sweetened with a qt. of sorghum or common molasses or sugar, and set in the sun two or three weeks.

FOR KEEPING GRAPES FRESH SIX MONTHS.—Pick your grapes off the vines carefully, without breaking off any. Seal the end of the stem over with sealing wax, and place them in a box with cotton batting around them so they will not touch each other nor the box.—MRS. WILL R. BUTLER, Anamosa, Iowa.

GRAPE RECIPE.—Weigh the grapes, using as many lbs. of sugar as you have of grapes. Have two stew pans; squeeze the pulp in one pan, put the skins in the other. Stew each separate. Strain the pulp to take out the seeds. Return to the stove for a short time. Turn skins and pulp together, put in the sugar and cook 20 minutes.—MARY.

ABOUT CAKE MAKING.—A cake will fall if it is too short and if your shortening be melted put in skimp measure.

It will fall if not quite stiff enough. The above can be remedied after trying a small portion of the batter before putting it in tins.

Be sure your oven is in good order, so the fire will not need replenishing while cake is baking, for putting fresh coal or wood in the stove will naturally decrease the heat for a short time.

Also be careful in stirring or punching the fire; do it gently (if it must be done). Do not shake your cake while turning it, do not slam the oven doors, but close easily. See that no draft blows over your cake while you are looking at it.

Some one wanted to know how long a cake should bake. That depends altogether on the size and kind of cake. Cakes that are baked in tins can be governed by this rule—when the cake leaves the edge or side of the tin all around it is done. Sponge cakes must bake much longer and be tried with a splint, when the splint comes out of the cake free of batter or cake in any form it is done. Be sure to have a good place ready to turn your cake when done. A good cake can be turned up-side down to remain till cool, on a thick cloth, a small pillow or a nice clean piece of quilt.

ROLLED JELLY CAKE.—Seven eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 4 cupsful flour; sift 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder in flour three times. Beat cake thoroughly for 30 minutes. Bake in long shallow pan. Would like to hear from sisters on the above. Will come again if necessary.—EMMLINE RENO.

TO CAN SWEET CORN.—If Mae will try this recipe for canning corn she will be pleased, I think: Take 12 qts. of corn (cut off of the cob raw) to 1 qt. of salt and plenty of water; cook until done; can hot and seal tight, just as you would for canned fruit. You will have to freshen it and cook a little when you want to use it. This is easy and keeps well.—C. D. F.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."
Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CLARK STATION, IND.
W. C. Norton.

INDIANOLA, IND.
Frankie H. Mills, Howard R. Mills.

FREDERIC, IOWA.
Daisy M. Chapman, Ella Chapman,
Frank Moss, Jim Norwood,
Della May Warner, Alvin Warner.

EDDYVILLE, IOWA.
Anna Rohde, Georgia Strain,
Clyda Strain.

ONALASKA, WIS.
Richard Thompson, Maurice E. Wilhelm,
Harry E. Wilhelm, Frankie Moulton,
Christian Anderson, Charles Rand,
Archie Moulton, Artie Hayden,
Willie McLaughlin, Bennie McLaughlin,
Alfred Anderson, Jessie Colby,
Volny Barnes, Joe Boyer.

SORD LAKE, MICH.
Will H. Parker.

Names this week, 27. Total 24,149.

The above embraces all names received up to September 13.

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim,
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews "What's that?"
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
Then comes a rush and flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet;
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,
But who is this through the door-way comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags;
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk,
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without, stand sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow;
"Won't you come in, good folks?" she said,
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat,
With doves and biddy, and dog and cat,
And her mother came to the open house door,
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves;
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava.
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE TURTLE'S COW.

"Here they come, Polly! But one more is missing." From his perch on the top of the wood-pile, Harry was looking down the lane leading to the cow-pasture, wherein his mother kept no cow, because she was too poor to own one.

"Are you sure? Count again, Harry. There ought to be only nine, you know."

"Yes, I know; but there are only eight; they are almost here now, and you can count them for yourself."

In a few minutes they filed in at the open gate of the door-yard, eight fine, fat chickens. They were muddy and tired; and, judging by the draggled appearance of their feathers, had all been in a pond or stream of water.

"That makes four gone in three days," said Harry, coming down from his perch, and looking on thoughtfully while the chickens devoured the corn as fast as Polly tossed it to them.

"It isn't hawks," his sister said, "because there were no hawks about here big enough to carry off full grown chickens. It must be a fox. But how do they get so wet and muddy? They wouldn't run into the water to escape a fox or anything else. Something must push them in."

Harry thrust both hands deep into his trousers' pockets and set his lips tightly together. "But they are never wet above the breast," he said at last. "The feathers on their backs are as smooth and clean as ever, and if they were pushed or thrown into the water, they would be wet all over. I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll follow them to-morrow morning, keeping out of sight as much as I can, and I will find out how they get wet, and what it is that carries them off. I will ask mother to let me take the shot gun, and if it is a fox—why, I will carry him home with me; that's all."

When the chickens started down the path toward the path on the following morning, as had been their custom every day for the past week, Harry with the shot gun was behind them. He dodged from tree to tree, and from fence post to fence post, until the pasture was reached and crossed. At this point, King's Creek—swollen out of its usual bounds by rains and melting snow—barred the way. The chickens walked to the edge of the water, and in five minutes were ranged in a line along its course, every one of them busy picking up from its banks insects and nuts which the full stream brought with it.

Harry got down on his hands and knees and crawled through the grass to a clump of bushes not more than ten feet from the water, where he hid himself, with the gun across his knees and watched. A sprouting beach-nut floated down the stream within two feet of shore. The rooster looked at it, stretched his neck toward it as far as he could, and then boldly waded out into the creek. He picked the beach nut out of the water as calmly as though it had been on dry land. One by one the others stepped into the stream after him, and presently the whole brood was wading breast deep against the current. They were engaged in a mode of fishing very common with poultry which is required to forage for itself; but it was quite new to Harry, and he looked at them with wonder. "I only wish Polly had come," he thought, "this is as good as a circus." 'Snowy,' Polly's favorite pullet, was slowly wading beside the big Shanghai cockerel directly opposite Harry's hiding-place, and had just swallowed a dead minnow, when suddenly she went under water. In a moment her head came into sight again, and she began screaming in a high, shrill voice. The other chickens dashed to the shore, while Harry gripped his gun and ran down to the water's edge. The pullet was beating the water into a foam with her wings, trying to break away from some creature that had caught her by one leg and was slowly dragging her out to the deeper parts of the stream. Her whole body was under water now, but she kept up the painful screaming until it ended with a gurgle, when her head went under for the second time. Then everything was still. The surface of the stream was smooth and unbroken, nothing on top of the water giving evidence of the life and death struggle that Harry knew was going on beneath.

What was it that had dragged the pullet down? Harry kicked off his boots and was about to wade out to the rescue, when the thought struck him that his feet might need some shield from a creature that could thus pull down a full-grown chicken and he drew on his heavy boots again. The bottom of the creek was slippery; a short distance from shore the current ran like a mill-race, and the boy had some difficulty in wading out to the place where poor 'Snowy' had disappeared. When he reached it, however, the bottom of the stream was bare. Nothing was to be found within a yard of the spot. But farther out in the water, and lower down stream, his right boot kicked against something soft. He stooped down and plunged his hands under water. They touched the feathers of a chicken; but when he attempted to lift the bird it seemed anchored to the bottom. He slipped his hand along its body down to the point where the weight appeared to be, and distinctly felt the smooth head and neck of some living snake-like creature.

The unexpected encounter shocked him like grasping a snake in the dark. He dropped the pullet with a shudder, feeling for a minute as though he was about to faint. But he did not retreat. He kicked with his boot at the spot where he judged the animal's body to be, and struck a huge stone. He wrapped his handkerchief about his right hand, reached down into the water, and taking the hard substance by its lower edge, up-ended it. When the upper edge came above the water, Harry saw that it was not a stone, as he had thought, but the body of a large fresh-water tortoise or turtle. It took all his strength to drag the creature ashore; but he finally accomplished the feat by taking one of its hind legs in either hand, and carefully backing out, trailing the fore feet and head. When the shallow water was reached, Harry saw that the turtle still gripped the pullet's leg with its jaws, and that the bird was dead.

A gayly painted cart, brimming with bright tin pans, buckets, coffee-pots, and dippers, was standing before the house when Harry with his turtle reached home, and just as the boy dragged his prize by the lilac bush which cut off the view from the window, the pedler who owned the cart stepped out from the side door. He carried a bundle of rags under each arm, and was smiling as though he had made a very good bargain; but at the sight of Harry's turtle he dropped the rags in amazement.

"Great Towser!" he cried, "that is the father ef all the turtles I ever saw. What'll you take for him?"

"Will you buy it?" asked Harry, quick as the snap of a steel trap.

"Yes, I will."

"Harry! what have you got?" suddenly cried Polly's shrill voice, as she rushed like a whirlwind out of the doorway and settled with a flutter of skirts at the side of the turtle lying on the grass. Her mother was close at her heels, and quite as excited as Polly.

"It's a turtle, mother, explained Harry, "and the tinman wants to buy him. He is the fellow that has been stealing our chickens."

"Stealing our chickens?"

"Oh, yes mum," interpolated the pedler, "they do that sometimes, and ducks too. They're right smart of a pest; and I'm doing you a real kindness when I offer you a cent a pound for him just as he stands—hide, horns and tail. Come now, what do you say? He must weigh as much as 30 or 40 pounds. That means exactly 30 or 40 cents, and I'll pay it with without turning a hair." He had his leather pocket book in his hand, and before the speech was fairly ended, had thrust a bright quarter of a dollar together with a silver dime into Harry's half-closed hand. It seemed a large sum of money for the slimy creature, and the boy looked at his mother, to see if she agreed with him in thinking it quite enough.

"That will not do," she said decidedly. "I remember reading in the newspaper that these fresh-water turtles are in great demand in the city hotels, where soup is made of them. Ten cents a pound is the price at which they are quoted."

The pedler's jaw fell. He stooped and picked up his bundles of rags, and without saying a word, passed through the gateway, threw the rags upon the cart and climbed up to his high seat in front. He took up his lines and his whip, and then cast a glance out of the corners of his eyes at the little group gathered about the turtle. "She means it," he said to himself. "I thought she'd have called me back before this." Then heraised his voice. "Oh, Mrs. Baker!" he shouted, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you five cents a pound for him as he lies—hide, horns and tail. Come, now." Mrs. Baker shook her head. "Six." Another shake of the head. "Seven. No? Well, eight then. I couldn't make it more than eight—not by any means." This time the head was nodded in affirmation, and the pedler leaped down much quicker than he had climbed up to his perch.

The turtle weighed exactly 42 pound and nine ounces, and as he counted the sum of three dollars and forty cents into Harry's hands, the pedler spoke a few words that made the boy feel that at last he had found a way to earn the money which they had all been hoping for ever since they had lived on the farm—money enough to buy a cow.

"You ought to make a regular business of turtling for money, boy," he said; "that creek of yours must be swimming with turtles, if they carried off four of your chickens in three days, as you say. No one turtle did that. A chicken will last one a right smart of time, and I calculate that four has had a hand in stealing your poultry. You will need to get a long-handled spade and wade in the creek, scooping out everything that feels to your feet like a rock, and you will be surprised to find how many of them is turtles. I will buy them all at eight cents a pound. I know a man over in King's Hollow that made from fourteen to twenty-three dollars every week for seven weeks last spring, in that way."

Harry did not do so well as the man in King's Hollow; but while the season lasted he worked early and late at the wet and disagreeable business, and before many weeks had the proud satisfaction of seeing a little red cow—bought with money he had earned—nibbling off the grass beside the stream. Polly used to moralize about the matter sometimes, and say: "If they hadn't killed our chickens they would be live turtles yet, and we wouldn't have had our 'turtle-cow.'"—*The Swiss Cross.*

RAMABAI.

BY MARY L. BRANCH.

You are used, boys and girls, to your school-rooms and black-boards, to your sachels and books, your slates and pencils. Maybe you think it hard, sometimes, that you have problems to solve, boundaries to learn and sentences to parse. But how would it seem to you to be awakened from a sound sleep, every morning before daylight, to learn a lesson in Sanskrit, that ancient and most difficult language, familiar to but few, and those, usually, eminent scholars? To learn Sanskrit is a greater task than to learn Greek, and a much greater task than to learn Latin.

This is what a little Hindu girl named Ramabai had to do. She was awakened every morning before the day dawned, for her Sanskrit lesson; this being the only time her mother could spare from household cares to teach her little daughter.

Their dwelling was on the mountains, in a forest clearing, and there were wild animals in the jungles all about them. The first night that Ramabai's mother spent in that solitude, before they had any house at all, she lay upon the ground wrapped in a cotton quilt, trembling with terror; and meanwhile her husband watched until daybreak, keeping off a great tiger which was prowling about them uttering hideous cries. After their home was built, the husband, who was a Brahman priest, and also a very wise and good man, taught his young wife Sanskrit, because he loved the poems written in that language, and wished her to enjoy them with him. So, when Ramabai was six or seven years of age, her mother, in turn, taught her little daughter Sanskrit, from her own lips, without any book. We are told that "The little maiden, heavy with sleep, was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and aroused with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then, while the birds in the forest about them were chirping their morning songs, the lessons were repeated."

The father's dwelling-place in the mountains came to be regarded as sacred by the people, and students and pilgrims sought out the learned priest. His hospitality and religious duties involved him in debt; and by the time Ramabai was nine years old, his property was so diminished that the family were obliged to give up their home, and to wander about from one locality to another as pilgrims themselves. So we have to think of Ramabai, not only as the child student of Sanskrit, but as a little pilgrim girl, roaming up and down the earth, from the time she was nine until she was sixteen—homeless and often in want.

Ramabai afterward became known as a Sanskrit scholar and lecturer. She married a graduate of the Calcutta University, but in less than two years was a widow with a little daughter of her own, named Manorama, meaning Heart's Joy.

Her love of education was so great that she then went to England and entered the college at Cheltenham, where she became Professor of Sanskrit, and at the same time studied mathematics, natural science, and English literature.

In 1886, she came to our own country, and at the time of this writing, she is still here.

She has a lofty purpose. It is that Hindu girls shall be educated—fully, amply educated; and that with their studies they shall also learn to be teachers, governesses, nurses and housekeepers.—*St. Nicholas.*

MINISTER PHELPS SQUELCHED.

A Good Story That Is Told of Our Representative in England.

Colonel Clark Carr, the noted western orator, tells a good story in the New York Press about Minister Phelps. The colonel and a party of American friends called on the minister to pay their respects. Hon. Edward J. at once began to apologize.

"I'm very sorry," said he, "that I can't give you any tickets to the House of Commons; very sorry."

The Americans didn't want any tickets, and tried to talk about something else. But the minister kept on apologizing. Finally Colonel Carr said:

"We came to pay our respects to you personally and officially; that's all. Believe us, we don't care for the tickets. We have already been supplied with tickets by an influential friend of ours here in London."

This excited the Minister's curiosity. He wanted to know, without any unnecessary exhibition of vulgar interest, who this influential person was who seemed to be so much more important than Edward J. Phelps. After some hesitation he asked.

"Buffalo Bill," was Colonel Carr's very simple and effective reply.

THE true American has a warm place in his heart for the old LOG CABIN. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

The Sunday School

Third Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIV., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1888.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

Golden Text for the Quarter: Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest.—Josh. 1: 7.

I. GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.—Heb. 8: 10.

II. THE GOLDEN CALF.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—I John 5: 21.

III. GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28: 20.

IV. FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—Cor. 9: 7.

V. THE TABERNACLE.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them.—Rev. 21: 3.

VI. THE BURNT OFFERING.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53: 6.

VII. THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Without shedding of blood is no remission.—Heb. 9: 22.

VIII. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.—Psa. 118: 15.

IX. THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE.

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me.—Psa. 43: 3.

X. THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.

Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.—Num. 13: 30.

XI. THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.—Heb. 3: 19.

XII. THE SMITTEN ROCK.

They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and the Rock was Christ.—1 Cor. 10: 4.

XIII. DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4: 18.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

If the subjects for review were given to the children last week as suggested, question each division upon the subject given. The answers will, no doubt, include some scenes in the life of Moses which have not been in our quarter's lessons, but with which most children are familiar. Get all you can from the class, and supply the rest; but do not give any fact which you can induce any child to tell you. The headings can be put on the blackboard thus:

Moses' Eyes.—What did they see? With a little encouragement the children will tell of the baby eyes looking out of the strange basket cradle, with tears in them, seeing the princess who found him. In whose happy face did he look and laugh as she nursed him month after month? Where was Moses brought up? How long did he live in the king's palace? There he saw the riches of Egypt; he was taught to be a scholar and a soldier. Think of all the wonders he saw in that ancient land! He saw the troubles of his own countrymen. What were some of their sorrows? What sight did he once see in a bush in the desert? What were some of the plagues he saw in Egypt, because the king would not let the people go? What did Moses see as they crossed the Red Sea? Do we know what Moses saw in the forty days and nights on Mount Sinai? As he came down the mountain, and heard the voices of the people, what did he see? What were some of the gifts for the tabernacle which Moses saw when he told the people to bring "willing offerings?" What did he see on the altar of burnt offering? What did he see brought on the day of atonement? He saw God's love and care in something lying all around on the ground every morning—what? What sign of God's presence did he see by day and by night? When did he see some of the fruits which grew in the promised land? What did he see when he smote the rock? What did he look upon from Mount Pisgah?

His Lips.—What did Moses say? Not a word do we know that Moses said until he was more than 40 years old. We know that he refused to be called a prince or a king as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but in what words or in what way is not written. The first recorded word of Moses was when he asked a question of justice: "Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?" His next words which we know were after he saw the burning bush. God called his name, and he answered, "Here am I." He was preparing then to teach the people how to obey and how to worship. Long ago, he called aloud, "Hear, O Israel;" and when he had gathered them all together, he told them to hear the law as given to him in "the midst of the fire" on Mount Sinai, and said, "Hear what I speak in your ears this day, that ye may learn them, and keep and do them." He repeated to them the words of God, and they answered, and God made a covenant with them. He called upon them to decide for God, and asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?" His lips often spoke words of prayer. When were some of the times he prayed for the people? Did Moses even once speak when it was a sin to do so? When? Where? Before he went up to Mount Pisgah, he spoke farewell words of blessing and warning. Do we know of one word he said as he looked for the last time on the beautiful earth, and saw the promised land? No mortal ear listened if he spoke, while his eye looked far off upon the land he had longed to reach.

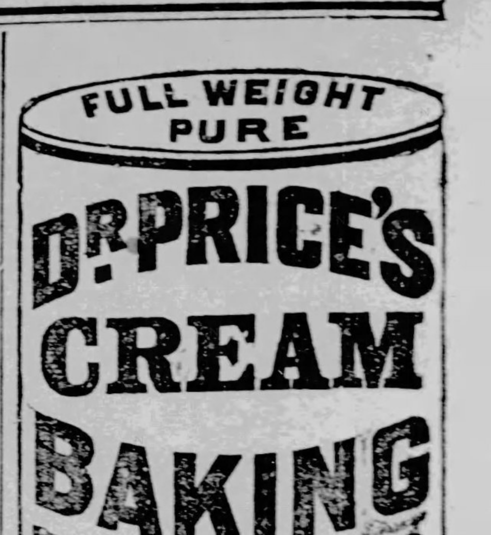
His hands—what did they do? All that we know of Moses, except of his going up on the mountain to do, he wrote with his own hands. What his hands did in the first 40 years while in the palace we are not told, but they were not idle hands. We know he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." He was trained for war and skilled in all the arts then known in the world; he understood the carvings and strange pictures and records on stone in tombs and monument, that the world is wondering over and studying now, as they have been unburied and brought to the light. Moses was the first writer that the world knows about with any certainty; his hands wrote the story of creation. With what did he smite the rock? Moses was 40 years in the court of Egypt, then 40 years a shepherd on the mountain sides. Perhaps it was his shepherd's rod, or such a staff as Egyptian gentlemen carried as a sign of authority, when he was eighty years old, and God asked, "What is that in thine hand?" When God gave him work to do for him, he said, "Thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do signs." What was given into Moses's hands on which something was "written with the finger of God?" For one hundred and twenty years Moses's hands were busy and useful, doing holy work as he was bidden. Who poured the annointing oil "the tabernacle, and all that is therein" when it was finished? Who put on Aaron and his sons their priestly robes, and annointed them for service? They were obedient hands; according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he."

His Feet.—Where did they go? The same feet that learned to step on the marble pavement of a palace climbed the mountain side in strength one hundred and twenty years after. Where had they wandered in all the years between? Sometimes alone with his flocks, "through the Red Sea as by dry land;" sometimes under palm-trees and by wells of water; often in dry and thirsty lands under the scorching sun. Where did God say to him, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"? He went to a mountain when the smoke went up as a furnace, and "the whole mountain quaked greatly." Why did he once have to put a veil over his face? He could walk the paths of the desert and the plains, the hills and mountain tops; for one had said to him, "Certainly I will be with thee;" and so wherever he went he "walked with God." Has Jesus given any such promise?

We may take as our golden text the words written by another hand when Moses died: "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." He was a type or picture of Jesus.

How Was He Like Christ?—How were they each saved from a cruel king in infancy? In what land did both pass the first year of life? What glory did each give up to be a savior to the people? From what did Moses deliver his people? From what bondage does Christ make free? How was Moses Christ-like in prayer? How was he a guide and leader? A prophet "whom the Lord knew face to face." He talked with him as with no other except the beloved Son. A prophet is one taught of God to know the future as the past. Moses wrote and spoke as God bade him. "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me." Moses wrote of Christ; Jesus spoke often of Moses. Moses was meek like the Son of man; pitiful like the compassion of Christ,—unselfish, for he gave his life for others. He was a wanderer like him who had not a place to lay his head. He accepted whatever God bade him do or suffer, willing to live as he directed, to die when he called. Who taught us to say "Thy will be done"?

Why may a child be better and help to make others better by studying the life of Moses?—*Faith Lattimer in Sunday School Times.*



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Unversities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

THE WORKINGMAN'S VOTE.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Toil swings the axe and forests bow,
Sown seeds broke out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the blow,
And cities cluster near the loom.

Where towering domes and tapering spires
Ascend from slope and vale and hill,
Swart labor lights industrial fires—
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

Armies of stalwart men who smite
Anvils that ring oppression's doom
Will stand up squarely in the fight
For justice, liberty and home.

Here where the star-lit banner flies,
Protection spreads its sheltering wings,
This is the toiler's paradise,
Where honest toil fair wages brings.

Bronzed at the forge, bleached in the mill,
Or delving with his busy spade,
His vote will voice a workman's will,
Against the "unrestricted trade."

With "starving prices" in its train,
And poverty with lack of bread,
Cheers for the flag of stars again,
Eagle and stripes, blue, white and red!

CURRENT NOTES.

Blinks—"Can't we get Jinks to join our club?" Minks—"Jinks has never been a club man, but I guess he'll be willing to become a member in a month or two. He was married last week."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A fashion note says that a felt hat, trimmed with simplicity, will be worn a great deal this fall. We don't believe in it. No woman will trim her hat with simplicity when she can get other trimming that costs a good deal more than simplicity.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Humming birds are said to be unusually abundant in New Jersey orchards, but it is believed that some fellow was deceived by seeing a swarm of Jersey mosquitoes hovering over the trees. At a little distance a New Jersey mosquito looks no larger than a humming bird.—*Norristown Herald.*

St. Louis bookseller (to customer)—Books, sir? yes, sir; what can I show you? Customer—I've got my bookcase pretty nigh filled up. I want somethin' not over six inches high, an' enough o 'em to occupy two foot an' a half o' shelvin'.—*New York Sun.*

At the police court. The judge questioning a witness:
"Your name?"
"Josephus Horther."
"Your age?"
"Forty-three."
"Your profession?"
"Dramatic author."
"That is not a profession—it is a disease."—*Truth.*

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—You seem to relish that melon, Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; it am one ob de fines' Ise ett dis yeah. Citizen—But you are not looking well. Uncle Rastus—No, sah; I don't feel wery peart, fo' er fac'; I 'specs it am de milloun I ett las' night.—*New York Times.*

Enamored youth (trying to make a good impression on the girl's father)—"Seems to me I have seen you before, and at some public assemblage; must have been when I was in the city three years ago. Were you taking an active part in public affairs then?" Old gent—"Yes; I was a police magistrate."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Effie—Georgie and I have been down stairs in the dining-room, Mr. Mitcham. We've been playing husband and wife. Mr. Mitcham. How did you do that, my dear? Effie—Why, Georgie sat at one end of the table and I sat at the other, and Georgie said, "This food isn't fit to eat!" and I said, "It's all you'll get!" and Georgie said "Dam!" and I got up and left the room.—*Punch.*

PICKETT, LOUSIANA, Nov. 11, 1887.
Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.
Rochester, Pa. *Gents.*—The sample bottle of pills you sent me last April I gave to a neighbor lady, and it cured her of a very obstinate case of third day chills, which every other remedy failed to do.
Truly yours, JOHN PICKETT.

A Clever Magistrate.

The magistrate of the Mixed court at Shanghai has proved himself a Haroun al Raschid of no mean ability. He has before him a most complicated family dispute about land. On investigating matters he found all the litigants were related, and that one lawyer represented them all. He promptly decided that the lawyer had prompted the quarrel, and ordered that unlucky person brought before him and soundly whipped. Then he invited all the disputants out to dinner, in the course of which he lectured so successfully on the beauty of harmony among relatives as to induce them to settle amicably on the spot.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Brooklyn Swimming School.

A novel and very pretty spectacle was introduced at a Brooklyn swimming school exhibition. It was called the chariot race. Two little papier mache chariots were constructed and in each one was a four-year old child. Harnessed to the chariots were two little boys, who swam over the course drawing their fair freight after them. The lads were about six years old, yet they made very good time, and the winner was presented with a fine fishing pole. The children in the chariot enjoyed the race quite as much as the boys.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished, Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't.,
Green Spring, Ohio.

Mementos of Robinson Crusoe.

James Trimble, a lineal descendant of Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe" died last week at his country place in Cecil county, Maryland. He possessed, among other mementoes of the great traveler, two chairs used by Daniel Defoe in his study when he was writing the story of "Crusoe." One of them he gave to the Delaware Historical society many years ago. The other he bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Historical society. Mr. Trimble was born in Pennsylvania. He was a leading member of the Society of Friends, a noted botanist and an astronomer, having a large private observatory and telescope at his country home.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. TALMAGE ON "THE CHAIN."

He Discourses on Its Philosophy—Its Rattle Heard and Its Coil Seen from Genesis to Revelations.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 16.—To-day was sacramental day at the Tabernacle, and the more than four thousand communicant members were joined by thousands from all parts of this country and from other lands in the sacred commemoration. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached from Ezekiel vii, 23: "Make a chain!" He said:

At school and in college, in announcing the mechanical powers, we glorified the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, the axle and the wheel, but my text calls us to study the philosophy of the chain. These links of metal, one with another, attracted the old Bible authors, and we hear the chain rattle and see its coil all the way through from Genesis to Revelation, flashing as an adornment, or restraining as in captivity, or holding in conjunction, as in case of machinery. To do him honor, Pharaoh hung a chain of gold about the neck of Joseph, and Belshazzar one about the neck of Daniel. The high priest had on his breastplate two chains of gold. On the camels' necks, as the Ishmaelites drove up to Gideon, jingled chains of gold.

The Bible refers to the church as having such glittering adornments, saying: "Thy neck is comely with chains of gold." On the other hand, a chain means captivity. David, the psalmist, exults that power had been given over his enemies, "to bind their kings with chains." The old missionary apostle cries out, "For the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." In the prison where Peter is incarcerated, you hear one day a great crash at the falling off of his chains. St. John saw an angel come down from heaven to manacle the powers of darkness, and having "a great chain in his hand," and the fallen angels are represented as "reserved in everlasting chains," while in my text for the arrest and limitation of the iniquity of his time, Ezekiel thunders out: "Make a chain!"

What I wish to impress upon myself and upon you is the strength in right and wrong directions, of consecutive forces, the superior power of a chain of influences above one influence, the great advantage of a congeries of links above one link, and in all family government and in all effort to rescue others and in all attempt to stop iniquity, take the suggestion of my text and make a chain!

That which contains the greatest importance, that which encloses the most tremendous opportunities, that which of earthly things is most watched by other worlds, that which has beating against its two sides all the eternities, is the cradle. The grave is nothing in importance compared with it, for that is only a gully that we step across in a second, but the cradle has within it a new eternity, just born and never to cease. When three or four years ago the Ohio river overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, one day was found floating on the bosom of the waters a cradle with a child in it all unhurt, wrapped up snug and warm, and its blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heavens. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But every cradle is, with its young passenger, floating on the swift current of the centuries, deep calling to deep, Ohios and St. Lawrences and Mississippis of influence, bearing it onward. Now, what shall be done with this new life recently launched? Teach him an evening prayer? That is important, but not enough. Hear him as soon as he can recite some gospel hymn or catechism? That is important, but not enough. Every Sabbath afternoon read him a Bible story? That is important, but not enough. Once in a while a lesson, once in a while a prayer, once in a while a restraining influence? All these are important, but not enough. Each one of these influences is only a link, and it will not hold him in the tremendous emergencies of life. Let it be constant instruction, constant prayer, constant application of good influences, a long line of consecutive impressions, reaching from his first year to his fifth, and from his fifth year to his tenth, and from his tenth year to his twentieth. "Make a chain!"

Spasmodic education, paroxysmal discipline, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link as hold a child to the right by isolated and intermittent faithfulness. The example must connect with the instruction. The conversation must combine with the actions. The week day consistency must conjoin with the Sunday worship. Have family prayers by all means; but be petulant and inconsistent and unreasonable in your household, and your family prayers will be a blasphemous farce. So great in our times are the temptations of young men to dissipation and young women to social follies, that it is most important that the first eighteen years of their life be charged with a religious power that will hold them when they get out of the harbor of home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing children so powerfully with good that 60 years will have no more power to efface it than 60 minutes. What a rough time that young man has in doing wrong, carefully nurtured as he was! His father and mother have been dead for years, or over in Scotland or England or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of every dramshop that he entered and under the chandelier of every house of dissipation, saying: "My son, this is no place for you. Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles and this stoop in the shoulder and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consecrated you, by the cradle in which we rocked you, by the grass grown graves in the old country churchyard, by the heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home!" And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament and perhaps drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when they commemorated the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, my lad, you do not have such fun in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fun. You can not shake off the influence of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions. You can not make them go away, and you feel like saying: "Father, what are you doing here? Mother, why do you bother me with suggestions of those olden times?" But they will not go away. They will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come down from their shining homes in heaven and stand in the very gates of hell, and their backs scorched of the fiery blast, and their hand on your shoulder, and their breath on your brow, and their eyes looking straight into yours, they will say: "We have come to take you home, oh, son of many anxieties!" At last that young man turns through the consecutive influence of a pious parentage, who out of prayers and fidelities innumerable, made a chain. That is the chain that pulls mightily this morning on 500 of you. You may be too proud to shed a tear, and you may, to convince others of your imperturbability, smile to your friend beside you, but there is not so much power in an Alpine avalanche after it has slipped for a thousand feet and having struck a lower cliff is taking its second bound for 1,500 feet more of plunge, as there is power in the chain that pulls you this moment toward God and Christ and heaven. Oh! the almighty pull of the long chain of early gracious influences!

But all people between 30 and 40 years of age, yes, between 40 and 50—aye, between 50 and 60 years, and all septuagenarians as well, need a surrounding conjunction of good influences. In Sing Sing, Auburn, Moyamensing, and all the other great prisons, are men and women who went wrong in mid-life and old age. We need around us a cordon of good influences. We forgot to apply the well known rule that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. If the chain be made up of a thousand links and nine hundred and ninety-nine are strong, but one is weak, the chain will be in danger of breaking at that one weak link. We may be strong in a thousand excellences and yet have one weakness which endangers us. That is the reason that we sometimes see men distinguished for a whole round of virtues collapse and go down. The weak link in the otherwise stout chain gave way under the pressure.

The first chain bridge was built in Scotland. Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in a bridge across the river Seine. But there was one weak point in that chain bridge. There was a middle bolt that was of poor material, but they did not know how much depended on that middle bolt of the chain bridge. On the opening day a procession started, led on by the builder of the bridge, and when the mighty weight of the procession was fairly on it the bridge broke and precipitated the multitudes. The bridge was all right except in that middle bolt. So the bridge of character may be made up of mighty links, strong enough to hold a mountain; but if there be one weak spot, that one point unlooked after may be the destruction of everything. And what multitudes have gone down for all time and all eternity because in the chain bridge of their character there was lacking a strong middle bolt. He had but one fault and that was avarice; hence, forgery. He had but one fault and that was a burning thirst for intoxicants; hence, his fatal debauch. She had but one fault and that an inordinate fondness for dress, and hence her own and her husband's bankruptcy. She had but one fault and that a quick temper; hence the disgraceful outburst. What we all want is to have put around us a strong chain of good influences. Christian association is a link. Good literature is a link. Church membership is a link. Habit of prayer is a link. Scripture research is a link. Faith in God is a link. Put together all these influences. Make a chain.

Most excellent is it for us to get into company better than ourselves. If we are given to telling vile stories let us put ourselves among those who will not abide such utterance. If we are stingy, let us put ourselves among the charitable. If we are morose, let us put ourselves among the good natured. If we are given to tittle-tattle, let us put ourselves among those who speak no ill of their neighbors. If we are despondent, let us put ourselves among those who make the best of things. If evil is contagious, I am glad to say that good is also catching. People go up into the hill country for physical health; so if you would be strong in your soul, get yourself up off the lowlands into the altitudes of high moral association. For many of the circumstances of our life we are not responsible. For our parentage we are not responsible. For the place of our nativity, not responsible; for our features, our stature, our color, not responsible; for the family relation in which we were born, for our natural tastes, for our mental character, not responsible. But we are responsible for the associates that we choose and the moral influences under which we put ourselves. Character seeks an equilibrium. A. B. is a good man. Y. Z is a bad man. Let them now voluntarily choose each other's society. A. B. will lose a part of his goodness, and Y. Z. a part of his badness, and they will gradually approach each other in character, and will finally stand on the same level. One of the old painters refused to look at poor pictures because, he said, it damaged his style. A musician cannot afford to dwell among discords, nor can a writer afford to peruse books of inferior style, nor an architect walk out among disproportioned structures. And no man or woman was ever so good as to be able to afford to choose evil associations. Therefore I said, have it a rule of your life to go among those better than yourselves. Cannot find them? Then what a pink of perfection you must be! When was your character completed? What a misfortune for the saintly and angelic of Heaven that they are not enjoying the improving influence of your society! Ah, if you cannot find those better than yourself, it is because you are ignorant of yourself. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites.

But, as I remarked in the opening, in sacred and in all styles of literature a chain means not only adornment and loyalty of nature but sometimes captivity. And I suppose there are those in that sense deliberately and persistently making a chain. Now how is a young man of good physical health, good manners and good education. How shall he put together enough links to make a chain for the down hill road? I will give him some directions. First let him smoke. If he cannot stand cigars, let him try cigaretts. I think cigaretts will help him on this road a little more rapidly because the doctor says there is more poison in them, and so he will be helped along faster, and I have the more confidence in proposing this because about fifty of the first young men of Brooklyn during the last year were, according to the doctors' reports, killed by cigarettes. Let him drink light wines first, or ale or lager, and gradually he will be able to take something stronger, and as all styles of strong drink are more and more adulterated, his progress will be facilitated. With the old-time drinks a man seldom got delirium tremens before 30 or 40 years of age; now he can get the madness by the time he is 18. Let him play cards, enough money put up always to add interest to the game. If the father and mother will play with him, that will help by way of countenancing the habit. And it will be such a pleasant thing to think over in the day of judgment, when the parents give account for the elevated manner in which they have reared their children. Every pleasant Sunday afternoon take a carriage ride and stop at the hotels on either side the road for Sabbath refreshments. Do not let the old fogy prejudices against Sabbath breaking dominate you. Have a membership in some club where libertines go and tell about their victorious sins, and laugh as loud as any of them in derision of those who belong to the same sex as your sister and mother. Pitch your Bible overboard as old fashioned and fit only for women and children. Read all the magazine articles that put Christianity at disadvantage, and go to hear all the lectures that malign Christ, who they say, instead of being the Mighty One he pretended to be, was an imposter and the implanter of a great delusion. Go, at first out of curiosity, to see all the houses of dissipation and then go because you have felt the thrall of their fascination. Getting along splendidly now!

Let me see what further can I suggest in that direction. Become more defiant of all decency, more loud mouthed in your atheism, more thoroughly alcoholized, and instead of the small stakes that will do well enough for games of chance in a ladies' parlor, put up something worthy, put up more, put up all you have. Well done! You have succeeded. You have made a chain—the tobacco habit one link, the rum habit one link, the impure club another link, infidelity another link, Sabbath desecration another link, uncleanness another link, and altogethar they make a chain. And so there is a chain on your hand and a chain on your foot and a chain on your tongue and a chain on your eye and a chain on your brain and a chain on your property and a chain on your soul. Some day you wake up and you say: "I am tired of this, and I am going to get loose from this shackle." You pound away with the hammer of good resolution but cannot break the thrall. Your friends join you in a conspiracy of help but fall exhausted in the unavailing attempt. Now you begin, and with the writhing of a Laocoon, to try to break away, and the muscles are distended, and the great beads of perspiration dot your forehead, and the eyes stand out from the sockets, and with all the concentrated energies of body, mind and soul you attempt to get loose but have only made the chain sink deeper. All the devils that encamp in the wine flask and the rum jug and the decanter—for each one has a devil of its own—come out and sit around you and chatter. In some midnight you spring from your couch and cry: "I am fast. O God, let me loose! O, ye powers of darkness, let me loose! Father and mother and brothers and sisters, help me to get loose." And you turn your prayer to blasphemy, and then your blasphemy into prayer, and to all the din and uproar there is played an accompaniment by key and pedal, but the accompaniement is rattle, and the rattle is that of a chain. For five years, for ten years, for twenty years, you have been making a chain.

But here I take a step higher, and tell you there is a power that can break any chain, chain of body, chain of mind, chain of soul. The fetters that the hammer of the Gospel have broken off, if piled together, would make a mountain. The captives whom Christ has set free, if stood side by side, would make an army. Quicker than a ship chandler's furnace ever melted a cable, quicker than a key ever unlocked a handcuff, quicker than the bayonets of revolution pried open the Bastile, you may be liberated and made a free son or a free daughter of God. You have only to choose between serfdom and emancipation, between a chain and a coronet, between Satan and God. Make up your mind and make it up quick. When the king of Sparta had crossed the Hellespont and was about to march through Thrace he sent word to the people in the different regions asking them whether he should march through their countries as a friend or an enemy. "By all means as a friend," answered most of the regions, but the king of Macedon replied: "I will take time to consider it." "Then said the king of Sparta, "let him consider it, but meantime, we march—we march." So Christ, our King, gives us our choice between his friendship and his frown, and many of us have long been considering what we had better do; but meantime he marches on, and our opportunities are marching by. And we shall be the loving subjects of his reign or the victims of our own obduracy. So, I urge you to precipitancy rather than slow deliberation, and I will write all over your soul the monument of Christ I saw inscribed on the monument of Princess Elizabeth in the Isle of Wight, the words to which her index finger pointed in the open Bible when she was found dead in her bed, after a lifetime of trouble: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Is there a drunkard here? You may, by the Savior's grace, have that fire of thirst utterly extinguished. Is there a defrauder here? You may be made a saint. Is there a libertine here? You may be made as pure as the light. When a minister in an outdoor meeting in Scotland was eulogizing goodness, there were hanging around the edge of the audience some of the most depraved men and women, and the minister said nothing about mercy for prodigals. And a depraved woman cried out, "Your rope is not long enough for the like of us." Blessed be God, our Gospel can fathom the deepest depths and reach to farthest wanderings, and here is a rope that is long enough to rescue the worst: "Whosoever will."

But why take extreme cases, when we all have been or are now the captives of sin and death? And we may, through the great Emancipator, drop our shackles and take a throne. You have looked at your hand and arm only as being useful now, and a curious piece of anatomy, but there is something about your hand and arm that make me think they are an undeveloped wing. And if you would know what possibilities are suggested by that, ask the eagle that has looked close into the eye of the noonday sun; or ask the albatross that has struck its claw into the black locks of the tempest; or ask the condor that this morning is descending to the highest peak of Chimborazo. Your right hand and arm and your left hand and arm, two undeveloped wings, better get ready for the empyrean.

> Rise my soul, and stretch thy wing,
> Thy better portion trace.

There have been chains famous in the world's history, such as the chain which fastened the prisoner of Chillon to the pillar, into the staple of which I have thrust my hand, on the isolated rock of the Lake of Geneva; such as the chain which the Russian exile clanks on his way to the mines of Siberia; such as the chain which Zenobia, the captive queen, wore when brought into the presence of Aurelian. Aye, there have been races in chains, and nations in chains, and there has been a world in chains; but, thank God, the last one of them shall be broken, and under the liberating power of the omnipotent gospel the shackles shall fall from the last neck and the last arm and the last foot. But these shattered fetters shall all be gathered up again from the dungeons and the work-houses and the mines and the rivers and the fields, and they shall again be welded and again strung link to link, and polished and transformed until this world which has wandered off and been a recreant world and a lost world, shall by that chain be lifted and hung to the throne of God, no longer the iron chain of oppression, but the golden chain of redeeming love. There let this old ransomed world swing forever! Roll on, ye years; roll on, ye days; roll on, ye hours, and hasten the glorious consummation!

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Volume of Legitimate Business Large and Still Increasing—A Comprehensive Review.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The passing of a dividend by the St. Paul caused a fall in stocks, and the government crop report a fall in wheat, while the export trade, though improving, continues small. But the volume of legitimate business is large and increasing, and there is improvement in the productive industries.

The crop report was so much less gloomy than other accounts that it caused a fall of 3⅛c in wheat and 3⅛c in oats, with corn about half a cent lower. Yet it is well to observe that in large sections the farmers have fared badly with this crop, upon which they depend mainly for cash returns, and their purchases may, therefore, prove lighter than many anticipate.

The annual cotton statement just published, shows last year's crop was 7,017,707 bales, though the Bureau and the Cotton Exchanges estimated 6,300,000. The new crop has promised to be larger, but the effect of recent heavy rains cannot yet be fully measured.

The monthly statement of furnaces in blast shows an output of 125,966 tons of pig iron, an increase of 6,577 tons for the month, and prices nevertheless are well maintained, with stiffening at Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Southern productions gain largely, and the demand for bar and other manufactured iron improves, but in steel rails there is no change for the better.

Consumption in cotton manufacture has been 4 per cent larger than for the previous year, with a considerable increase in spindles at the South.

Once more the reports from interior points are uniformly encouraging, both as to the volume of business and as to the money market.

Collections are either fair or improving a little.

At New Orleans, it is thought that the injury to cotton has been generally exaggerated; at Kansas City recent rains are held to have dispelled all fears as to the corn crop of that region, and Omaha reports very good crops.

The volume of business measured by the bank exchanges is larger than last year by 10 per cent outside of New York, though smaller by 4½ per cent here.

The passing of a dividend by St. Paul has not been expected, but it convinces the public that the losses of western roads, because of the inter-state act, have been far heavier than the speculators have represented or investors believed.

The export trade falls far behind last year; preliminary statements for August of breadstuffs, cotton, provisions, dairy products and oil aggregate only $27,466,118 against $35,673,250 last year, a decline of 23 per cent.

For two weeks of September the New York exports show a decrease of 7 per cent, while imports here increased 13 per cent.

The rate of interest has been rapidly advanced; the treasury purchased over $3,000,000 more bonds on Thursday and has paid out for the week $1,000,000 more than it has taken in.

The business failures number 217 as compared with a total of 224 last week, and of 226 the week previous to the last. The figures for the corresponding week of 1887 were 188.

MICHIGAN'S FIRES.

Rain the Only Thing to Save the People from Heavy Losses.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Sept. 15.—(Special.)—Fire has been running in the woods of Northern Michigan two weeks, and although several towns and much valuable property have been threatened, no serious losses have resulted up to this time.

During the present week over the Saginaw valley and towns adjacent, a heavy pall of smoke has hung, which at times was so thick objects fifty feet distant could not be seen, and breathing was difficult.

The ground is terribly parched, wells are drying up, and destruction of life and property is feared unless rain soon comes.

A disaster is reported on the Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron railroad, resulting from forest fires. Express train No. 3, due here at six o'clock last evening left Bad Axe on time. Ten miles out, while running at a speed of 20 miles an hour, the train ran on a piece of track beneath which the ties had burned.

The engine, express and baggage car and two coaches left the rails, ran along the ground about two lengths of the train, and the engine then turned over in the ditch.

The engineer, fireman, and express messenger were thrown clear of the wreck, and escaped with bruises and burns.

The fire on the track immediately communicated to the coaches, and passengers and crew barely had time to run through the train and escape by the rear coaches before every particle of wood-work in the train was burned.

The smoke was dense, and the engineer, fireman and expressman believed those in the rear of them on the train had been burned to death until they reached a telegraph office and wired back for particulars.

LABORERS PROTEST.

They Will Take the Stump for Protection They Know What Free Trade Means.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 17.—Pittsburg *Dispatch* will publish the following from the executive office of the Window Glass Workers assembly to the chairman of the Republican National committee. The Window Glass Workers organization has decided to put three of their members in the field to speak for protection, namely Patrick Clary, A. M. M. Hammett and James Campbell. They will go any where you send them and the organization will pay all expenses of the speakers, as the organization has decided to do all they can to defeat President Cleveland and everyone who voted for the Mills Bill. Yours respectfully, James Campbell, president. G. L. Cake, secretary

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cabbage Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM;—Will some one tell me through the BLADE a good remedy to destroy cabbage worms?—J. B. ESSEX, Pewamo, Ionia county, Mich.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Grape Rot—Caked Udder in Cow.

S. S. M. (no state): Prof. Maynard, in *Practical Fruit Culture*, says, regarding the grape rot: "Varieties that have originated from the European grape, wholly or in part, are often subject to the mildew, as are native varieties under certain conditions. It is a fungus parasite that grows in the tissue of the leaf, destroying it by penetrating the cell wall and fixing upon the food prepared for the nourishment of the vine. When mature, the fruit of the mildew fungi is borne upon stalks that come out of the breathing pores of the leaves and appear in such numbers as to give the leaf a mealy appearance, whence the name meal dew, or vine dew. It makes its appearance during wet weather, when the vine is in an unhealthy condition from any cause. It is doubtful if this fungi will grow upon perfectly healthy tissue. Remedy—good cultivation, plenty of sunlight, and a liberal supply of potash and bone is the best remedy that can be applied." The sulphur cure so successfully used in Europe for preventing and checking mildew, consists in dusting the vine at certain periods with flour of sulphur. This, as has been shown, also aids in freeing the vine from insects, and so far as European vine dressers have observed, is in other ways beneficial, and never injurious to the vine. The finer the sulphur, the better, and the more evenly and thinly each leaf and stem is covered the more successful the operation. A bellows is used mostly, but a dredge box, with a double set of very fine meshes, holding about a quart, is suitable. The dredging should be given just on the eve of blossoming, and at two subsequent periods at intervals of from 20 to 30 days. The first dredging should be over the entire vine; the second and third only on the fruit bunches and stems. Seventy-five pounds of sulphur, costing about $5, is sufficient for an acre of vines. To your question whether plowing and scattering wood and coal ashes around and between rows of grape vines will prevent rot, we reply, no. However, it will be a great help to use wood ashes. Coal ashes have but little value beyond opening the ground, if soggy. The ground should be kept clear of weeds, and the vines trimmed so that the sunlight can penetrate. Useless undergrowth should be cleared away. Scattering copperas water under the vines has been highly spoken of. For the caked udder in your young Jersey cow, rub with that which has been recommended in recent numbers of the BLADE for garget and bloody milk. A physic should be given to cool the system. An ounce of saltpetre twice a day in drinking water, morning and evening, every third day for three days should be given. Camphor, belladona and lard or sweet oil and camphor is used more than anything else for caked bag. We cannot say of what the remedy you have on hand is composed.

Removing Brands on Horses.

A. L., Waterloo, Indiana: There is no certain way to make hair grow on the spot on a horse where branding has been done. If it is not too deep, the following will make hair grow on a bare spot where the hair bulbs have been weakened by injury or by inflammation: Strong mercurial ointment, ½ oz.; castor oil, ½ oz.; oil of origanum, ¼ oz.; cacao butter, 3 ozs. Melt the butter, and then rub all down in a mortar. This may make the hair grow, but it will depend entirely upon whether or not the bulbs have been destroyed.

Ringbone.

SUBSCRIBER, White Salmon, Wash Ter.: To treat ringbone, first give a laxative, namely, powdered aloes, 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce. When this has operated, bathe the part with spirits of camphor, 1 ounce; vinegar, 4 ounces; water, 1 pint. After this take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ounces; mix well together. Shave off the hair and rub the part once a day for six days. It may be necessary to repeat the blister in about ten days. While applying the blister it will not be out of place to give the animal half an ounce of saltpatre in drinking water morning and evening, every other day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eat Your Poultry.

The *Rural New Yorker* says: We have watched the poultry markets in New York city for a number of years. One feature has been so persistently repeated that we have come to look upon it as a settled fact. The holiday prices are generally low—each Christmas finds a larger lot of poultry that it is difficult to get rid of. Prices slowly fall from September till January. There is every indication that the same story will be told this year. The holiday trade will doubtless be profitless—except to buyers, shippers and handlers—unless part of the shipment is kept at home. It is the season now when the farmer can best afford to eat his poultry at home. Eat "chicken" instead of beef. Thus cut down the meat bill and, by diminishing the stock sent to market, obtain a better price for what is sold. As now conducted, the main profits in the poultry business are obtained from early chickens and eggs.

Sowing Fall Spinach.

Spinach is one of those crops that can be used at any time during the summer, providing a succession of seed is sown. The spring, however, is the great season, when a dish of greens of almost any kind is a luxury, particularly in a climate where nothing can be obtained from out-of-doors for several months of the year. In less severe climates, fall-sown spinach can be depended upon to furnish a dish during the winter, by simply thinning out the plants; but the ordinary method is to sow the seed so that the plants will be, say, about half-grown. The time of sowing is usually from the 1st to the 15th of September.

It will depend, of course, a little upon the character of the fall, as to which will be the best time. Ordinarily around here, the 1st of September will not be too early; while the 15th in many seasons will give time enough to stand the winter. It is not what might be called a favorite crop here, as the winters are too severe to make the crop safe to winter without some protection by covering. This does not pay the market man—particularly now that the railroad cuts so great a figure in transporting crops. A few degrees south, the crop is safe without covering.

Those who grow their own vegetables should not mind a little trouble, and can readily protect them by a very thin covering of straw, injured hay, evergreen boughs—indeed anything will answer that will lightly cover the plants.

The seed should be sown in drills one foot apart. There is not very much choice of kinds of this vegetable, there being only two, the round and prickly, so designated by the character of the seed. The prickly is generally considered the summer spinach; the round, the winter. The round gives the most bulk per plant, the leaves being larger and spreading. Before railroads began to cut such a figure in transporting vegetables of all kinds, the spinach crop brought in quite a little sum to the market-gardener, even around here. It is not now considered to amount to much. Spinach is a very old chestnut before it is ready here.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Rose-Bugs.

Rose-bugs suddenly appeared at the Rural Grounds in swarms last week so that before their arrival was scarcely known, the grape blossoms were half destroyed. On the morning of the 20th, two hours were spent in spraying rose bushes, grape vines and a Magnolia macrophylla about 12 feet high, with Buhach water. The buds and blossoms of this magnolia were being devoured by hundreds of rose-bugs and its great leaves were also infested. In fifteen minutes after it was thoroughly sprayed, thousands of rose-bugs were found wriggling upon the grass while the tree was virtually cleared of them. Twenty or more of those on the grass were placed in a tomato can which was covered with gauze so as to confine them without excluding air. These soon became paralyzed and in the evening were apparently dead. Those on the grass crawled about in an aimless way. Towards evening some were found apparently dead. The others had disappeared. Here and there a bug was seen on the leaves of the tree. The grape-vines and rose-bushes were also nearly free of the pest during the rest of the day. The next day thousands of rose-bugs were again upon the roses and grape vines, though few could be seen on the magnolia. All were again sprayed with the same effect as that above recorded and further spraying has not since been deemed necessary.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Brazilian Flour Corn—Quality of its Flour.

About March 20, we received from Mr. C. A. Durkee, of Cremona, Va., a small quantity of flour made from the Brazilian flour corn. He said that the corn was planted May 2 in rows four feet wide, 2½ feet apart in the rows. When about 10 inches high it was thinned out to one or occasionally two plants to a hill. It was cultivated three times, twice in a row with an Iron Age cultivator and one light hoeing when thinning out. There were from one to five ears to each stalk, and there were very few barren stalks. Nearly every stalk had sets for from three to eight ears, but they matured as above stated. The land was very thin; he used no manure except a handful of hen manure and plaster to each hill. The land, he says, would not have brought five bushels of wheat to the acre. The yield of corn was about 25 bushels of good sound grain per acre. The corn was all ripe by the 25th of August.

The grain was ground and bolted the same as wheat at a country mill with the old system of grinding. If ground by the roller system, he says, there is no doubt the flour would be much better. His wife finds that the flour does not need as much shortening as wheat flour for biscuit. The flour was sent to the *Rural Grounds* and the following report is made by the editor of our Domestic Economy department:

"Fourteen ounces of meal were received. It was white and as fine as the finest of wheat-flour. I used one dessert spoonful of thick, sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and sweet milk to mix into a soft dough. The biscuits made neither looked nor tasted like cornmeal. It would scarcely occur to any one that they were other than wheat-flour biscuits.

"The dough made from this meal for biscuits and bread should be softer than that for wheat-flour bread or biscuits. They browned nicely."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Good Insect Repellers.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: I will give my way of fighting these insect pests, which this year seem worse than formerly. The plan set forth by Mr. B. is a good one; but mine is cheaper and just as effectual; at least so it has proved here. My plan is to take common land plaster (costing about 60 cents per 100 lbs.) and as soon as the melons come up dust it on and around the plants, so that the leaves are covered. If it should rain after an application, it will have to be repeated. Unless it should prove a wet season, two applications will be sufficient, in connection with one or two applications of the kerosene emulsion, made according to the formula of Mr. Hubbard (described in report of Department of Agriculture for 1884, page 331) This is made of soap instead of milk, and forms a much better emulsion if correctly manipulated. I use two tablespoonfuls to five gallons of water, and sprinkle it on the plants and around the hills. The bugs have been present in countless numbers this year, and I have not lost a single hill. It also kept my cabbage plants free from the jumping jacks." A friend of mine also used it with like results.—C. S. R. Hackettstown, N. J.

The following is the formula referred to:

Kerosene	2 gallons	=67 per cent.
Common soap or whale oil soap	½ pound	=33 per cent.
Water	1 gallon	

Heat the solution of soap and add it boiling hot to the kerosene. Churn the mixture by means of a force pump and spray-nozzle for five or ten minutes. The emulsion, if perfect, forms a cream which thickens on cooling, and should adhere without oiliness to the surface of glass. Dilute, before using, one part of the emulsion with nine parts of cold water. The above formula gives three gallons of emulsion, and makes, when diluted, 30 gallons of wash.

A proper emulsion of kerosene is obtained only upon violent agitation. It is formed, not gradually, but suddenly—like butter. The time required in churning depends somewhat upon the violence of the agitation, but still more upon the temperature, which, however, need not be much above blood heat.

Agricultural Notes.

The farmer who raises crops and feeds them, has double profits.

Ed Noyes, of West Butte, N. C., has sold some wheat this season that yielded 65½ bushels to the acre.

Tall corn is quite common this year, even in Northern Illinois. Sixteen-feet stalks are on exhibition in Kane county.

Pastures should not be fed too close. If there is a rainy spell, apply any good fertilizer, include plaster and ashes in the list.

Tobacco is to be shut out at the Chambersburg, Pa., Academy. No boy will be admitted who uses it in any way. Boarding and day pupils will be treated alike. The ground taken is that tobacco produces benefcl effects on the minds and health of the students.

Summer boarder: "What's that yellow stuff you are feeding the chickens?" Farmer: "That's corn, mister." "What is this in the bin?" "That's wheat." "Humph! What are these other things?" "Rye, oats, barley—say, mister, what's your business when at home in Chicago?" "I am a grain speculator."

The best time to apply manure to grass lands depends somewhat upon circumstances. As a rule, late in the fall, or just before the ground freezes, is the best time; if hauled out in winter and spread upon the snow, very good results may follow, provided the land is not so sloping as that when the snow melts the manure is not washed away. If hauled out and spread in the spring, and dry weather follows, the manure is likely to be so dried up and burned that the results will not be satisfactory; but if heavy rains follow we may expect quite the reverse.

INDIANA CROPS.

Reports Received by the State Board of Agriculture.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 15.—Reports to the State Board of Agriculture have been received from the accredited correspondents throughout the state, and the annual statement of the condition of the crops is being prepared.

The reports shows: Wheat—total area, 2,700,000; average per acre, 13 bushels; total product, 35,100,000. The total is 15,000,000 bushels beneath the usual crop. The grain was harvested in favorable weather and the berry grades well. In the absence of a surplus from last year the state will not be able to supply more than 5,000,000 for export markets.

Oats—Total area, 900,000 acres; average yield per acre, 29 bushels; total crop, 26,100,000. Harvest and thrashing were usually attended with favorable weather, and the grain was saved in good condition.

Corn—Total area, 3,300,000 acres; indicated average yield, 37 bushels; indicated total product, 122,100,000 bushels. The crop is the finest ever grown in the state. It is now so far advanced toward maturity that no material damage can be inflicted by the frosts, which have begun to appear.

NORTHERN CROPS.

Col. Lounsbury Gives the Public the Benefit of His Observations.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 12.—Col. C. A. Lounsbury, of Fargo, telegraphs. The work of threshing has now been in progress two weeks, and a correct idea can be given of the crop situation. In the light of last week I cannot change my estimate of a week ago. In value the crop is injured 60 per cent, even in the most favored localities, excepting possibly Richland county and the Missouri river counties and in Barnes and Griggs it is doubtful if 60 per cent will cover the loss. Occasionally we hear of twelve bushels to the acre.

A MINING CRAZE.

Land Being Sold at Fabulous Prices—Everybody Dipping in.

HELENA, Mont., Sept. 17.—The mining camp of Castle is the scene of great excitement. Mining ground is rapidly being bought at ten times the prices asked a week ago. Mr. Woods, who represents a heavy syndicate of Colorado capitalists, has bonded the Alta mine for $30,000, and is purchasing several undeveloped claims at round figures.

He claims the ore at a certain depth lies flat in blanket leads, and on this theory has purchased some claims when there was not a pound of ore in sight. An expert of the Hauser & Holley syndicate, of Helena, has bonded the Alice mine for a large amount.

To add to the excitement a rich strike was recently made in an extension of the Cumberland. This was as promptly jumped by some outside parties. It is reported that some shooting occurred in this connection. Greater developments may be expected in a few days.

Deceiving the Irish.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—The agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne some time ago sought a conference with Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., with the alleged object of reaching a basis of settlement with the tenants on the Lugga Curran estates. Before anything was accomplished the agent suddenly broke off the negotiations, and now Mr. O'Brien declares that the affair was merely a ruse intended to keep the tenants quiet while Lord Lansdowne was in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien says he will take means to acquaint the people of India of the character of their new viceroy.

News of the Week.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

No Cheering News From Her Bed Side—The Famous Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 15.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is still confined to her home and although the physician will not say that she is any worse they studiously avoid saying that they can notice any improvement. Mrs. Stowe went across the sound in the early part of the summer in the hope

that the refreshing sea breeze would prove invigorating, and that her constantly wasting strength could be regained. Her complicated disease did not seem to yield to treatment or a change of climate, and on her physician's advice she was taken back to her home, perhaps never again to leave it alive.

The trip across the sound was uneventful, Mrs. Stowe sleeping nearly all the time. On Tuesday she arrived at her home and since then no material change either for better or worse has been noticed.

As is well known, Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe is a sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and the wife of Prof. C. E. Stowe. She was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1812, and married her husband in 1832. Soon after her marriage she became a frequent contributor to periodicals and published some stories in a volume entitled the Mayflower and other spirited juvenile stories. In 1851 she commenced her famous work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was then published as a continued story in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper. It attracted wide attention, and many a tear has been shed by its readers as they pored over the pages only to find the situation among the slaves at that time, truthfully portrayed.

In 1853 she published the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" and immediately afterward went to Europe where she was accorded high honors. The events and incidents of this trip are recorded in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." In 1856 she published "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," followed in 1859 by "The Minister's Wooing," a tale of New England life in the eighteenth century. In 1869 she contributed to *Macmillan's Journal* an article entitled "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," some statements in which gave rise to much stormy criticism and occasioned her writing "Lady Byron Vindicated," in which she replied to her critics. She has been a frequent contributor to the *Hearth and Home*, and the *Independent*.

THE SIOUX BILL.

Two Hundred and Twenty-five Indians Sign the Measure—The Work of the Commission.

LOWER BRULE AGENCY, Da., Sept. 12.—Yesterday was a great day at this agency, and the efforts of the commissioners and the agent have been crowned with a glorious success. Two hundred and twenty-five signatures have been secured for the ratification of the Sioux bill, being led by a number of prominent chiefs. Chief Bull Head made the first speech, in which he urged his people to grasp the hand of the Great Father that his people might secure those things which they so needed to build up happy, prosperous and comfortable homes.

He said the Indians had plenty of land, and could well afford to dispose of a share that the Indians might have schools and educate their children, and start them out in life in the proper direction. The time had come when it was necessary for the red men to abandon the old ways and follow in the footsteps of their white neighbors, and this offer of the Great Father afforded them an opportunity to do so.

Judge Wright and Mr. Cleveland both followed with urgent pleas for the Indians to come forward and accept this offer that the Great Father and his counsel were presenting to the Indians of the Sioux nation, and stated that to-day was the day for signing.

A number of chiefs then came forward in succession, and, after making speeches on the bill, came up to the table, and signed, the first signer being Iron Nest.

The best feeling prevailed throughout, and nothing was done by either faction of the Indians to intimidate or threaten the other. The best elements, the industrious and the educated classes, are warmly and heartily in favor of the ratification of the bill, and they have managed their forces skillfully and to the best possible advantage. They have kept comparatively quiet up to yesterday, and when signatures were called for their speakers at once got up and after enthusiastic and earnest speeches walked up and signed, giving the obstructionists but little opportunity to make known their objections. The consequence was that three-fourths of the Indians at this agency were enrolled before hardly a dissenting voice was heard. It is believed they will all be enrolled by to-morrow. The commissioners will then leave for Cheyenne.

THE INDIANS.

Their Annual Visits Are for the Purpose of Plunder.

HELENA, Mont., Sept. 12.—The people living in the vicinity of the Sioux reservation in Dakota and the Cheyenne reservation in Montana have been taking active steps this year to put a stop to the custom through which these Indians make annual visits to each other on the plea that it is necessary for them to look after the condition of their people. The savages make this a pretense for long absences which are no less than plundering and marauding expeditions. This has been the experience with them before.

There does not seem to be any good reason for the continuance of the custom and the settlers are always in fear of their lives or of losing valuable property when the Indians make their pilgrimages. In view of preventing a repetition of the affair that occurred on the Little Horn last summer in which a skirmish took place between the military and the Indians, which resulted in settlers residing along the line of the Crow reservation leaving their homes, the question as to the proper protection of the people has been brought to the attention of Gen. Brooks, commanding the Department of the Platte.

Col. Randley, commanding officer of Fort McKinney, was instructed to give public notice to the effect that the cavalry companies of his post would not go on a summer encampment, as previously announced, but that they would follow up the Indians who had left the reservations, and wherever they found them would take them in charge and escort them to their agency. Such effective measures would be pretty certain to insure the safety of the settlers. Gen. Brooks is making an earnest effort to have the number of cavalry increased by the government.

BARBED WIRE MEN.

A Secret Meeting in Chicago—The Price Will Not be Advanced.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—The barbed wire manufacturers held a secret meeting here last evening. It was stated that no conclusion was reached but that the situation, which all agreed was deplorable, was thoroughly canvassed and those present expressed themselves as well satisfied with the conference.

No advance in prices was determined upon, though it was said that at present prices there was no money in the business.

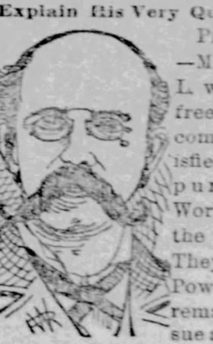
It is probable that another meeting will be held as soon as the result of this conference can be made known to other manufacturers, which will either result in the formation of a strong pool or trust or show the manufacturers that they can not combine until the war on prices has driven some more of them out of the business.

Cholera in Illinois.

HILLSBORO, Ill., Sept. 15.—Fritz Then, a wealthy farmer living east of here, died suddenly at his home yesterday. He was confined to his bed less than forty-eight hours. Physicians pronounce the case genuine Asiatic cholera.

QUESTIONS FOR POWDERLY.

Prominent Knights of Labor Ask Him to Explain His Very Questionable Action.



T. V. POWDERLY.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 15.—Members of the K. of L. who are opposed to free trade, have become very much dissatisfied with the course pursued by Master Workman Powderly in the present campaign. They claim that Mr. Powderly should either remain quiet, or pursue a course more consistent with what he has been teaching. The following pointed questions to Mr. Powderly were received by the *Press* from a reliable source this morning:

The following questions are sent to T. V. Powderly, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, by prominent Knights of Pittsburg for public answer through the press in reply to his recent interview:

Question 1—In view of the fact that—"as an order we take no sides either way"—what right or reason have you for asserting that Charles H. Litchman's course will not strengthen the Republican ticket? If you are a Republican would it not be in harmony with your private politics to remain silent? If you are a Democrat would it not be in the interest of the Democratic party to have you speak as you have done? If you are neither, but simply the head of the Knights of Labor, could your time not be fully occupied, without being interviewed on the political situation, or any phase of it?

Question 2—If you are under pay of the Democratic party, is it not a fact that you can do more effectual work and receive larger audiences from your position as general master workman, while denouncing men and measures adopted by the Republican party, than you would receive by actually resigning and taking the stump in the interests of Democracy?

Question 3—If this order is not to be used in the interest of either of the political parties, why did you accept the position of general master workman while mayor of Scranton, and why did you afterward make three campaigns, while general master workman, for the mayoralty of the same city—in fact, kept running until it became necessary to completely squelch you?

Question 4—Why do you as G. M. W., and also as a member of District assembly No. 16, not protest against Daniel J. Campbell, master workman of District assembly No. 16, accepting the nomination of treasurer of Lackawanna county on the Democratic ticket, and serving as chairman of the county committee; and, further, why did you appoint the said D. J. Campbell chairman of the committee on law at the last general assembly when he had never attended a previous session, while old members were ignored, such as F. K. Foster, of Massachusetts; James Quinn, of New York, and a host of others; and why did you appoint D. J. Campbell one of the committee to receive Grover Cleveland at the Minneapolis session, if it was not in line with the political preferment of the said D. J. Campbell?

Question 5—Is it not a fact that you were offered the appointment of the commissionership of the department of labor?

Question 6—If there were no politics connected with this order, why was it that the session of the general assembly was postponed until after the Presidential election, when, if Cleveland is re-elected, you will accept his kind office and not accept a renomination for your present position of general master workman—but if General Harrison is elected you will still take the general master workmanship of the order? Is not that the real reason the session of the general assembly was put off until after the Presidential election?

Question 7—Would it not be well for Ralph Beaumont to remain quiet at this particular time and wait to see which of the political parties will be the highest bidder for his services; then it will be unnecessary to consult General Master Workman Powderly as to whether he will take the stump or not?

Question 8—What right have you, as a Knight of Labor pledged to secrecy, to make public the fact (if it is a fact) the letters received at your office denouncing Charles H. Litchman for his course; is not such publication of your private letters a violation of your obligation as a Knight of Labor?

If Charles H. Litchman has done anything wrong, is there not a remedy in the local court of his assembly of which he is member, or before the general executive board?

Question 9—Did you not write a letter to the glass workers at Massillon, Ohio, this summer, intimating that protection does not protect, and is it not a fact that they replied advising you that such intimations were impertinent and assuring you that in their case protection did protect?

PROF. PROCTOR DEAD.

A Case of Yellow Fever Ends Fatally In New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—Prof. Richard A. Proctor died at 7:15 last evening with black vomit.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor died of yellow fever. The health authorities have been reticent to admit the true character of his ailment. Prof. Proctor arrived in the city Monday straight from Florida by rail. He had spent the summer at his place, called Oak Lawn, Marion county, Fla., and was not known to have been exposed to the disease. He was en route for England.

A St Joseph, Mo., dispatch says: Prof. Proctor's father-in-law, Captain C. H. Thompson, who resides in this city, received the first news of the professor's death from a reporter yesterday. Captain Thompson said:

"Professor Proctor was the most indefatigable worker I have ever known, and during his four years' stay in this city completed two works on astronomy, besides contributing to a syndicate of newspapers.

"He was married in the fall of 1884 to Mrs. Robert C. Mallery, my daughter, who was a widow with two children. He met her on the ocean in 1880, while the two were passengers from Australia to this country.

"He had by his first marriage five children. By his second marriage he had two children, both of whom are dead. Six months ago he moved with his family to Orange Lake, Fla., on account of the climate not agreeing with him. He was to have sailed September 15 for England to fulfill six lecture engagements in London, where he had previously been very successful on a similar errand. After returning from there he intended to pay a second visit to Australia. The professor was a general favorite among his acquaintances.

[Richard Anthony Proctor was born in Chelsea, England, March 23, 1837. He was taught at home until his eleventh year, and then entered an academy, where he remained three years and became head boy of the institution. After the death of his father, in 1850, the family became much embarrassed financially through chancery delays in a friendly suit. In 1854 young Proctor accepted a position in a London bank and devoted all his spare moments to mathematics. In 1855, the situation having improved, he entered King's college, London, and in 1860 St. John's college, Cambridge. He took his degree in 1860, and married in the same year. For the next three years his studies were mostly historical and literary. In 1873 he wrote an essay on "Double Stars," and in 1865 he published a monologue on Saturn, and in 1866 his "Gnomonic Star Atlas" and "Handbook of Stars." These works were of a scientific but not popular nature. In 1866 a London bank failure robbed him of the whole of his fortune, and his scientific work was considerably hampered by duties arising from this circumstance. In 1869 he made some suggestions to the astronomer royal as to the best methods of observing the approaching transit of Venus, and at a meeting of the principal astronomers of England his views were unanimously approved. But his chief scientific work since 1867 has consisted in the investigation of evidence available for determining the structure of the stellar and sidereal universe. In 1870 Mr. Proctor published a work entitled "Other Worlds than Ours," which had an extraordinary success and attracted general attention from the scientific world. From that time he has been, perhaps, the most fertile and popular writer upon astronomical subjects of the present day. He visited America in 1873, delivering lectures in the United States, and again in 1875. Professor Proctor had resided almost entirely in the United States for a number of years past, having married a St. Joseph, Mo., lady.]

Northwestern Millers.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 13.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The mills made a fair run last week with a total production for the week of 144,000 barrels, against 102,100 barrels the week before and 150,100 the corresponding time in 1887. The flour market was less active than last week, the decline in wheat having evidently caused buyers to hold off again.

Most millers, however, report sales equal to, if not in excess of, their present manufacture, with prices unchanged.

The export trade is still quiet, ocean freights being abnormally high. Direct exports of flour for the week were 43,400 barrels against 29,200 barrels the preceding week.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EIGHTY-SEVEN DROWNED.

Fearful Loss of Life Caused by a Collision.

MADRID, Sept. 14.—Eighty-one passengers mostly emigrants, and six members of the crew of the steamer America, from Montevideo, which was sunk last night, are reported lost. The steamer which collided with her is named LaFrance, not Lawrance. LaFrance is badly damaged.

Killed by the Shock.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The peninsular and the oriental steamer Nepaul, bound from London for China, went ashore last night near Marseilles. All hands were saved. The captain, however, died shortly after from a stroke of appoplexy, which resulted from the severe shock the accident caused him.

THE GREAT CIVILIZER.

What the Railroad Is Doing for the Orient.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—It is reported that when Emperor William visited St. Petersburg he advised the Czar to develop his Asiatic possessions, secure communication between distant points by roads and railroads, and to trust to fortune and diplomacy for the extension of his power over the Balkan provinces.

Whether this be a revelation or lucky conjecture, it is certain that Russian activity and energy have never been so conspicuous east of the Caucasus as at present. From the Mongolian border to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Caspian to the Pacific, signs of activity are evident all over the vast domain.

General Pijevorsky's expedition is intended to penetrate as far as L'Hasa, the most prominent city in Thibet, and will be as exhaustive in its surveys as far as the Chinese borders.

Whether this is intended as a sort of reprisal for the English armed invasion of Thibetan territory or not, it is plain that the Russians mean to be fully acquainted with the country and routes thither, in anticipation of any contingency that may arise. The insurrection in Afghanistan has increased the irritation between England and Russia and there is no doubt that a collision in that quarter would not be unwelcome of the latter power.

That there would eventually be a railroad built as far as Irkutsk was inevitable, but few expected the almost precipitate haste with which preparations for its construction are now going on.

Now that the survey is completed and the material is being ordered, the work-significant in its political tendencies and important in its civilizing influence—will not be further delayed save by the inclemencies of the winter season.

Its completion will prove that many parts of Siberia heretofore considered as barren wastes are fertile territory, needing but little cultivation and communication with populous centers to support a dense population.

The branch to Transbaikal province, in the direction of the Chinese frontier, will be a bid for trade with that country. The splendid success of that portion of the trans-Caspian road already completed has no doubt encouraged the Czar to continue to the extremities of his possessions.

Merv, according to a traveler, from a collection of felt tents and mud hovels, has become a town with paved streets and comfortable dwellings, and both there and at Bokhara are shops where nearly all Western products can be obtained.

BARTTELLOT MURDERED.

Belief That Explorer Stanley Has Fallen a Victim to Tippoo Tib's Treachery.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The news of the murder of Major Barttelot, the leader of the expedition in search of Henry M. Stanley, has given rise to speculation regarding the fate of the great explorer himself. The London newspapers are unanimously of the opinion that Major Barttelot was betrayed by Tippoo Tib, who organized the native portion of the expedition, and the question is asked why may not Stanley have been also the victim of his treachery?

Nyangwe, the home of Tippoo Tib, is 300 miles distant from Stanley Falls.

To Search for Emin Bey.

BERLIN, Sept. 14.—The preparations for a German expedition to search for Emin Bey progresses actively, 200,000 marks have been subscribed for the expenses of the undertaking.

PARNELL COMMISSION.

It Has Commenced the Investigation Ordered by Parliament—200 Reporters in Attendance.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The commission appointed by Parliament to examine into the charges made by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of the House of Commons, opened its first session at 11 o'clock this morning in the Probate court.

PERCY IN THE RAPIDS.

He Had a Narrow Escape from Drowning Sunday.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 17.—Charles A. Percy, who went through the whirlpool rapids on August 28, 1887, in his life boat and some days afterward proceeded from the whirlpool to Lewiston, attempted the same feat Sunday afternoon. He left the old Maid of the Mist landing, above the Suspension Bridge, at 4:15 p. m., and crawled into one of those inclosed apartments of his boat. The boat passed the whirlpool rapids and out of the whirlpool safely.

When about half a mile below the whirlpool, waves dashed in the man-hole door forcing him out into the boat.

Being thrown overboard, he swam through the dangerous rapids to Lewiston, a distance of three miles, where the fishermen picked him up in an exhausted condition at 7:30 o'clock.

Percy had contracted to make the voyage from Suspension bridge through the Niagara river and across the lake to Toronto, to be put on exhibition there with his boat. He is 27 years old, unmarried and lives at Suspension bridge. The boat was lost.

A COMING FESTIVAL.

All the German Societies of the United States to Meet.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 13.—The North American Singers' Union, an organization of about one hundred German singing societies in all parts of the United States, having decided to hold its next great singing festival in New Orleans, delegates of the different local organizations met last night with Prof. J. H. Deiter in the chair, and elected Jacob Hassinger, proprietor of the New Orleans *German Gazette*, and a committee of seven prominent German citizens to arrange for a proper reception of the Union.

The forthcoming festival, in which all the societies of the Union are expected to participate, will be held in February next.

Dried Fruit Dealers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—At an adjourned meeting of producers and dealers in dried fruit, last evening, it was decided to incorporate under the name of the California Dried Fruit association with a capital stock of $250,000, divided into 250,000 shares and admitting to membership both producers and dealers. The headquarters will be in California, probably in San Francisco, and such agencies in the state and east as may be desirable.

Masons Asked for Aid.

ST LOUIS, Sept. 17.—W. M. Williams, grand master of Masonic order of Missouri has issued a circular calling on the Masons of Missouri for contributions to the Florida yellow fever relief fund.

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

THE G. A. R.

THE G. A. R.

The Work of the Encampment Being Successfully Executed.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 12.—The national encampment proper began this morning, the camp fires and parade of yesterday being preliminary to the actual work of the encampment.

The Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the G. A. R., the Army of West Virginia, Naval Veterans, Sheridan's division and other divisions, brigade and regimental associations met in various parts of the city, but the encampments were strictly secret, none but members being admitted.

In the course of his annual address, Commander-in-Chief Rea said: "On March 31, 1889, the total membership of our order in good standing was 320,936; on March 31, 1888, it was 354,216, making a net gain of comrades in good standing during the year embraced within those dates, of 33,280, an excess 7,681 over the net gain of the previous year.

"It is but due to my distinguished predecessor to say that more than half the net gain of the last official year was made during the first half of the year, which was included within his term of office. The reports for the quarter ending June 30, show a gain by muster of 13,622, and a total membership in good standing of 361,362, with a loss from delinquent reports of 6,663, all of whom it may be assumed are in good standing in their respective posts.

"Omitting the loss from delinquent reports, the net gain during last quarter was 14,109. The reports show that on June 30 there were 395,245 comrades borne on the rolls, to which may safely be added a sufficient number out on transfer cards to swell the grand total to 400,000."

After speaking at some length of the future growth of the order denouncing the use of the Grand Army badge for political effect, he endorsed the legislation proposed by the last encampment, which failed to pass in Congress, and expressed his desire for further action in the same line.

During the year 4,433 comrades died, being an increase of 1,027 over the previous year, and a death rate of over twelve a day.

He continued: "During the past year, the reports show that there was expended in charity the sum of $215,975.19. This, of course, does not include the many thousands of dollars which have been given by members privately in aid of less fortunate comrades."

He spoke touchingly of the death of Gen. Phil Sheridan, and called especial attention to the Womans Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans, and the Army and Navy Survivors division, and of the regard future generations will have for them and their work.

The other national officers also submitted their reports at the morning session.

COMMANDER WARNER.

The G. A. R. Encampment has elected Hon. William Warner, of Missouri, commander-in-chief for the ensuing year.

Milwaukee, Wis., was chosen as the next place for holding the next encampment. Last evening camp fires were kept burning all over town. The Army of West Virginia had a big time in the big tent with 8,000 people present. Gen. R. B. Hayes presided. Corporal Tanner was introduced by Gen. Hayes. Many others also spoke.

The report of the committee on pensions was submitted to the National encampment late in the afternoon. The committee, which was presented by Chairman George S. Merrill, recite their action in regard to national pension legislation giving their success and reverses. The report is very bitter in speaking of the failure of the disability bill.

Comrade John Tatlor, of Philadelphia quartermaster general, made his report for the year ending August 31, 1888. His financial statement shows the cash balance on hand August 31, 1887, was $11,601.88; receipts for the year, $37,577.13; expenditures, $35,953.77, leaving a balance on hand August 31, 1888, of $14,225.24. Total assets, $37,979.95. There are no liabilities. The contributions to the Grant monument fund are $9,428.49; expenditures previously reported, $195.05, leaving a balance to the credit of the fund of $9,235.44.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 13.—Governor Foraker acted as escort to Col. Fred Grant to the camp where the Illinois veterans have their headquarters, and a wonderful reception greeted the son of their old commander. The reception was impromptu and the hearty greetings of the Illinoisans showed plainer than words what they thought of their old commander and his son, whom many of them had seen and known as a boy.

Hon. William Warner, of Kansas City, the new commander-in-chief, served in the 33d and 44th Wisconsin regiments, and has had his later life in Missouri. After filling various offices in that state he was elected to the 49th Congress from the Fifth Missouri district and is still in Congress. Col. Mosh Neil, of Columbus, was elected senior vice commander.

Joseph Hadfield, of New York, was nominated for Junior Vice-Commander. A committee from the Woman's Relief Corps was given a hearty welcome. The Centennial exposition at Cincinnati invited the Grand Army men to visit that place on their Grand Army day, September 14th. An elegant oil painting was presented to Past Commander Fairchild during the morning.

After the morning meeting of the Womans' Relief corps, the local organization was presented with a fine portrait of Department President Mary E. Bancroft in recognition of the very excellent work as entertainers.

The national treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, of Boston, reported over $10,000 in the treasury.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Interesting Reports From the Columbus Encampment.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 14.—The closing day of the Grand Army encampment is blessed with the same perfect weather that has done so much to make the occasion a successful and memorable one. Last night many more visitors left, with them being posts of veterans from all quarters, but thousands still remained who seemed never to weary of camp fires and reunions.

Until late in the night the various camp fires were kept brightly burning, and every street corner and other place of meeting became the scene of a reunion. Serenades added to the interest of the night, bands and drum corps vieing with each other in the attempt to make the most enjoyable serenade. Outgoing trains are loaded down, but a great many still remain to see the many sights of the city, the public institutions and the Ohio centennial being the especial attractions.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 14.—At the afternoon session yesterday Rev. S. G. Updike, of Dakota, was chosen chaplain-in-chief and R. M. Dewitt, of Iowa, was elected surgeon-general. The committee on resolutions submitted its report, the part of which referring to pensions is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this encampment that the time has come when the soldiers and sailors of the war for the preservation of the Union should receive the substantial and merited recognition of this government by granting them service pensions, and further,

"*Resolved*, That this encampment favors the presentation to Congress of a bill which shall give to every soldier or sailor who served the United States between April, 1861, and July, 1865, for a period of 60 days or more, a service pension of $8 a month, and to those whose service exceeded 800 days an additional pension of one cent per day per month for the service in excess of that period."

Your committee also earnestly recommend the preparation of a bill placing the widows of Union soldiers, sailors and marines on the pension list without regard to the time of service or the cause of the soldier's death. Your committee further report that we do not withdraw our support of the bill now before Congress, which was proposed and indorsed by the pension committee, known as the disability pension bill.

Other resolutions recognize the Sons of Veterans as an organization, and other less important matters and then it is resolved that with pride and heartfelt pleasure we place upon record our grateful appreciation of the hearty welcome and most generous hospitality extended to this encampment and to the membership of the G. A. R. by the citizens of Columbus, and by the state and department officials, who have freely opened to us the hospitable homes of this beautiful city, allowed us to take entire possession of their city, their capitol and state, and whose unceasing efforts and boundless liberality have combined to make this the most successful, as it is the most numerously attended, national encampment our order has yet held.

A special resolution was offered and adopted unanimously, appropriating $500 for immediate use in relieving the necessities of members of the organization who are suffering from the yellow fever epidemic in Florida.

The signal corps survivors to the number of 106, of which Gov. Foraker was an officer, held a meeting. Secretary D. W. Marcy, of Boston, explained the history and objects of the organization in the east. A resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that the members of the corps in the western armies would unite with the east in a national association of signal corps veterans. The officers of this corps, whose duties were in the nature of a private secretary to the general officers in the field, were necessarily scattered throughout the armies and have heretofore been unable to hold reunions, but it has been decided that the annual meetings shall hereafter be held at the encampments.

Maj. J. O. Kerbey, a reporter in the United States Senate, an ex-signal officer, was recognized as the boy spy, and a resolution of the Signal Corps association was unanimously passed for his work in the press, in agitating the services of signal officers during the war.

At the headquarters of the Loyal Legion a general good time was had at a reception for Gen. George Crook. Master Clifford Grapes, 6 years old, who was elected an honorary member of his grandfather's regiment, the Ninth Ohio, gave a fine exhibition drill to the great delight of the veterans, Gen. Sherman giving the commands. An enjoyable sociable reunion of the Mexican veterans was held in the Senate chamber, and numerous other regimental, brigade and army reunions were held all over town during the day.

W. R. C.

At the Woman's Relief Corps, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood introduced a resolution that the Sixth National Woman's Relief corps having voted to inaugurate a movement for the establishment of a Relief Corps Home where all aged and homeless soldiers' widows, soldiers' mothers and army nurses who served on the battlefield and military hospitals, and other classes of women allied by ties of blood and service to Union veterans shall receive permanent shelter and support; they respectfully solicit the sanction of the twenty-second annual encampment of the G. A. R. in this important work.

THE ENCAMPMENT CLOSED.

The Delegates Glad to get Back to Their Native Cities.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 15.—Yesterday the closeing scenes in the 22nd annual encampment of the G. A. R. were enacted. The weather has been beautiful during the week.

THE NEW COUNSEL OF ADMINISTRATION.

The new council of administration was announced as follows: Arkansas, Lafayette Gregg, Fayetteville; California, George E. Gard, Los Angeles; Colorado, Charles F. Harkinson, Denver; Connecticut, Henry N. Fanton, Danbury; Dakota, E. Smith, Grand Forks; Delaware, James Harkness, Pleasant Hill; Florida, S. W. Fox, Jacksonville; Gulf, J. M. Lawlor, New Orleans; Illinois, John J. Peeley, Chicago; Indiana, Allen H. Dougall, Ft. Wayne; Idaho, W. T. Riley, Harley; Iowa; H. M. Pickell, Des Moines; Kansas, George K. Spencer, Grove City; Kentucky, Daniel O'Riley, Litchfield; Maine, Chester A. Jones, Rockland; Massachusetts, E. B. Macy, Fitchburg; Michigan, R. A. Alger, Detroit; Indiana, William A. McKellip, Westminster; Minnesota, Lewis Marsh, Minneapolis; Missouri, Frank Anderson, Marysville; Montana, Pierce Hooper, Livingstone; Nebraska, T. S. Clarkson, Omaha; New Hampshire, William S. Pillsbury, Dairy Depot; New Jersey, J. E. Lovett, Trenton; New Mexico, James H. Purdy, Santa Fe; New York, C. A. Orr, Buffalo; Ohio, T. M. Sechler, Cincinnati; Oregon, R. M. McMasters, Portland; Pennsylvania, William McClellan, Pittsburg; Potomac, Amos J. Gunning, Washington City; Rhode Island, Henry C. Luther, Providence; Tennessee and Georgia, Frank Seaman, Knoxville; Texas, W. H. Nye, Fort Worth; Utah, James F. Bradley, Salt Lake; Vermont, Fred E. Smith, Montpelier; Virginia, Henry B Nichols, Norfolk; Washington Territory, A. P. Curry, Spokesham Falls; West Virginia, T. H. Duvall, Wellsburg; Wisconsin, George C. Ginty.

THE INSTALLATION.

The installation of the new officers was very impressive, the oath of the office being administered by Past Commander Beath. Retiring Commander-in-Chief Rea, who has been sick for a day or more, introduced his successor, and Commander-in-Chief Wm. Warner thanked his predecessor for his kind words, said many had already returned home with grateful memories of this occasion, and continued: "While the Grand Army is now at the summit of its prosperity, I hope it will soon be with every department as was said of the department of Vermont that there was not in that state a single honorably discharged soldier who was not a member, or had given an apology or a reasonable excuse for his failure to become a member of the Grand Army. To-day we have a mission to perform, that of perpetuating the mission of our order."

The commander-in-chief then announced the following staff officers: Eugene F. Weigel, of Missouri, adjutant general; John Taylor, of Pennsylvania, quartermaster general, and George S. Evans, of Massachusetts, inspector general. The encampment was then declared closed, comrades being enjoined to return home with hearts abounding in "fraternity, charity and loyalty."

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The National Association of Mexican Veterans elected the following officers: President, James W. Denver; secretary, A. M. Kenedy; assistant, James N. Smith; marshal, Maj. McFadden. At their closing meeting this afternoon resolutions were adopted demanding for themselves more liberal pensions from the general government. After closing addresses and farewell greetings they adjourned sine die.

COMMANDER WARNER'S FIRST ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
COLUMBUS O., Sept. 14, 1888.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

Having been elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic by the members of the twenty-second national encampment, held at Columbus, O., I take this occasion to thank the comrades for this most distinguished mark of their confidence and esteem, and in assuming command hereby announce the following appointments on my staff: Adjutant general, Eugene F. Weigel, St. Louis; Mo.; quarter master general, John Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; inspector general, George S. Evans, Cambridge, Mass. The headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic are hereby established at Kansas City, Mo. Further announcement of officers elected and appointed will be made in subsequent orders.

By command of William Warner, commander-in-chief.

A VIGOROUS REPORT.

The Committee on Pensions Tells of Its Work at Washington—Bills Favored and Bills Passed—Severe Remarks Concerning the Chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 15.—Following is the report of the committee on pensions made during the encampment:

To the National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic:

The committee on pensions, appointed under resolution of the national encampment, respectfully submits the following report:

During the year the committee has held six meetings, four of them at Washington, Early in the session of Congress the committee secured a hearing before the pension committees of the Senate and House, and urged the passage of the several measures indorsed at the last session of the national encampment as follows:

First—The disability bill proposed by this committee, and indorsed with practical unanimity by the members, posts and national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, granting pensions to all veterans now disabled or in need; to mothers and fathers from date of dependence; continuance of pensions to widows in their own right, and an increase for minor children.

Second—A bill granting pensions to all widows of veterans.

Third—The bill for the increase of pensions for the severer disabilities, substantially as presented by the Maimed Veterans' league.

Fourth—All of the special recommendations in his report by Pension Commissioner Black, not included in the foregoing.

Fifth—Pension to all disabled survivors of rebel prisons.

Sixth—The same pension to the widow of General John A. Logan as has been granted to the widow of General George H. Thomas and the widow of General Winfield S. Hancock.

Seventh—A re-enactment of the arrears law.

Eighth—An increase of all pensions now allowed at a less rate to $8 per month.

The Senate committee promptly reported a bill, substantially that indorsed by you, but in the hope of overcoming the freely and vigorously expressed antagonism to any other form, by the chairman of the House committee, a clause insisting upon present "dependence" of disabled veterans was inserted against the protest of your committee. This bill was at once passed by the Senate, and by the House referred to the committee on Invalid Pensions. The recommendation in favor of a special pension to Mrs. Mary A. Logan early became law, and in addition the following bills have been passed by both houses:

BILLS PASSED.

Granting arrears of pensions to widows of veterans from death of husbands.

Increasing the rate for total or partial deafness.

Extending the time in which officers' records can be amended, and within which claims may be filed for horses lost in the service.

The Senate also, in addition to the disability bill, passed the following, which have not received consideration by the House:

Increase for loss of both hands from $72 to $100.

Fixing the rate for total helplessness at $72.

Increase for the loss of an eye from $8 to $16.

By every means in its power, through official presentation, in appeals by our comrades from all sections of the country, your committee urged favorable and early action, especially upon the disability bill, that the report from the House committee might secure a place upon the legislative calendar, affording hope of consideration during the session.

Your committee urged this bill in the name of the entire membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, showing to the committee of the House that whatever differences of opinion existed among the veterans as to other pension questions, however far short this came, however more broadly some wished to build pension foundations, one and all were cordially, harmoniously, enthusiastically for this small measure of relief. It would have cost less than a twentieth of the alleged surplus, the disposition of which so puzzles law makers, and was the one thing upon which every comrade was agreed; no pension measure ever came before Congress with such an indorsement. Weeks and months of the session passed with no action by the committee—one man blocked the way. At last, when the session was more than half spent, and the calendar of the House was piled beyond possibility of clearance, the chairman of the committee consented to a report. And such a report! The unanimous voice of the veterans was disregarded; the 400,000 members of the Grand Army were told that even in so small and simple a measure of relief they were not possessed of sufficient intelligence to know what they did wish, or to form a statute to compass it.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE SOLDIER.

The bill reported was a mongrel, narrow, picayunish affair, attempting to deceive by applying the per diem principle, not in the broad and comprehensive scope of its honest promoters, but as limiting, qualifying and dividing by days and pennies, pensions for the utterly disabled veterans, whom your bill sought to take from the pauper houses of the land by granting pensions of $12 per month. And the chilling suggestion was officially made by the chairman that if, owing to a limited term of service (in many cases curtailed and cut short by disabilities incurred therein), any of these needy comrades of ours should receive only a pittance, "for the remainder of the relief necessary to his comfort he shall be allowed, as other citizens must, to accept the charity of the local authorities."

This bill was reported to the House and put upon the calendar—that graveyard of dead hopes and delayed possibilities. From that hour it has proved impossible to bring this or any other general pension measure before the House. Could consideration be secured, the bill would be open to amendment and the opinion of the members be had upon the subject of your bill, or the per diem service, or any other measure of pension legislation.

In May your committee proposed a petition to the committee on rules, asking that three or four days be set apart for the consideration of general legislation. This petition received the signatures of over 100 members of the House; the name of the chairman of the committee on invalid pensions was not in the list of those in favor of such action. It has been clearly within his own power to secure the assignment of one or more days for this purpose. He made no such effort, nor by act or word indicated that he favored it.

The responsibility for the failure of your bill, and the responsibility for the failure of general pension legislation of any kind or degree, the responsibility for the failure to secure for the veterans of the land even a hearing before the national House of Representatives for the present session rests upon the chairman of the House committee on invalid pensions.

Regretting that its efforts in following out your instructions have been thus hindered and thwarted, your committee recommends that the suggestions of last year be reaffirmed, and another vigorous campaign be begun in behalf of our needy and deserving comrades.

COMMANDER REA'S COMMENT.

Commander-in-Chief Rea, in his annual report, makes this reference to the foregoing:

The committee on Pensions will submit a report of its labors. They have failed, but the blame lies elsewhere, not with them. The bill reported by the committee to the Twenty-first National Encampment, and by it recommended, while not so far-reaching in its provisions as to meet the demand of a large minority of the comrades, was yet so eminently just, so absolutely free from all objection resting upon reason that there seemed no possibility of its failing to receive prompt and favorable action from the national Congress. No man or set of men can be found anywhere who will say that the relief it was framed to give should not be given.

It exceeds in no particular the nation's promises in the past or the wishes of the nation in the present, notwithstanding the ceaseless, earnest efforts of our most efficient Pension committee in its behalf, it has failed to pass Congress, and by this failure, wholly inexplicable and indefensive, thousands of our helpless comrades, helpless because of their devotion to their country in its extremity, are subsisting upon the charity of their comrades, or are paupers in the mighty, wealthy Republic their unselfish valor saved. I cannot fittingly comment upon this subject. My emotions will not permit it. It cannot be that the people of America will voluntarily continue longer to withhold from those heroic men that scanty support needed to preserve them from the paupers' fate and enable them to end their lives in self-respected manliness. It is not to be expected that all will agree upon the measure proposed, but when, after discussion and deliberation, the majority have decided upon a measure, all should yield and give it their support.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

HOAR AND PAYNE.

Two Senators Have a Wrestle Over a Pile of Coal Oil Barrels.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Mr. Payne, rising to a question of personal privilege in the Senate, declared, in reference to the statement made by Mr. Hoar as to his son, Oliver Payne, in connection with the Standard Oil company, that there was "not a word of truth in it, nor a particle of foundation for the charge."

He spoke of Mr. Hoar as making statements "in a disingenious, dishonorable way." He denied that there was a particle of foundation for the insinuation that Mr. Whitney, secretary of the navy, was interested in the Standard Oil company, and said that gentleman's own disclaimer in the paper, in which he said: "I never owned a dollar in, nor have I ever had any relations to it. Every officer or director is, I believe, Republican, so are nine-tenths its stockholders," should be sufficient.

Mr. Payne added: "The instincts of honor, propriety and decency ought to compel the senator from Massachusetts to make apology or retraction."

Mr. Hoar replied in a very indignant manner, saying the speech which the senator from Ohio indulged in "belonged rather to the foul grog shop, to the place ruffians and their companions congregate, than to the Senate of the United States."

He said he made no insinuations or charges but merely suggested the question as to some half dozen trusts to two Senators, Reagae and George, who appeared to know all about the subject.

He had received a good many letters on the subject of the Standard Oil Co., and had one of them now before him, stating the great danger to the Republican vote growing out of the activity of that company.

Mr. Payne—"Will you read it?"

Mr. Hoar—"I will not."

Mr. Payne—"I guessed you would not."

Mr. Hoar proceeded to justify what he said on the subject of trusts, and added: "I am not very much moved to any greeting that deserved to be described as indignation, or anger, or anything above the feeling of contempt by the utterances that have just come from the Senator from Ohio. The history of that Senator's accession to this body is fresh in the memory of the country."

After some further sharp remarks on each side, Mr. Hoar exclaimed very angrily: "Mr. President, this style and behavior on the part of the Senator from Ohio had better be stopped." Further on, Mr. Hoar again broke out: "Mr. President, the Senator from Ohio is disorderly, insolent in his style and interruptions. If he has anything to say, let him rise in peace, in an orderly way, and ask me to yield to him. It certainly is not becoming in him to ask my courtesy for such interruptions. The whole style belongs to the low groggery rather than to the Senate."

Mr. Butler submitted to the presiding officer (Mr. Ingalls), whether that style of debate was in order.

The presiding officer thought it was not.

"Then I hope," said Mr. Butler "the chair will enforce decorum."

The dispution between the two Senators continued for some time longer, several left handed compliments being interchanged but none were more notable than those already quoted.

A HARD TASK.

Democrats Trying to Make the Voters Believe They Are Not for Free Trade.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—It is amusing to read of the efforts of certain Democrats and certain Bourbon organs to make the country believe the Democratic party is not in favor of free trade, while Mills and his colleagues here are denouncing protection. Still, Mills, in discussing the letter of acceptance of General Harrison, says: "The letter endorses, of course, the protective system and argues in its favor; but that does not make the system less fallacious."

Senator Kenna at Philadelphia a day or two ago said he was not a free trader, yet he spoke in favor of the Mills bill; and here is Mills himself inveighing against a protective tariff as much as ever. It is an open secret that a number of the Democrats in the House think that President Cleveland sold them out in his letter by trying to show that the Democratic party was not in favor of free trade. They think he should have been more courageous and stuck to what he said in his last annual message.

They contend that there is no middle ground. There should be no "hedging." The President is either a protectionist or a free trader in the sense in which that term is used. David A. Wells, the eminent apostle of "revenue reform," in defining "free trade," writes as follows: "Free trade, as an economic principle, is not, therefore, as is often assumed and supposed, antagonistic to the imposition of equitable duties on imports, provided the end sought to be attained is simply revenue, and the circumstances of the state render such form of taxation necessary."

The frantic efforts of the President, the Buffalo convention, Senator Kenna and other Democratic lights, to show that they do not favor free trade because they do not want custom houses entirely destroyed, are boldly contradicted by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee, who give free trade its commonly accepted interpretation, and express their views thereon accordingly.

JOHN HERBST'S CASE.

The House Committee Recommends a Pension Over the Veto.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—A majority of the House committee on invalid pensions has decided to recommend to the house that the bill granting a pension to Theresa Herbst, widow of John Herbst, late private in company G, 140th regiment, New York volunteers, be passed over the President's veto.

Deceased died in 1868 of heart disease. He was a soldier in the Union army until captured by the enemy on the 9th of August, 1864, when he joined the Confederate forces. Later he was captured by Gen. Stoneman, while in arms against the United States government. He explained that he deserted to the enemy to escape the hardships and starvation of prison life. He was released and mustered out of service October, 1865.

The President in vetoing the bill held that the disabilities of which the deceased suffered at the time of his discharge was quite likely the result of exposure in the Confederate army.

AFRAID TO FACE IT.

The Democrats in the House Fear to Act on the Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—A prominent Democratic representative, who has opposed any proposition looking to the passage of an adjournment resolution, requested by the House, said, to-day, he had satisfied himself after careful inquiry and an actual count, that the Democratic caucus to-night would favor the concurrent resolution to adjourn October 1 next.

It is gathered from many sources that the members who have opposed any such action have suddenly changed their position as a result of yesterday's proceedings. Chairman O'Neil, of the Labor committe, then secured an overwhelming majority on a proposition to refer to his committee a resolution assigning certain days of the House for consideration of labor bills.

The point of no quorum was raised in time to avoid what many of the members regarded as a serious error, for as the resolution would undoubtedly have been reported back favorably from the Labor committee, opportunity would have thus been offered to secure a yea and nay vote on a proposition to amend it by setting apart a day for the consideration of the dependent pension bill and other pension legislation.

It is said to be this impending dilemma which has resulted in the change of opinion of many members upon the question of adjournment.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

He is Addressing the Senate on His Resolution Looking to the Settlement of the Trouble With Canada.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Mr. Sherman's resolution, offered yesterday in the Senate, instructing the committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the state of relations of the United States with Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, and to report (at next session) such measures as are expedient to promote friendly commercial intercourse between those countries and the United States, was taken up, and Mr. Sherman proceeded to address the Senate, delivering his remarks from manuscript.

After an allusion to the President's retaliation message, and a justification of the rejection of the fisheries treaty, he asked why should Canada refuse to allow American fishing vessels to enter her ports and to ship their fish to the American market. A denial of that privilege appeared so unchristian and selfish, that he wondered it had not long since led to violent retaliation.

If the President had by proclamation withheld the like privileges from Canadian fishing vessels the evil, he believed, would have been quickly corrected.

But the President, instead of exercising the powers which he had under the act of March 3, 1887, had asked congress (in his retaliation message) for power to suspend a commerce which had amounted (for the last six years) to $270,000,000. No wonder that that sudden change of base excited surprise in both countries and was regarded as a mere political movement.

The Presidents proposition was in other words, to suspend and embarrass the commerce of exports and imports amounting to nearly a hundred millions a year. Such a proposition, made without warning in the midst of a popular election, had been the Presidents response to an earnest demand, made by American fisherman that they should be secured in the enjoyment of what they believed to be their unquestionable rights.

Congress.

Sept. 12—Senate—The Sherman bill, prohibiting trusts discussed at length.

House—Further conference ordered on the sundry civil appropriation bill. The Senate bill was passed providing that appointments to the Marine Hospital Service shall be made by the President. The Senate bill amending the inter-state commerce act was called up and disscussed. The Senate bill was passed amending the act relating to postal crimes.

September 13.—Senate—Resolution offered: Instructing the committee on Finance to inquire whether a foreign syndicate, combination or trust controls the production of copper in the United States, and has thereby largely increased the price of all articles made therefrom, and if so, whether any legislation can be devised to relieve the people of the United States from the injurious effects of the operations of such foreign combination, trust or syndicate. The Chinese exclusion bill was taken up and discussed.

House—Resolutions adopted: Extending until October 1 the existing appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the government; calling on the postmaster general for information as to the allegation that a publication known as the *Tax Reform Advocate* has been sent through the mails in violation of the postal laws.

September 14.—Senate—Bill passed: To grant the right of way through the military reservation at Fort Morgan to the Birmingham, Mobile and Navy Cove Harbor railway company. Resolution agreed to: Extending the appropriations till September 25. It was agreed that the vote on Chinese exclusion bill be taken Monday.

House—The conference report on sundry civil bill was submitted. Mr. Payson of Illinois earnestly opposed its adoption, basing his antagonism upon the clause making an appropriation for the new library building. Finding it impossible to secure action on the report, Mr. Forney withdrew it. The House then took a recess, the evening session to be for consideration of private pension bills.

September 17.—Senate—Bill introduced: To reduce letter postage to 1 cent an ounce. Resolution offered: Directing the committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into and report at the next session of Congress the state of the relations of the United States with Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, with such measures as are expedient to promote friendly commercial and political intercourse, the committee to have leave to sit during the recess of Congress. Resolution adopted: Instructing the committee on finance to inquire as to the cotton bagging trust and what legislation is necessary to counteract it. The hour of 1 o'clock having arrived, the Senate proceeded to vote on Mr. Blair's motion to reconsider the vote passing the Chinese exclusion bill. This motion was rejected—yeas 20, nays 21—so the bill remains passed and now goes to the President for his approval. The vote was as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Bate, Blackburn, Blair, Brown, Call, Cockrell, Edmunds, Evarts, George, Gorman, Hampton, Harris, Hoar, Jones of Arkansas, Morgan, Pasco, Pugh, Sherman, Wilson of Iowa, Wilson of Maryland—20. Nays—Messrs. Allison, Berry, Chandler, Coke, Dolph, Farwell, Frye, Hearst, Hiscock, Jones of Nevada, Manderson, Mitchell, Payne, Platt, Plumb, Spooner, Stewart, Stockbridge, Teller, Vest, Walthall—21.

House—Mr. Cox (N. Y.) was elected speaker pro tem to act during the absence of Mr. Carlisle. Providing for the erection of sundry light-houses and fog signals on Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie and Michigan, and range lights on Lake St. Clair and Detroit river; to transfer to the state of Louisiana the possession of a certain tract of land for quarantine purposes, was reported and passed. Resolutions offered—Reciting that grave charges of official misconduct against the Sioux Indian commission have appeared in the public press, and calling on the secretary of the interior for information as to whether there is any foundation for these charges, and directing him to ascertain whether undue influence has been used to secure the signature of any of the Indians to the treaty; calling on the President for information as to whether the rights of American fishermen have been violated by the Canadian authorities within the last year, and if so whether he has retaliated as he had authority to do under the act of March 3, 1887; assigning a day for consideration of labor legislation.

POLITICAL.

GEN. HARRISON'S REGIMENT.

A Grand Time At Clayton with the Boys of the Seventieth Indiana.

CLAYTON, IND., Sept. 14.—The Fourteenth reunion of the Seventieth Indiana Regimental association was held here yesterday. The Seventieth regiment was recruited from the counties of Hendricks, Johnson and Marion, and was the first regiment to report for duty under President Lincoln's call of July, 1862. It was recruited in less than a month by Second Lieut. Benjamin Harrison. After the regiment had been recruited, Lieut. Harrison was elected captain of Company A, and when the regiment organized August 7, 1862, Capt. Harrison was commissioned its colonel.

General Harrison left Indianapolis shortly after 9 o'clock and arrived at Clayton at 10:30. Three hundred veterans of the 70th stood in line and saluted him as he walked to the front.

The veterans were given an ovation as they marched up the streets. The reunion meeting was held in Walnut Grove.

General Harrison, as president of the association, brought the meeting to order. He announced the purpose of annual reunion and introduced Comrade J. H. Meteer, who opened exercises with prayer. Gen. Harrison then spoke as follows:

"I feel incompetent to discharge the duties devolving upon me, that of making a suitable response to the sympathetic words of your address. We thank you and the citizens of Clayton, that you opened your hearts so fully to us to-day. Autumn time is a fit time for our gathering, for our spring-time is gone. It was in the spring-time of our lives that we heard our country's call. We are glad that God spared us to see the magnificent development and increase in strength, and the honor which has come to us as a nation. We are glad that with most of us the struggle in life has not left us in defeat. Now, if you will permit me to again acknowledge the generous hospitality of this community, and in your behalf return them our most sincere thanks, I will close these remarks and proceed with the programme which has been provided."

At the conclusion of Gen. Harrison's speech the orator of the day, Col. J. M. Brown, was introduced and reviewed the history of the regiment. The afternoon session was given up to speech making, hearing reports of several committees, and the routine business of the association.

Gen. Harrison was re-elected president of the association; Col. Samuel Merrill, vice president; M. G. McBean, secretary; Major James L. Mitchell, treasurer.

Southport, Marion county, was chosen as the next place of meeting on the second Thursday of September, 1889.

Chairman Brice in Conference With the Leaders of the Democratic Party in the West.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Chairman Brice, of the National Democratic committee, and representatative Democrats from Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois were in conference at the Palmer House this morning. The conference has been called to map out a line of action for the Western states in the coming campaign.

Chairman Brice is hopeful of carrying Wisconsin and Michigan, and says there is a fighting chance in Illinois. He will pour out the money in these states as well as in Indiana.

More money will be spent here than in New York.

The Dollar a Day Lie.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Sept 13.—The *Gazette* of this place prints the following letter to the editor:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
September 8, 1888.

William C. Shepard, esq., Mauch Chunk, Pa.:

DEAR SIR:—I cannot but express surprise that you should ask me such a question as that contained in your letter of September 6th, namely: 'Whether I have ever said in effect that a dollar a day was enough wages for a working man.'

"There may be campaign lies so plausible as to require a denial, but this is certainly not of that sort. Very truly yours,

"BENJAMIN HARRISON." "

Other Honors.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 14.—After Gen. Harrison reached home last evening, he was called upon by Gen. Daniel Duston, Sycamore, Ill., en route home from Columbus, Ohio. Gen. Duston called for the purpose of notifying Gen. Harrison that at the recent meeting at Columbus of survivors of the First brigade, Third division, 20th arms corps, Gen. Harrison had been elected president of their association.

A Sweeping Republican Plurality of Nearly Twenty Thousand.

LEWISTON, Me., Sept. 13.—The *Journal's* returns from all the towns in Maine foot up as follows:

Burleigh, Rep.	79,603
Putnam, Dem.	61,108
Cushing	2,971
Simmons	975

This makes a Republican plurality of 18,495.

Legislature—Senate all Republican. House, 123 Republicans, 28 Democrats.

WEARY AT HEART.

Cleveland Sees no Hope of Re-election—Wishes He Had Stuck to His First Term Declaration.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The Democrats are very much exercised over the rousing victory in Maine, and are giving outward evidence of displeasure by refusing to discuss the situation with their colleagues. There can be no doubt that they are considerably cast down at the outlook. This feeling of distrust as to the outcome has extended even to the White House. As a consequence the President has been sending right and left for congressmen of his party to consult them as to the outlook in different sections of the country.

One of these Congressmen was Vance, of Connecticut. The President did not get very much encouragement from that blunt spoken young politician, who told him that the outlook in his state was anything but encouraging. In reply to a question from the President, Mr. Vance said very candidly that the state would certainly go Republican unless something more was done to offset the big efforts the Republicans were putting forth. There was, in Mr. Vance's opinion, a good chance of carrying the state for the Democrats if the state was worked from one end to the other.

There was not, in his opinion, more than fifteen hundred votes in the way of a majority for either party, no matter which won. He asked the President, now that the latter had asked his opinion, to give the matter his personal attention and stir up matters at headquarters in New York.

When the President referred to the Maine election by saying that he did not think it would have much effect, because Mr. Blaine had carried the state by the same majority in 1884, when the Democrats won the national election, Mr. Vance replied that he was heartily glad of it, as it might teach the Democrats not to attempt the impossible.

It would, in his opinion, be just as sensible for the Republicans to try to carry Alabama and Georgia as for the Democrats to try to place Wisconsin and Maine in the Democrat ranks. The result has been, said Mr. Vance, that the wild men of the party have spent the past two weeks in blowing about how the Republican majority would be cut down. The election came and the Democrats are so deeply snowed under that no Democrat has a word to say.

Mr. Vance, after telling all he was asked to tell, tried to get the President to give his opinion as to the outlook and, although avoiding the question at first, Mr. Cleveland finally said:

"It would be useless for any one to attempt to disguise from himself the fact that the outcome of the coming election is very much in doubt. I don't think any one can tell very much about it.

"Of course I am in a particularly good position to judge, if any one is. From all I can learn we have a little the best of it, but it is such a small margin that it can scarcely be counted upon at all. While I am not confident of the outcome, yet I think we will win."

When the chief executive, and at the same time the candidate of the party practically confesses the outlook to be so much in doubt it will be easy to understand how thoroughly the Democrats are demoralized.

INDIAN BARBARITY.

A Squaw Burned to Death to Satisfy a Superstition.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—The story comes from good authority at Los Angeles of the burning of a young squaw by Mojave Indians because she was accused of practicing witchcraft. The scene of the torture was near the Colorado river in the eastern end of San Bernardino county. For the past two months a strange disease has attacked members of the tribe. Its spread at last became so alarming that the members of the tribe became panic-stricken and slaughtered their dogs as a sacrifice to appease the anger of the Great Father.

This proving of no avail, a council was held. Every buck in the tribe was present. The medicine men sat around a huge pot which was filled with herbs, while the bucks were squatted in a semi-circle some distance away. The medicine men watched the steaming of the herbs until the mess had been boiled down to a teacupful of liquid. Then a male pigeon and its mate were taken from a basket and held by the medicine men while the liquid from the herbs was poured down their throats.

The male bird, when released, flew away. The female bird fluttered a few yards and then fell helpless and dying on the ground. The medicine men now seemed crazed with excitement.

They leaped to their feet and danced, while the bucks sat in sullen silence.

While the medicine men were in the midst of their orgie they declared that there was a witch in the tribe. The female bird had died while the male bird had flown away into the night. This test determined the sex of the witch.

When the bucks heard the words of the medicine men they became wild with rage. Each brave suspected the other of harboring the witch in his tepee or cabin. But a final test was to be made. With yells and imprecations the frenzied reds drove their women to the place where the council had been held and where the white pigeon still lay among the herbs and grasses. The squaws were driven in single file with the medicine men watching with nervous excitement the face of each as she passed the bird.

Finally a young squaw, the daughter of Creso, a sub-chief, stepped out of the ranks and was about to pick up the bird, when the medicine men, with loud yells seized the girl and pinioned her arms.

The unfortunate squaw pleaded piteously for her life, which she seemed to foresee was in peril, but her cries were of no avail, her own relatives assisting in dragging her to the council place.

The death of the female pigeon was conclusive evidence that a squaw was the witch. The first squaw to touch the bird was the fatal test of guilt.

The poor girl, who was but 18 years old, was stripped of her clothes, tied to a stake and a slow fire built under her. For two hours she lingered in awful agony, and while her death screams filled the air the braves danced about the fire and the medicine men muttered incantations. When morning came nothing but the whitened bones of the girl and the black embers of the fire remained about the stake. The disease from which so many of the Mojave braves died is believed to be malignant typhoid fever. The details of this strange story was brought to Los Angeles by ranchers who had been attracted to the camp of the Indians by the noises which attended the terrible death of the girl.

THE DYNAMITERS.

The Cases Called and the Trial Postponed Until October.

CHICAGO, Sept 17.—Judge Tuthill's court room was crowded this morning. The occasion was the calling of the cases against the alleged dynamite conspirators, John Hronek, Frank Capek, Rudolph Sevic and Frank Chleboun, who are charged with a plot to murder Judges Gary and Grinnell, Police Inspector Bonfield and others who were connected with the trial of August Spies and his comrades, which resulted in their execution.

The attorney for Hronek, in whose house a box containing bombs and dynamite was found, presented an affidavit by his client, in which Hronek declares that he had nothing to do with the plot, and that the box was left at his house by a man named Karafiat He asked for a postponement of the trial in order that he might procure evidence to prove this fact. The attorney for Sevic also presented an affidavit from his client, who is a gun maker and dealer in guns, powder, etc.

He declares his innocense of the charges against him and says that the dynamite found in his place was what was left of a 25 pound package which he purchased of the Aetna Powder company in the regular course of business and disposed of in a legitimate way.

He gave the purposes for which the explosive was wanted in the various sales made by him. He also asked for a continuance in order to procure testimony The bail of Hronek, who is still in jail, was reduced from $16,000 to $7,000, and the hearing in the four cases postponed till the October term of court.

WIGGINS ON THE WEATHER.

It Will be a Very Cold Autumn—More Earthquakes in the Near Future.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Blakely Hall has interviewed Prof. Wiggins in Ottawa on various weather topics. "Jacksonville," says Wiggins, "will certainly have a frost between Oct. 3 and 9, and not before. The autumn will be cold all through September, and very cold weather will occur from the 3d to the 9th of October throughout the whole of North America. This lowering of temperature will be caused by the moon's junction when in perigee and the peculiar position of the planets Mars and Jupiter. The cold weather will wipe out the yellow fever in Jacksonville. I have a strong suspicion that serious seismic disturbances may shortly occur on this continent, but on account of the alarming results which followed other predictions of mine on this subject I refrain from giving my predictions to the public."

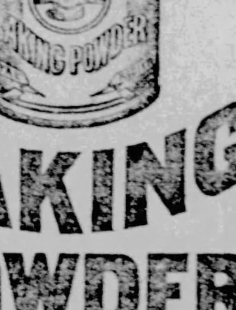
THE DROUTH BROKEN.

The Rain Came and Quenched the Forest Fires in Michigan.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Sept. 17.—The worst drouth this section of country has experienced for a long time was broken Saturday night by a rain which continued through the night. Nearly an inch and a quarter of water has fallen. Farmers were compelled to abandon seeding.

CADILLAC, Mich., Sept. 17.—Reports from Petoskey, Mancelona, Walton, Leroy, Traverse City, Reed City, Big Rapids and Howard City are that long-looked for rain has come at last. It has been raining 24 hours, putting out forest fires, and is a blessing to farmers, who feared the crop of late potatoes would be a total loss.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

THE REBEL SPIRIT.

It is Just the Same Down South as it Was During the War.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—There was a time when all this talk about Southern outrages on colored people bore on my mind very little weight," said Capt. J. W. Millen, the well known Detroit lake man, yesterday, "but since my last trip through the South I am willing to believe most any report however shocking. To say that colored men are treated like dogs does not describe the situation, for dogs are treated with some consideration while the blacks are not. In some towns that I visited colored people are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks. Censors are appointed to keep watch over religious meetings, and I was reliably informed that services in colored churches could not be opened until after the arrival of the censor. In one old town in Georgia—Albany—I found the secession feeling just as strong as it ever was. It was a perfect hotbed of rebellion. The night I got there I struck up a conversation with the landlord of the hotel where I stopped.

"'Have you many Northerners down here?' I inquired.

"The man eyed me rather suspiciously, for a moment, and then replied abruptly, as if the question was displeasing, 'No, sah!'

"'Well,' said I, 'I have always supposed that quite a colony of Northerners settled in Albany a few years ago. Were there not quite a number once?'

"'Yes, sah.'

"'What has become of them?'

"'They got too —— fresh, sah! They wanted to educate the niggah, sah, and we made it too —— hot for them to stay heah, sah!'

"'I understand they invested a good deal of capital here, and that Albany was in a fair way to become quite a manufacturing town.'

"'Yes, sah, but —— their capital; we didn't want it, sah!'

"I did not pursue the talk any further," concluded Capt. Millen. "It occurred to me that it would be a bad place to engage in a political discussion."

ON THE BORDER.

A Great Time at El Paso and Paso del Norte.

EL PASO, Texas, Sept. 17.—Sunday was a notable day in the history of Paso del Norte, the Mexican town opposite El Paso. Besides the celebration of the 78th anniversary of Mexican independence, the day was made memorable by the unveiling of a monument and bust of the great patriot, President Benito Juarez, who removed the seat of government to Paso del Norte in 1865, during Maximillian's brief career as emperor of Mexico.

The bust was presented to the municipality by President Diaz. Moreover, Paso Del Norte is raised to the rank of city from this date, and its name is changed from Paso Del Norte to the city of Juarez. The city was thronged with people, while profuse decorations, illuminations, and a grand military display were the chief features of the programme, which closed last night with a great public dance. Juarez, as the city will henceforth be called, is enjoying the marked favor of the national government, and is rapidly passing from an adobe village to a well-built modern city.

NORTHWESTERN INDIANS.

A Sad Condition of Affairs Reported From Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 14.—(Special.)—Late advices from the Northwest report great suffering and many deaths among the Indians from the Canadian northwest territories.

From the Peace river district several cases of cannibalism are reported, where, to save their own lives, heads of families have killed and eaten their own children.

Last season Parliament voted the sum of $354,000 for the destitute treaty Indians of the Northwest, but from what has been learned it appears that dishonest agents, who were entrusted with its distribution, have appropriated the greater portion of the grant.

Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, has again been attempting to stir up bad feeling among the Indians, with, it is said, a considerable degree of success.

The Whisky Democracy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—During a speech in Brooklyn, Hon. Warner Miller, Republican gubernatorial candidate, said that the saloons of the state were bringing forward a corruption fund of hundreds of thousands of dollars to influence the result of the popular vote.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1888.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows the following changes:

Reserve—increase	$577,450
Loans—decrease	852,200
Specie—increase	910,900
Legal tenders—decrease	279,300
Deposits—increase	216,600
Circulation—increase	42,500

The banks now hold $12,223,675 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 18.	Sept. 11.
4's coupons	129¾	129¾
4's registered	128¾	128¾
Pacific 6's of '95	121	121

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@3 per cent. Bar silver, ——c.

The stock market remained fairly active after 11 o'clock, but the firm tone disappeared and fractional losses resulted over the whole list. Northwestern was weakest, declining ¾ per cent., the market became quiet and dull, and prices again moved up slowly. At noon the market was quiet and firm, generally at slight fractions above opening.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 52½; D. & H., 119¼; D., L. & W., 142⅝; Erie, 29; H. V., 36½; J. C., 88¼; K. T., 13⅛; L. S., 98⅞; M. C., 85½; Mo. Pacific, 81⅛; N. K., 45¼; N. Y. C., ——; N. W., 111⅞; O. T., 29¾; P. M., ——; R. T., 25; Reading, 52; St. P., 66¾; U. P., 59¾; W. U., 84⅝; C., B. & Q., 112.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—In the last hour except on Lackawanna, which showed largely increased business and dropped ¼c., there was very little feature. There was some recovery later. The close was dull but firm at close to best figures.

Trade.

Trade in a general way during the week past was fairly good in some branches. Boots and shoes are moving freely and prices are held at best figures.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Dull and Lower.

The markets at primary points to-day were weak and lower. There is nothing new to report in the general situation. Cash wheat shows but little change; September, ⅜@½c lower; December, ¾@1c off. Amount on passage, increase, 1,582,000 bushels. Exports fair. Cables weak, lower.

Prices of October and December wheat at leading points to-day:

Sept.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....	95¾	....	....	....
Chicago...	97½	97⅛	95½	95½
New York.	98⅞	99	98⅛	98¾
St. Louis.	91⅞	92⅛	91¾	92⅛
Dec.	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close.**
Toledo....	98	98⅛	97⅜	97¾
Chicago...	93⅛	93⅞	92⅞	92⅞
New York.	101⅜	101¼	99⅞	100⅛
St. Louis.	95⅛	95⅜	94¾	95¼

Corn dull, but steady. Oats steady. Clover seed active but steady.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat was dull and easier. No. 2 soft Red, in Union elevator, at 95c; Wabash, 94½c; Lake Shore, 97c, no change; No. 3 soft Red, 89c; Wabash, 88½c.

For future delivery, business was dull; market lower and weak; No. 2 September, 94½c, ½c off; October, 95¾c; November, 96½c; December, 98@97¾c, latter to close, 1c decline; May, 102¾c.

Corn was dull; No. 2, about 46. Oats steady; No. 2, 25¼c; No. 3, 23½c; No. 3 white, 26½c. Clover seed active; prime, cash, and October, $5 20; November and December, $5 25. Timothy seed—Prime, $2 00.

The Produce Market.

The market for produce to-day was fairly good. Vegetables plenty but without change. Fruits in fair demand. Meats steady. Butter, best, 22c. Eggs 15c. Cheese, 9½c. Poultry—chickens, 11@12c. Salt in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Vegetables — Onions, new, per doz. bunches, —; cabbages, 30@35c per doz; lettuce, per pound, 3c; radishes, 15c per dozen; cucumbers, for pickling, 25c per 100; tomatoes, 20c per bush.; celery, 20c; old beans, $1 50; potatoes, 35@—c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 50; short mess, $17 50; long clear mess, $18 50; short clear, $19 00; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $17 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $——; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9¼c; 50-lb. tins, 9¼c; refined in tierces, 9c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9c; hams, heavy, ——c; sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 14c; 15 lbs., 14c; 12 lbs., 13½c; sugar cured shoulders, 10c; breakfast bacon, 11@12c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5½c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3½c; cured, 7c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 27c; unwashed, 20c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 7c; light steers, 6½c; cows, 6c; 7c; calves, 7½c; sheep, 7c; lambs, 8½c; dressed

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills.

Yours respectfully, DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Doraville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY—I have for years been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and found but little relief until I got your Pills, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicines I ever had in my life.

Your friend forever, WILLIAM NOONAN, Blanchard, Mich.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, Ky., Feb. 27, 1887.

Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents:—I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Pills and feel a great deal better. Enclosed find stamp, please send me your book False and True. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am, yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE, 72 Southgate St., Newport, Ky.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

hogs, 8c. Fruits—Grapes, per lb., 3½c; peaches, per bu., $1 50@2 00; pears, per basket, $1 25; oranges, ——; lemons, per box, $4 50.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18—2:30 p. m.—Wheat, October, 91½c; December, 91⅝c; May, 95¾c. Pork—September and October, $14 45; January, 13 97.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 18.—Wheat easier; cash and October, 88½c; November, 99¼c. Corn quiet; No. 3, 44½c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 30c. Rye steady; No. 1, 54c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 66.

DETROIT, Sept. 18.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 95c; No. 2 red, cash and September, 96¾c; October, 96⅞c; November, 98c; December, 98⅞c. Corn—No. 2, 46c. Oats—No. 2, 25c; No. 2 white, 30c.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 17.—Wheat—Western is fairly active and higher; No. 2 winter red, 95½@95¾c. Corn—Western quiet, firm; mixed spot, 53@53½c. Oats—Quiet and steady; Western mixed at 28@31c. Rye firm at 60@63c. Hay is dull; prime to choice western, $14 50@15 00. Provisions fairly active and firmer; mess pork, $15 75@16 00. Butter—Western packed, 14@17c; creamery, 21@23c. Eggs firm at 18@19c. Coffee firm; Rio, fair, 15@15¼c.

CINCINNATI, September 18.—Flour — Market steady; family, $3 80@4 00; fancy, 4 10@4 35. Wheat—quiet; held at 90c. Corn dull No. 2, 47½c. Oats—market firm; No. 2, 28c. Rye quiet; No. 2 at 55c. Pork firm at $15. Lard strong and higher at $9 90. Bulk meats stronger; short rib, $9. Bacon strong; short clear, $10 37½. Whisky active; sales 1093 bbls on a basis of 114.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—1 p. m.—Close—Wheat easier; cash, 95½c; October, 92½c; December 92 15-16c; May 96¾c. Corn steady; cash, 44¼c; October, 44c; December, 38⅝c; May, 38¾c. Oats steady; cash, 24⅜c; October, 24⅜c; December, 24⅞c; May, 28⅛c. Rye, 53c. Barley, nominal. Prime timothy, $1 55. Flax, $1 29. Whisky, $1 20. Pork easy; cash and October, $14 50; November, $14 65. Lard steady; cash and October, $10 77½; November, $9 55; October steam-rendered, $8 82½.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Wheat—Receipts 334,650 bu.; sales, 1,600,000 bu.; market depressed and dull, ⅝@1c lower; No. 2 red October, 98⅞@99c; do November, 100⅛@100½c; do December, 101¼@101⅝c; do May, 105½@106 1-16c. Corn—Receipts, 59,950 bu; sales, 48,000 bu; market quiet, about steady; old mixed western, 53@54½c. Oats—Receipts, 194,000 bu; sales, 15,000 bu; market quiet and steady; state, 31@44c; western, 26@44c. Beef strong, fair demand; new plate mess, $8 00@8 75; new extra do, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady and quiet; new mess, $15 25@15 75; prime, $15 25@15 50. Lard higher and strong, light offerings; steam rendered, $11 15. Butter steady; western dairy, 12@15c; do creamery, 13@23c. Cheese quiet and steady; state, 7¼@8¾c, including fancy colored, 8¾c; fancy white, 8½c; western, 7¼@8¼c; skims, 1@13½c. Sugar firm, fairly active; powdered, 8c; granulated, 7¾c; crushed, 8⅜c. Molasses nominal. Coffee—Rio, strong; fair cargoes, 15¼c; options 10@25 points higher on advance in Havre. Spirits of turpentine strong at 39@39½c. Eggs—western, 17@19c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 17.—Hogs—In good demand to-day and the market is somewhat firm; common and extra light, $5 00@6 30; good packing and butchers', $6 00@6 10.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; market steady; choice heavy, $6 50@6 70; packing, $6 25@6 50; light grades, $6 10@6 20. Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; market slow.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—Hogs—Receipts, 7,800; market active and irregular; light, $5 85@6 50; rough packing, $5 90@6 15; mixed, $6 10@6 65; heavy packing and shipping, $6 20@6 85. Cattle—Receipts, 10,000; market irregular; fancy, $6 25@6 80; inferior to fair, $3 50@5 00; cows, $1 40@2 75; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 20. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000; market steady; poor to good, $3 00@4 10; westerns, $3 35@3 85; Texans, $2 75@3 00; lambs, $4 00@5 50.

EAST LIBERTY, Sept. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,268 head; shipments, 2,318; market active on good at last week's prices; common dull and lower; 40 cars of cattle were shipped to New York to-day. Hogs—Receipts, 6,000 head; shipments, 4,200 head; market active; common, $6 70@6 75; mixed, $6 50@6 60; best Yorkers, $6 40@6 50; fair, $6 25@6 35; grassers and stubblers, $5 75@6 00; pigs, $5 50@6 00; 15 cars of hogs were shipped to New York to-day. Sheep—Receipts, 4,900 head; shipments, 3,600 head; market firm at last week's prices; prime, $4 40@4 50; good, $4 00@4 25; common to fair, $2 50@3 50; lambs, $4 40@4 50.

Boston Wool Market.

The market is active. Buyers resist any advance, but are ready to negotiate at old prices. Sales: Ohio, at 28@31c; Michigan, 33c; Territory, 19@23c; Texas, 19@21c; combing, 29@36c; unwashed, 19@23c; scoured, 30@55c; spring California, 14@17c.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange —3 p. m.—Opened at 93⅛c; highest, 95c; lowest, 93⅛c; closed, 93⅞c. Puts, 92¼c; calls, 96c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says: The prospects of later harvest are improving and deliveries of English wheat increasing. Reports from England and the continent say that both quantity and quality of crop exceed expectations and are causing a check to values. Best samples of new crop have fallen 2s. per quarter. The conditions of the crop are so variable that provincial sales are reported as low as 20s. per quarter, while 32s@38s. is the average range. The sales of English wheat for the week amounted to 15,635 quarters, at 33s. 1d. per quarter, against 73,711 quarters, at 28s. 5d. per quarter for the corresponding week last year. Country flour is scarce at full values. Trade in foreign wheat is sick and prices are 6d.@1s. lower. Liverpool market shows a decline of 2d. per cental. Flour is difficult of sale and prices have dropped 6d. Linseed is stronger and is quoted at 41s. for Calcutta ex-ship. At to-day's market wheat trade was slow. New English wheat was down 2s. per quarter. Old native wheat was down 2s. per quarter. Old native wheats were scarce and a shade dearer. Fine foreign wheats maintained their values. Indian and Russian wheats were 6d. cheaper. Foreign flour was down 6d. Prices of oats were in buyers favor. Corn dropped 6d. New malting barleys ranged from 32s. to 40s. Foreign grinding stuff was 3d. cheaper.

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